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MEMOIRS OF KING GEORGE THE·THIRD

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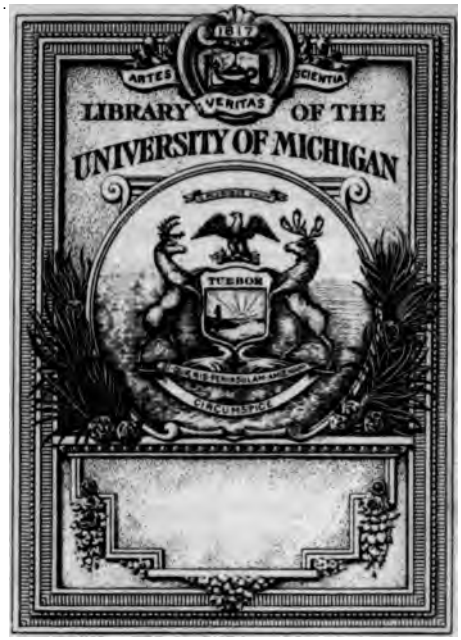

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INDIGNANT at the successful attempt to bastardise the favourite offspring of his financial policy, Grenville continued to oppose the repeal of the Stamp Act, in its different stages through the House of Commons, with a courage, a pertinacity, and an ability deserving a better cause. "It was too much," writes the sarcastic Walpole, "to give up his favourite bill and his favourite occupation, talking, both at once." On the occasion of the third reading, he had another unpleasant altercation with his brother-in-law, Pitt. Happily it was their last. Pitt, in expressing the satisfaction

which he felt in voting for the repeal of so hateful a tax, had added, in his usual impressive language: "I have my doubts if any member could have been found, who would have dared to dip the royal ermine in the blood of the American people." Grenville, enraged beyond measure, rose to reply. "I am one," he said, "to declare, that if the tax were to be laid on again, I would do it." He then proceeded to charge Pitt with the enormous expense of the German war, which he insisted had rendered the tax necessary. "But," he added, "I do not envy him his popularity; let him enjoy the bonfire: I rejoice in the hiss. Was it to do again, I would do it." Pitt's rejoinder seems to have inflicted a deep wound upon his irritable brother-in-law. "I am charged," he said, "with the expense of the German war. If the honourable gentleman had such strong objections to that war, let me ask why he did not resign his post of treasurer of the navy?" Grenville sat abashed and silent.

It was during the debates on the repeal of the Stamp Act, that Edmund Burke made his first appearance, and delivered his first speech, in the House of Commons. In the preceding December he had been returned by Lord Verney for his borough of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, at the instance of Lord Rockingham, who, foreseeing the valuable acquisition which his abilities were likely to prove to the Whig party, had also selected him

to be his private secretary. In vain the timid and suspicious Duke of Newcastle endeavoured to dissuade Lord Rockingham from associating himself with this illustrious man. The author of the noble essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful" was actually denounced by his Grace as a wild Irishman, a low adventurer, whose real name was O'Bourke. He knew him, said his Grace, to be a Jacobite, a Papist a jesuit in disguise. Lord Rockingham, however, instead of allowing himself to be influenced by these ridiculous calumnies, contented himself with putting a few questions to Burke, with whose explanation he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and thenceforth, to his dying day, extended to him his full confidence and friendship. Burke's success as a speaker fully answered the expectation of his friends. Pitt publicly complimented him in the House on the success of his first speech. Doctor Johnson informs us that it "filled the town with wonder." His associates in the famous literary club gloried in the triumph of their friend. "Sir," replied Johnson, to one who expressed surprise at Burke's becoming so suddenly famous, "Sir, there is no wonder at all. We, who know Mr. Burke, know that he will be one of the first men in the country."

It has been asserted, as a proof of the arbitrary and unbending character of George the Third, that his views on the Stamp Act coincided with those of Grenville, and that he would willingly

have enforced those views at the point of the bayonet. But the Grenville and Rockingham papers recently published seem entirely to refute this assertion. That the king regarded the repeal of the Stamp Act as an unwise and unnecessary measure, was undoubtedly the case. It was his private opinion, as we have already mentioned, that the act ought to be retained on the statute book, but so far modified as to render it as little as possible obnoxious to the colonists. To this view, however, of the question, he added a very important proviso which must not be disregarded. Should there be no middle course, he said, between repealing the act and enforcing it by the sword, he should in that case be in favour of repeal. Such was the principle which we find him maintaining, at different times, in conversation with Lord Harcourt, Lord Strange, and the Duke of York, and which, in fact, is recorded in the following note addressed by him to his first minister :

"LORD ROCKINGHAM : — I desire you would tell Lord Strange, that I am now, and have been heretofore, for modification ; but that when many were for enforcing, I was then for a repeal of the Stamp Act."

The policy which the king proposed to adopt may, or it may not, have been either feasible or wise. But, at all events, it has met with able ad-

vocates in our own time; and, moreover, was the line of policy, which, even at the eleventh hour, ministers themselves seem to have been inclined to adopt.

But a still graver charge has been brought against George the Third, in reference to his conduct during the progress of the Repeal Bill through Parliament. It has been confidently asserted, on high authority, that ministers had not only to contend against open and powerful enemies, but also against the "insidious hostility" and "notorious treachery" of their royal master, — that, in fact, at the very time when the king was professing to give them his full support, he was secretly employed in conspiring against his constitutional advisers, and in instigating his servants to vote against them in Parliament. An obstinate attachment to the Stamp Act, and a desire to get rid of an administration which had become obnoxious to him, were of course the motives assigned by the king's accusers for the asserted duplicity of their sovereign.

That, on the one hand, the king was not altogether satisfied with his present ministers, it would be fruitless to dispute. Even at their first entering upon office, — by their conduct in refusing to do justice to Mr. Mackenzie, and by treating their sovereign as a mere puppet in the hands of Bute, — they had wounded him in the tenderest points. Moreover, there were questions on which

ministers were notoriously disagreed among themselves, and the king especially disliked a divided administration. As a party, they were lamentably weak, and the king entertained no less an aversion for weak administrations. They had pandered to popular favour, and of all the king's prejudices his strongest, perhaps, was against popularity hunting. But, admitting that the king was dissatisfied with his ministers, from what ranks, it may be asked, was he to fill up their places, and consequently what motives could he have had for caballing against them? Assuredly, past experience must have taught him the folly and inconvenience of getting rid of one administration, before he had made himself tolerably certain of having secured the services of another. Having so recently emancipated himself from the tyranny of Grenville, surely he had no intention of delivering himself up bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of that inexorable taskmaster. As the king himself observed, he "would sooner meet Mr. Grenville at the end of his sword than let him into his closet." "Never speak to me of that man!" were his words shortly afterward, when advised by the Duke of Grafton to send for Grenville, "for I never, my life long, will see him." To apply to Bute — detested as he was by the public, and certain as he was to encounter the crushing hostility both of Grenville and Pitt — was not to be thought of for a moment. There remained, then, only Pitt to

whom the king could have appealed; but as the views of the Great Commoner, in regard to the repeal of the Stamp Act, were far more unpalatable to him than those of his ministers, his return to office at this particular period could scarcely have been desired by the king. Indeed, he had only to follow Lord Rockingham's advice and send openly for Pitt, and he would have precluded the necessity of any such double-dealing as has confidently been laid to his charge.

As usual, whatever went amiss in the administration of public affairs was attributed by the opposition to the secret machinations and obsolete influence of Bute. "What a picture of weakness!" exclaims Walpole; "a king — to humour a timid yet overbearing favourite — encouraging opposition to his own ministers!" Fortunately, however, posterity has access to superior means of information than any Walpole possessed. It is now, we believe, generally conceded, even by the most prejudiced writers, that from the time when Grenville had quitted office there had been no communication whatever on political matters between the king and Bute; and further, that from and after that period, if not from a much earlier date, the latter had ceased to exercise the slightest influence over his sovereign. We have the solemn and repeated assurance to this effect of the king himself; we have Conway's word — a word which was never doubted — that neither he nor his

colleagues could discover any "overruling influence" behind the throne; we have Bute's own denial of the charge, as publicly delivered by him in the House of Lords; and lastly, we have his solemn word of honour, as published to the world by his son, Lord Mountstuart, in 1778, that, from the period when the Duke of Cumberland succeeded in organising the Rockingham ministry, in July, 1765, he had not only held no communication with the king, directly or indirectly, on any political subject, but that he had never once been in the king's presence except at a levee or a drawing-room.[1]

So far, indeed, from George the Third having conspired against his ministers, we have evidence that, during the progress of the Repeal Bill through Parliament, he identified himself with their measures, and was gratified when they

[1] The last occasion of the king having seen Lord Bute in private is stated by Mr. Dutens, who was secretary to Mr. Mackenzie, the earl's brother, to have been in 1766; no doubt a mistake for 1765. Lord Bute himself assured Dutens that since that time he had never interfered, directly or indirectly, with public affairs; that he had never privately seen the king during that period; and that though he continued to visit regularly the Princess of Wales, yet, when the king came to see his mother he always retired by a back staircase. "Notwithstanding which," adds Dutens, "I have known people, who ought to have been better informed, maintain that Lord Bute directed public affairs, and preserved the greatest influence, twenty years after he had resigned all his places. I have even seen letters of solicitation addressed to him, as well as anonymous threatening letters which he made me read, and then threw into the fire."

met with success. To Conway, for instance, we find him complaining of "the very ungentlemanlike conduct of Mr. Grenville" during one of the debates; and again he writes to Lord Rockingham: "Talbot is as right as I can desire in the Stamp Act — strong for our declaring our right, but willing to repeal, and has handsomely offered to attend the House daily, and answer the very indecent conduct of those who oppose with so little manners or candour." The signal success of ministers, on the occasion of the first division in the House of Commons, is a subject of congratulation on the part of the king. To Lord Rockingham he writes: "The great majority must be reckoned a very favourable appearance for the repeal of the Stamp Act in that House;" and again: "I am much pleased that the appearance was so good yesterday." The king's correspondence with General Conway is in the same strain. "Nothing," he writes, "can in my eyes be more advantageous than the debate in the House of Commons this day." Can it be believed that these professions were insincere, and that, in fact, the king was at this very time caballing against his own ministers? If such were really the case, no language could too severely reprobate such unparalleled duplicity. But if any grounds for the charge existed, they must have been known to the ministers, and ministers appear to have entertained not the slightest doubt of the

good faith of their royal master. Lord Shelburne, for instance, speaks of Lord Rockingham and his colleagues as being perfectly satisfied that they possessed "the confidence of the court," and even the suspicious old Duke of Newcastle entertained no fears on the subject. "I myself," he writes to Lord Rockingham, "or any of these Lords, have not the least doubt of his Majesty's inclinations, but there is at present so much industry in propagating everything that makes against us, that his Majesty's own inclinations upon such an occasion cannot be too well known."

It has been adduced, as proof of the king's presumed duplicity toward the Rockingham ministry, that several individuals, whose suffrages he had the power of influencing, had voted against the administration; that Lord Rockingham had in vain remonstrated with him on the subject; and that, notwithstanding those persons had thus acted in direct opposition to the government, the king's friends remained unrebuked, and his servants undismissed. Doubtless these are undeniable facts. Yet, after all, to what graver offence do they apparently amount than that the king, under very peculiar and delicate circumstances, refrained from biassing his servants either one way or the other — that, in fact, he very properly allowed them to vote, each according to the dictates of his conscience. If some of the king's servants voted

against the repeal of the Stamp Act, others, let it be borne in mind, voted with the ministry. Let it be remembered, too, how short a time had elapsed since many of the very persons, whom the king was now expected to influence or dismiss, had recorded their votes in favour of taxing America, and consequently how great would have been the injustice of calling upon them, at a moment's notice — in order to meet the requirements of a feeble ministry — to stultify their former line of conduct, and to act in direct opposition to their moral convictions. These persons, in fact, had a right to the same forbearance which Lord Rockingham had notoriously extended to one of his own colleagues, Lord Barrington, who, on accepting the post of secretary at war, appears to have made it a *sine quâ non* that he should be permitted to vote against the ministry, both on the question of the Stamp Act and of general warrants.

Moreover, with what conscience, it may be asked, could the present ministers have "pressed" the king to dismiss his servants at their beck? They of all persons, as Walpole pertinently remarked to his friend Conway, had complained the most bitterly of such summary dismissals. The outcry which they had formerly raised against the king and Grenville, on account of the removal of Conway from his employments, had been loud and vehement; yet Conway, be it remembered,

had been dismissed for weightier reasons,[1] whereas the persons whom the king was called upon by his present ministers to discard had voted against them but on one question, and that question one of consistency and conscience.

On another point, the conduct of the ministers seems to have been contradictory. We have seen how fierce, at the outset of their administration, had been their denunciation of Bute; yet no sooner did they find themselves in need of his aid and countenance, than there is reason to believe that they caused application to be made to the king to solicit the earl's support in Parliament. He knew nothing, said the king, of what Lord Bute was doing, and must decline sending for him.

The real fact, as has been already represented, would seem to have been, that if the king showed any bias, either on one side or the other, it was not in opposition to, but in behalf of, his ministers. His allusion to Lord Talbot's opinions certainly seems to imply that he had attempted to influence that nobleman; and again he writes to Lord Rockingham, "I have received your resolution of standing firmly by the fate of the American question, which will certainly direct my language to the

[1] It has been adduced as a peculiar hardship, in the case of General Conway's dismissal, that "he gave but one vote" against ministers on the question of general warrants, having voted with them on every other motion against Wilkes.

chancellor." Indeed, so powerful was the influence of the Crown at this period, that had the king, either openly or clandestinely, acted a hostile part against his ministers, the Repeal Bill, we cannot but think, would never have passed the House of Commons, and much less the House of Lords.

It has been laid down by Junius as a constitutional doctrine, that the personal authority of the sovereign should never be interposed in public affairs. Unhappily, this wholesome axiom was lost sight of, alike by ministers and by the opposition, who, on this question, seem to have been severally and equally to blame on account of the undue use which they made of the king's name, for the purpose of influencing votes in Parliament. By the opposition, it was bruited about that the sovereign was personally and warmly opposed to the repeal of the Stamp Act; while, on the opposite side, the friends of the administration made no scruple of asserting that the king had extended to the measure his cordial and unqualified approval. This improper and unconstitutional state of things could scarcely, for any length of time, be kept from the royal ear, and consequently no sooner was the offended monarch apprised of the liberty which had been taken with his name, than he took an opportunity of Lord Strange being alone with him in the royal closet, to question him as to the extent to which he considered the impertinence

had been carried. The double circumstance of Lord Strange being a friend of Grenville, and an advocate of the Stamp Act, may possibly have prejudiced his answer. "Not only," he said, "had a report been successfully propagated that his Majesty personally desired a repeal of the Stamp Act, but it had been mainly the occasion of the advantage which ministers had hitherto obtained in Parliament. It was then that the king explained to Lord Strange his private views on the subject of repeal — views which we have already attempted to explain, and which he had neither endeavoured to conceal from his ministers, on the one hand, nor to force upon them, on the other. He was for retaining the act, he said; but with such modifications as Parliament might think proper to adopt. As Lord Strange took care to repeat this conversation to all whom he chanced to meet with, it was naturally the occasion of much commotion in political quarters. On quitting the closet, "Lord Strange," writes Grenville, "told everybody he met, of the discourse his Majesty had held to him, which was in direct contradiction to what had been propagated for the last two days by ministers." Before night it was circulated, in all the fashionable clubs and coffee-houses in London, that the king had expressed himself opposed to the Repeal Bill, the result of which was, that Lord Rockingham, alarmed at the ill effect which such a report might produce in Parliament, wrote

directly to Lord Strange requesting him to meet him at the king's levee at St James's, where, after some warm words had passed between them, they entered the royal closet together. Lord Strange was the first to speak. Repeating the words which the king had addressed to him, he inquired respectfully whether he had rightly understood his Majesty, to which the king answered in the affirmative. Lord Rockingham then drew forth a written document, and inquired of his Majesty whether, on such a day, he had not determined in favour of repeal? "My lord," said the king, "this is but half." Then, taking out a pencil, he wrote at the bottom of the paper, which he took from Lord Rockingham's hands, words to the following effect: "The question asked me by my ministers was, whether I was for enforcing the act by the sword, or for the repeal? Of these two extremes I was for the repeal; but most certainly preferred modification to either."[1]

[1] The king's conduct, according to the *Quarterly Review*, "was alike frank and dignified: he avowed what he had said to Lord Strange, rebuked Lord Rockingham for telling but half the story, and boldly, and, we dare say, somewhat indignantly, wrote so as to admit of no misrepresentation, on Lord Rockingham's paper, the important qualification of his opinion, which Lord Rockingham had suppressed. Which was the double-dealer?" According to Walpole, the king intimated to his servants, that "they were at liberty to vote against him and keep their places, which was, in effect, ordering them to oppose his ministers." Had this been the case, it could scarcely fail to have been notorious in all

The king, in fact, throughout the violent contest which attended the progress of the Repeal Bill through Parliament, appears to have carefully withheld, from both parties, all permission to quote his sentiments or to make use of his name. Moreover, as regards his behaviour to his ministers, he seems to have acted precisely in the way which Lord Brougham — certainly no friend to the king's memory — has attributed to him as a virtue, namely, that he "refused to be made a state-puppet in his ministers' hands, and to let his name be used either by men whom he despised, or for purposes which he disapproved." His replies to those whose opinions agreed with his own, and who would willingly have induced him to interfere in support of their views, were to the same effect as his answers to those who differed from him in opinion. He would never, he told Lord Harcourt, influence persons in their "parliamentary opinions." His reply to Lord Mansfield was to the same laudable purport. When a question, he said, was under the consideration of Parliament, any attempt to bias the votes of the members, by making use of the name of the sovereign, he considered as a most unwarrantable proceeding. All who knew him, he added, were aware that such

political circles; whereas the extraordinary sensation, which was excited by Lord Strange's gossip, indicates that this was the first intimation to the world that the king's private opinions were at variance with the policy of his ministers.

were his sentiments; yet his name, he complained, had been "bandied about" in a most improper manner. Lastly, when an application was preferred to him by his brother, the Duke of York, to allow his sentiments on the Repeal Bill to be made known, he at once refused his assent. When a measure, he said, was once before Parliament, it ought to abide the decision of Parliament. He considered it improper and unconstitutional in any way to interfere.

In the meantime, Lord Temple had entered into a close alliance with his brother, George Grenville, and the Duke of Bedford. The primary object of the triumvirate was the defeat of the Repeal Bill in Parliament, an event which, if accomplished, must of necessity occasion the downfall of the Rockingham party. As a preliminary procedure, therefore, every possible attempt was made by them to obtain access to the king's ear. The Duke of York was enlisted into their ranks, and endeavours were even made to tamper with the queen. Bute himself was not overlooked. Despised as he was by Temple, and personally detested as he was by the Duke of Bedford and Grenville, they nevertheless made no scruple of endeavouring to unite with him in an unnatural coalition against the present government. Accordingly, through the medium of Lord Eglinton, it was arranged that a meeting should take place at the house of that nobleman, to be

composed of Bedford, Temple, Grenville, and Bute; the three former being evidently impressed with the conviction that the king was alike cognisant of their intentions, and fully approved of their proceedings. When, however, the appointed day arrived, Temple was unaccountably absent. It has been suggested, not without good reason, that the reports of the spies whom he was in the habit of employing to watch the movements of Bute, had convinced him how entirely that nobleman had become estranged from his sovereign. But, whatever may have been the occasion of his absence, he was at all events spared the ridicule and humiliation which awaited his brother George and the Duke of Bedford. "The favourite," writes Walpole, "had the triumph of beholding the Duke of Bedford and George Grenville prostrate before him; suing for pardon, reconciliation, and support. After enjoying the spectacle of their humiliation for some minutes, the lofty earl, scarce deigning to bestow upon them half a score of monosyllables, stiffly refused to enter into connection with them." For the disappointment thus encountered by Bedford and Grenville, Bute was in no respect to blame. The meeting, as he plainly told them, had not been of his seeking, and if Lord Eglinton had led them to believe so, it must have been either "ignorantly" or from good intentions on the part of that nobleman. As regarded his Majesty, he knew nothing of his

opinions. In fact, he never saw him.[1] At parting, the Duke of Bedford condescended to express a hope that their meeting would be kept a secret. "There is nothing of which I am ashamed," was the cold reply of Bute; and thus terminated this unsatisfactory conference.

Disappointed at the result of their appeal to Bute, the next endeavour of the triumvirate was to find the means of prevailing upon the king to grant a personal interview either to Bedford or Temple, for the purpose, to use Grenville's words, of "representing to him the distressed situation of his affairs." Considering the high rank of these two lords, one would have imagined that they would have encountered but little difficulty in gaining their object. But such was not the case. It affords, indeed, the strongest presumptive evidence of the king's good faith and loyalty toward the Rockingham administration, that, among the many persons who were allowed daily access to him, not one could be found bold enough to broach the proposition to their royal master.

[1] Grenville, it seems, had heard from some quarter or another that on the preceding Saturday, the 8th, Bute had been for four hours with the king. Surely, however, if this were the truth, Bute would never have ventured to utter the deliberate, false, and uncalled-for statement which Grenville has placed in his mouth. According to the Duke of Bedford, Bute's words were that he could "give no positive answer, not having seen the king for many months past," and, with all his faults, Bute was at least a man of veracity.

There was no one who knew his character better than the princess dowager, yet she not only shrank from speaking to him herself, but when it was proposed that the Duke of York should be the go-between on the occasion, we find her in a state of alarm lest her favourite son, by taking such a step, should incur his brother's serious displeasure. In so dangerous a crisis, Lord Temple said it was his duty to hasten to the rescue of his royal master. If his Majesty should send for him he would obey the summons; or if the king felt any delicacy in taking that step, he would "save him the blush" by demanding an audience. The queen was requested to communicate Lord Temple's proposition to the king, but very properly, and very decidedly, declined the mission. Lord Denbigh, a lord of the bedchamber, at last volunteered his services, but had scarcely given his consent before his heart failed him. The king, he told Lord Temple, disliked to be talked to upon such subjects, and as he was the person who would certainly be made the victim, he earnestly requested that the only letter which he had written on the subject might be destroyed.

At length, at the request of the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of York undertook to lay the views of the Grenville party before his royal brother, and at the same time to demand an audience for the duke. But the season for such a negotiation had gone by. The measure, said

the king, was under the consideration of Parliament, and must abide its decision. With regard to admitting the Duke of Bedford to a private audience, it had ever been a rule with him, added the king, to grant an interview to any nobleman who made the request to him. At the present moment, however, as he told the Duke of York, were he to admit the Duke of Bedford into his closet, it would, in all probability, be construed into treating with his Grace. The Duke of York again discussed the subject with his brother on the following morning, but to no better purpose; and thus fell to the ground, the united efforts of the Grenville and Bedford sections of the Whig party to expel the Rockingham administration from power.

The bill for the repeal of the Stamp Act was triumphantly carried in the House of Commons by a large majority. "It was clear," said Grenville, "that both England and America were now governed by the mob." The bill, though it met with a violent opposition from the Lords, was finally carried in that House by a majority of thirty-four, and on the 18th of March received the royal assent; an event which, in the words of Burke, caused more universal joy throughout the British dominions, than perhaps any other that could be remembered.

CHAPTER II.

The King's Health Suffers from Mental Excitement — Popularity Hunting of the Rockingham Administration — Ministers Disinterested in Their Conduct of Public Affairs — Further Unsuccessful Attempts to Induce Pitt to Enter the Cabinet — The King, by the Advice of Lord Chancellor Northington, Reopens Negotiations with Pitt — Idle Attempt of Princess Amelia to Bring the King and Lord Bute Together — Consequences of the Popular Opinion That Lord Bute Continued to Influence the King's Mind.

In the meantime, the king's health had again given way under the mental excitement occasioned by the continued embarrassment of his affairs. On the morning of the 1st of February he was observed to be flushed and heated. In the course of the day it was thought necessary to bleed him. His agitation on the following morning was excessive; it was evident to all who approached him that his mind was very ill at ease; in the afternoon it was announced that he was too unwell to be present at the drawing room. "I am willing," he said to his physicians, "to do anything for my people, if they would but agree among themselves." Happily on the 4th he was considerably better.

The frequent charge which has been brought against the members of the Rockingham adminis-

tration of having paid an undue deference to public opinion was assuredly not undeserved. In fact, the king on one occasion very plainly told them that he feared their yearning after popularity would be the ruin of themselves, if not of their country. It was the error of young and inexperienced men; the almost natural consequence of a feeble administration; yet though we may admit the justice of the charge, we are not necessarily to infer that every popular measure which they introduced into Parliament was fraught with danger to the commonwealth. It may possibly be true, as has been asserted, that the negotiations which they entered into with the popular idol, Wilkes, were the effect of pusillanimity, and also that the restoration of Lord George Sackville to the Privy Council was a somewhat unworthy concession to powerful family influence. It may also be true that certain measures which they carried through Parliament owed their existence quite as much to a yearning for popular favour, as to any intrinsic advantages comprehended in the measures themselves. But, on the other hand, to use the words of Burke, they at least "treated their sovereign with decency; they discountenanced the dangerous and unconstitutional practice of removing military officers for their votes in Parliament;" and lastly, the notable facts that they prevailed upon the House of Commons to condemn the use of general warrants and the seizure of papers in cases

of libel, are sufficient to endear the Rockingham ministry to every Englishman who has the love of liberty or of his country at heart. But still higher praise remains to be awarded them. In an age of great political profligacy, they were the first to set the example of that purity and disinterestedness which have since become the distinguishing characteristics of British statesmen. No act of corruption ever tainted their administration. They were the first to discountenance the disgraceful practice of purchasing the votes of members of Parliament; and, moreover, be it ever remembered to their credit that, when they quitted office, not one of them had enriched himself by a pension or a sinecure. Even the hardened old placeman, Newcastle, refused for the second time a pension at the hands of his sovereign.

The Rockingham ministry had scarcely been seven months in power, before unmistakable symptoms of its approaching dissolution had begun to manifest themselves. Ministers, indeed, had never ceased to entertain a hope that, sooner or later, Pitt would be induced to coalesce with them, either as a colleague or as their leader, and consequently they had shown him a consideration which, taking into account the contempt with which he had treated them, amounted, according to their enemies, almost to subserviency. They had raised his friend, Lord Chief Justice Pratt, to the peerage, by the title of Baron Camden;

one of the treasurerships of Ireland had been offered to his brother-in-law, James Grenville; his friend, Lord Lyttelton, had had the refusal of the appointment of cofferer of the household; and lastly, his confidential legal adviser, Mr. Nuthall, had been appointed one of the secretaries of the treasury.[1] Moreover, ministers, during the period that the Repeal Bill had been passing through Parliament, had suggested to the king the propriety of making direct overtures to Pitt himself, but great as was his Majesty's anxiety to establish a vigorous administration, he very naturally objected to the fruitless and humiliating overtures which he was repeatedly called upon to make to the popular idol. To Lord Rockingham he writes on the 9th of January, 1766: "I have revolved, most coolly and attentively, the business now before me, and am of opinion, that so loose a conversation as that of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Townshend is not sufficient to risk either my dignity or the continuance of my administration, by a fresh treaty with that gentleman, for if it should miscarry, all public

[1] Nuthall was famous in his day for his encounters with highwaymen, one of whom died of the wounds which he received at his hands. He himself was destined to perish by the hands of another of the fraternity. In March, 1775, while crossing Hounslow Heath on his return from Bath, his carriage was stopped by a highwayman, who demanded his purse, and, on its being refused, fired at and wounded him mortally. On reaching the inn at Hounslow, he sat down to write a description of the fellow to the chief magistrate for Westminster, Sir John Fielding, but had scarcely finished his letter when he expired.

opinion of this ministry would be destroyed by such an attempt." Ministers, however, were resolved that the king should yield to their demands. "I wish," writes Lord John Cavendish to the premier, "nothing may be done to confirm him [the king] in his aversion to sending for Pitt, for, as he must sooner or later swallow the pill, the fewer wry faces he makes, the better." Lord Rockingham also writes to the king, on the 15th of January: "That your Majesty's present administration will be shook to the greatest degree, if no further attempt is made to get Mr. Pitt to take a cordial part, is much too apparent to be disguised." At length a reluctant consent was wrung from the king by his ministers, whereupon, three days afterward, we find the Duke of Grafton addressing the following laconic epistle to the Great Commoner:

"GROSVENOR SQUARE, January 18, 1766.

"SIR: — Lord Rockingham and myself are charged to deliver to you a message from his Majesty, which I think and hope will be preliminary to great good to this country. I have the honour to be, with all possible esteem and respect, sir, Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

"GRAFTON.

"*P. S.* — When we receive your answer, we will wait on you, if convenient."

The king, as the result proved, was much better acquainted with Pitt's character than were his ministers. As his Majesty had anticipated, the haughty statesman proved impracticable. Nothing should induce him, he said, to sit at the council-table with the Duke of Newcastle;[1] he would give no advice unless personally to the king, or else to Parliament; he should feel himself bound to offer the treasury to Lord Temple, and, whether Lord Temple accepted it or not, Lord Rockingham must not expect to remain in office. The latter nobleman, however, though much disappointed, resolved to persevere. Accordingly, some six weeks afterward, happening, while passing through Palace Yard, Westminster, to catch a glance of the new secretary of the treasury, Nuthall, the earl, to use his own words, "ventured beyond prudence," and invited him into his coach. Alone with Pitt's confidential counsellor, he assured him in the most

[1] In the "Chatham Correspondence" will be found more than one bitter allusion by Pitt to his having been "so often sacrificed" by the Duke of Newcastle. To Mr. Nuthall, he writes, 10 December, 1765: "I was frustrated and disabled from doing any material good last June: the world now is fallen into the Duke of Newcastle's hands; the country is undone;" and he adds: "the same experienced hand now moulds and directs the political machine." "The Duke of Newcastle," Pitt writes, about the same period, "in my poor judgment, will render impossible any solid system for the settlement of this distracted country, as long as his Grace's influence predominates;" and again he expresses himself "finally resolved never to be in confidence or concert again with his Grace."

emphatic manner how essential to the well-being of the country, in its present unsettled state, he considered the services of his illustrious friend; intimating, at the same time, his own perfect readiness to yield to him at once the chief direction of public affairs. Moreover, in order to prevent any misapprehension on the subject, the earl, on reaching home, committed his sentiments to paper, which he forthwith transmitted to Nuthall. "The time," he writes, "is critical: might I wish to know whether Mr. Pitt sees the possibility of his coming and putting himself at the head of the present administration? I can say with very sufficient grounds that Mr. Pitt has only to signify his idea." Pitt's reply on this occasion was not less unsatisfactory than had been his former one. Proud and happy, he said, as he should be to confer with Lord Rockingham openly and unreservedly on the formation of an administration, yet, as a private individual, he should consider it the highest presumption were he to intrude his opinions on such a subject, unless in the royal presence and by the royal commands. Thus, on the one hand, it was rendered tolerably evident that, unless invested with unfettered powers, Pitt was resolved to reject whatever offers might be made to him; while, on the other hand, however ready Lord Rockingham may have been to make way for Pitt, and to sacrifice every personal consideration for the good of his country, he was very naturally

unwilling to involve his friends and followers in his fall.

The resignation of the Duke of Grafton, in the month of April, removed another support from beneath the tottering Rockingham administration. In the House of Lords the duke thought proper to explain his motives for seceding from his colleagues. It was neither the fatigues of office, he said, nor any objection on his part to the persons or measures of ministers, which had induced him to retire into private life. It was because the administration required dignity, authority, and extension. He knew but one man — one to whom the country was indebted for the transcendent glory which it had recently enjoyed — who was capable of imparting to it the necessary solidity and strength. That man, it was needless for him to observe, was Mr. Pitt. Under such a leader he would "with pleasure take up the spade and the pickaxe" and serve under him as a pioneer in the trenches.

The seals of secretary of state, which had been resigned by the Duke of Grafton, were accepted by the Duke of Richmond. His Grace's accession to office, however, imparted but little strength to the administration. Nevertheless it continued to survive for a few weeks longer, when it received its death-blow from the hands of the lord chancellor.

Robert Henley, Earl of Northington, at this time lord chancellor of England, had formerly held the

appointment of attorney-general, and afterward that of lord keeper of the Great Seal. In 1760 he had been created Baron Henley, and in 1764 Earl of Northington. His capacity as a statesman was far inferior to his abilities as a lawyer. A youth of wild frolic and boisterous jollity had been succeeded by years of hard study and hard drinking, which, in the decline of life, left him a gouty and surly valetudinarian. He was once heard muttering to himself in the House of Lords, while hobbling between the woolsack and the bar: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a lord chancellor, I would have taken better care of them when I was a lad." [1] Another of the chancellor's bad habits was hard swearing; a habit which Anstey has amusingly chronicled in his "New Bath Guide:"

> "Lord Ringbone, who lay in the parlour below
> On account of the gout he had got in his toe,
> Began on a sudden to curse and to swear:
> I protest, my dear mother, 'twas shocking to hear
> The oaths of that reprobate, gouty old peer."

[1] George III. was much amused with, and used frequently to relate, the following anecdote of Lord Northington. The chancellor had requested the king's permission to discontinue the evening sittings in the Court of Chancery on Wednesdays and Fridays. "I asked him," said his Majesty, "his reasons for wishing that these sittings should be abolished." — "Sir," answered he, "that I may be allowed comfortably to finish my bottle of port after dinner; and your Majesty, solicitous for the happiness of all your subjects, I hope will consider this to be reason sufficient." The king is said to have good-naturedly complied with

The motives which induced the chancellor to attempt the overthrow of the Rockingham administration seem to be sufficiently manifest. Between him and his colleagues no kindly feeling had ever existed. The latter no less disliked him on account of his coarse and overbearing manners than they feared him as a bold and unscrupulous politician, and especially because of his superior influence with the king.[1] Moreover, the charges which he openly brought against them, of irresolution and incompetency, must have given them the deepest offence. He complained, likewise, that his colleagues not only excluded him from their deliberations, but that they even refrained from consulting him in matters which were immediately within his own jurisdiction. Lastly, motives of self-interest, no less than of personal dislike, evidently influenced the conduct of the chancellor. It was said of him, at the time, that he had found means to enrich himself by every political distress and by every party change. Satisfied, therefore, that the days of the Rockingham Ministry were numbered, and that the accession of Pitt to unlimited power must, sooner or later, be the

his request. Two or three very characteristic anecdotes of Lord Northington are narrated by Grose, the antiquary, which seem to have escaped the notice of Lord Campbell.

[1] The chancellor's conduct during the progress of the Regency Bill had earned for him the gratitude of his sovereign. "There is no man in my dominions," writes the king to Pitt, on the 7th of July, "on whom I so thoroughly rely."

consequence of its fall, the chancellor resolved so far to turn existing events to his own advantage as to secure for himself the gratitude of the future minister. Accordingly, having established a decent pretext for quarrelling with his colleagues by differing with them on the subject of a new Constitution for Canada, he repaired, as he had long threatened to do, to the royal closet, where he pressed upon the king his conviction that ministers could maintain their ground no longer; at the same time urgently recommending him to summon Pitt to the palace. The advice, as we shall presently find, was promptly followed, and produced the desired result.

Such appear to have been the real circumstances which broke up, after an existence of only twelve months' duration, one of the most upright and well-intentioned administrations by which this country has ever been governed. As usual, Bute, and Bute alone, was popularly supposed to be the author of the mischief. For instance, in Walpole's opinion he is still "the idol that keeps behind the veil of the sanctuary." "The Scotch Thane," [1] writes Lord Hardwicke to Lord Rockingham, "is always hovering between

[1] Lord Bute was commonly spoken of in the lampoons of the day as the "Thane." The chancellor's familiar designation was "Tom Tilbury." "I see by the papers that 'old Tilbury' has hobbled up to town again." "I always expect some mischief when I hear of the interposition of that sorry fellow." Again Lord Hardwicke writes to Lord Rockingham, on the 30th

Marquis of Rockingham.

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

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Luton and South Audley Street." The Duke of Richmond is "told" in July that on the 7th the earl was seen stealing from his own garden at Kew to that of the princess dowager; and lastly, his Grace is informed that, on the 12th, Bute was observed coming by a by-road from Ealing, "so that 'tis probable he had again been to meet his Majesty at Kew." Happily, from another source — the curious diary of a spy, employed in all probability by Lord Temple to watch the movements of Bute — we find not only strong grounds for ridiculing the suspicions and fears of Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Richmond, but apparently sufficient proof that neither on the 7th of July was Bute at Kew, nor, on the 12th, in the neighbourhood of Ealing. The diary is curious enough, as showing how frequent and how secret were the visits paid by the earl to the princess dowager, but in no other way tends to the presumption that the king had any connivance in or any connection with them:

"*Tuesday, June 24, 1766.* From Audley Street the favourite set out about one o'clock, in a post-coach and four, for Lord Litchfield's, at Hampton Court, and came home again at ten at night; went out directly after in a chair to Miss Vansit-

of June in reference to Lord Northington's final disagreement with the cabinet: "Our friend Tom was very cross indeed, and would neither lead nor drive."

tart's, maid of honour to P. D. of W., in Sackville Street; stayed there but a very little while, and then went to Carlton House, and returned home about twelve o'clock."

The entries from the 5th of July — the day on which the lord chancellor would appear to have advised the king to send for Pitt — to the 14th, two days after the king had received Pitt at Richmond, are as follow: they of course include the two days on which Lord Bute's imaginary proceedings occasioned so much alarm to the Duke of Richmond:

"*Saturday*, [*July*] *5*. The favourite returned to Audley Street from ditto [Luton] this day to dinner; at half-past six, went to Sackville Street, stayed there as usual till about ten, then to Carlton House, and afterward came home about twelve.

"*Sunday 6*. At half-past six to Sackville Street as usual; about ten to Carlton House, and home at twelve as before.

"*Monday 7*. At three-quarters past six to Sackville Street as usual; about ten to Carlton House, and home at twelve.

"*Tuesday 8*. At half-past six to Sackville Street; about ten to Carlton House, and home at twelve.

"*Wednesday* 9. At half-past six to Sackville Street; about ten to Carlton House, and home at twelve.

"*Thursday 10.* This morning at seven, the favourite and his lady set out from Audley Street to Bedfordshire.

"*Saturday 12.* Returned this day from Bedfordshire to dinner, and being Lord Mount Stuart's birthday, he went out at eight that evening to Sackville Street, stayed there till past ten, then went to Carlton House, and returned home about twelve.

"*Sunday 13.* At half-past six to Sackville Street; stayed there till past ten, then to Carlton House, and home at twelve.

"*Monday 14.* At half-past six to Sackville Street; stayed there till ten, then to Carlton House; stayed there till past twelve, and then returned home.

"*N. B.* The curtains of the chair from Audley to Sackville Street were constantly drawn, and the chair taken into the house."

That the infamous system of employing domestic spies was carried on at this period, not only by such workers in the dark as Temple, but by men who ought to have been far above such meanness, there seems too much reason to believe. That Lord Rockingham — a man whose character was in every other respect above reproach — should have connived at a spy tracking the movements of his sovereign, is a fact which we reluctantly record. That such was the case, however, is proved by the following extract from a very curious docu-

to be certain. "His [the king's] aunt, the Princess Amelia," writes Lord Brougham, "had some plan of again bringing the two parties together; and on a day when George the Third was to pay her a visit at her villa at Gunnersbury, near Brentford, she invited Lord Bute, whom she probably had never informed of her foolish intentions. He was walking in the garden, when she took her nephew down-stairs to view it, saying there was no one but an old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some years. He had not time to ask who it might be, when on entering the garden he saw his former minister walking up an alley. The king instantly turned back to avoid him, reproved the silly old woman sharply, and declared that if she ever repeated such experiments, she had seen him for the last time in her house."

The truth of this anecdote is curiously corroborated by the following extract from a MS. letter written by the late King of Hanover. "I have been reflecting and trying to recall to my memory all I have heard upon this subject, and to the best of my recollection can only say that perhaps in the course of talking over, while walking with my late revered father in the gardens at Kew, (which I was in the habit of doing, and especially when there were crisises in the state of affairs), he then often talked of the different difficulties he had been placed in, from various changes of ministries. With respect to Lord Bute, there

seemed to me always something which denoted a reluctance on his part to speak out on the subject; but, if I am not very much mistaken, about the time that the late Mr. Pitt resigned office, and which brought me into that very close connection with my father, as I was the person whom he employed to make the first overture to Addington, the speaker of the House of Commons, that he then said (some paragraphs having at that time appeared in one of the opposition papers mentioning him and Lord Bute as if he had been in the constant habit of seeing and communicating privately with him after he had left office), that he never had any communication either verbally or by letter with him. And I believe that it was on account of Lord Bute's having been invited to Gunnersbury, unknown to the king, that he seldom or ever saw Princess Amelia afterward; and there is no doubt that, though exterior civility was kept up between my father and his mother, still there was very little intercourse during the last years between them. As she died in 1772, when I was one year old, all I tell you here is from hearsay, and what I have heard at different times from my late brother, George the Fourth, and [my] uncle, Duke of Gloucester, who I should think was upon much better and more cordial terms with his mother than my father was." [1]

[1] "In speaking of those times to his son, the Duke of York," writes Earl Russell, he [George III.] said that he never saw

It may be considered, perhaps, that we have dwelt at too great a length on the subject of the presumed influence of Bute over the mind of his sovereign. It should be remembered, however, that not only, for nearly two years past, had the popular belief in its existence led to many of the king's motives being misinterpreted and many of his actions misrepresented; but, moreover, that, for some years to come, it was destined to lead to the weakening of successive administrations, by inducing the king's ministers to suspect their sovereign, and the people to suspect ministers. In justice, therefore, not only to the king but to his legitimate advisers, a full exposition of the relative footing on which he and Bute stood toward each other appears to be highly desirable. Even Pitt himself, shortly after his acceptance of power, was accused of cringing to the favourite of his sovereign." [1]

Lord Bute after he left office except once, when, being with his mother, the Princess of Wales, in her garden at Kew, Lord Bute came out of a summer-house where he had been purposely concealed. The king added that he effectually showed his displeasure at this intrusion of his former favourite."

[1] So late even as the year 1782, on the formation of the second Rockingham administration, we find Horace Walpole writing: "It was thought the king saw Lord Bute on that occasion: for others he certainly sent."

CHAPTER III.

The King's Letter to Mr. Pitt — Interview at Richmond — Pitt Receives a *Carte Blanche* for Forming an Administration — Earl Temple, after Negotiations, Declines to Take Part — General Satisfaction at Pitt's Return to Power — Dissatisfaction at His Acceptance of a Peerage as Earl of Chatham — Diminution of His Influence on Continental Politics in Consequence of His Elevation in Rank — His Pompous Manner in Transacting Public Business — Bread Riots — Suspension of Exportation of Grain by Order in Council — Challenged in Parliament — Lord Chatham's Defence — Bill of Indemnity — The King's Attention to Business.

PITT was at his seat at Burton Pynsent, employed, to use his own words to Lady Stanhope, in "farming, grazing, haymaking, and all the Lethe of Somersetshire," when, on the 8th of July, he was surprised by a summons to attend his sovereign. The communication was made to him in a flattering letter from Lord Northington, enclosing an autograph letter from the king. "Mr. Pitt," writes his Majesty, "your very dutiful and handsome conduct the last summer makes me desirous of having your thoughts how an able and dignified ministry may be formed. I desire, therefore, you will come, for this salutary purpose, to town." Pitt, in a reply which contained as much

inflated language as could well be compressed into a few lines, expressed his intention of immediately repairing to London. Penetrated, he writes, with the deepest sense of the "king's boundless goodness," he only wishes that he "could change infirmity into wings of expedition," the sooner to have the high honour of laying the "poor but sincere offering of his little services" at his Majesty's feet.

Pitt arrived in London on the 11th of July, fatigued and in ill health, and on the following day was admitted to an interview with the king at Richmond.[1] His Majesty not only received him with the utmost graciousness, but gave him a *carte blanche* for forming an administration. He had no terms, he said, to propose. He placed himself entirely in Mr. Pitt's hands. Agreeably with the advice tendered to him by his new minister, the king summoned Lord Temple from Stow, and proposed to place him at the head of the treasury. On scarcely a single point, however, could Temple be brought to agree with his despotic brother-in-

[1] On the 15th, George Grenville writes to the Duke of Bedford: "I hear from town that the measure of sending for Mr. Pitt was a sudden resolution: that Lord Bute disdains having anything to do with it; that lord chancellor wrote to him yesterday se'nnight by the king's commands to come to town; that he came on Friday about two o'clock; saw my lord chancellor and Lord Camden that evening; and went to Richmond, where he was with the king from eleven o'clock till two on Saturday."

law. Pitt, for instance, was for making no party distinctions, and for effecting few changes in the existing administration, while Temple, on the other hand, was in favour of a sweeping alteration. The inflated earl, it seems, had expected to be invested with equal powers to those of Pitt, and with authority to nominate an equal number of friends to the Cabinet. Signally disappointed in those anticipations, and jealous, it has been supposed, of the high favour which had been shown by the king to Pitt, in consulting him exclusively, and carrying on his correspondence with him in autograph, the earl, after two stormy interviews with his brother-in-law at Hampstead, and two unsatisfactory audiences with the king, indignantly rejected the high post which had been offered to him, and returned in unmistakable disgust to Stow. The king, he writes to his brother, George Grenville, was very gracious to him, but, he adds, "I believe, not a little delighted at my declining." To his sister, Lady Chatham, he made no secret of the indignation which he felt at being offered "to be stuck into a ministry as a great cipher at the head of the treasury, surrounded with other ciphers named by Mr. Pitt." "I would not," he adds, "go in like a child, to come out like a fool." To his brother George, he also writes: "I might have stood a capital cipher, surrounded with ciphers of quite a different complexion, the whole under the guidance of that great luminary, the Great Commoner,

with the privy seal in his hand." "I suppose," he afterward adds, "I shall be much abused, as the public is much disappointed, but I am more sinned against than sinning. Thus ends this political farce of my journey to London, as it was always intended, and I am now going to bed to get a little sleep, and to rise very happy." In a pamphlet of the time, which Lord Chesterfield thinks was not improbably written by Pitt himself, the conduct of Lord Temple is treated with great severity. "But this I will be bold to say," proceeds the writer, "that had he [Lord Temple] not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train, and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in, and gone off with no other degree of credit than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality." "Temple," writes General Lee to King Stanislaus of Poland, "is eternally appealing to the public, forgetting that the public never considered him farther than they would an old pair of boots which Mr. Pitt might, through whim, have set a value upon, which when he chose to throw aside, it mattered not if they were thrown into a lumber-room or the fire."

Thus may be said to have terminated the public career of this bold and intriguing man. Blind to his own comparative insignificancy, he was unable to perceive that his real importance in the eyes of his countrymen consisted, not in his being Rich-

ard, Earl Temple, the princely possessor of Stow, but in being the chosen friend and political ally of William Pitt. Thus, too, for a time was converted into the bitterest hostility a friendship which had commenced in mutual esteem and had grown into the truest affection — a friendship which had since been strengthened by the ties of family connection and by a long participation in the same perils and the same triumphs — a friendship, lastly, which no rival interests and no attempts of their enemies had hitherto been able to weaken!

Temple's conduct toward Pitt — the facts of his publishing their private conversations and endeavouring to inflame the public mind against his brother-in-law — require no comment.[1] Not that Lord Temple was deficient in private virtues. If he was a bitter enemy, he was also a staunch friend. In private life he was amiable and unaffected. His purse was ever open to those whom he loved. In his correspondence with his wife, she is his "little woman," and Lord Temple is her "dear long man." On the other hand, in his public capacity very little can be said in Temple's

[1] See the once celebrated pamphlet entitled, "An Inquiry into the Conduct of a Late Right Honourable Commoner." The writer of it is said to have been Humphrey Cotes, a bankrupt wine merchant and intimate acquaintance of Lord Temple, who, there seems every reason to believe, instigated him to undertake the performance, and furnished him with the secret information which it contains. Lord Chesterfield very deservedly denounces it as "a scandalous and scurrilous" publication.

favour. It was, in fact, to his high rank, to his knowledge of business and of the world, to his skill as a party tactician, to his inordinate ambition, and to his fearless patronage of the boldest and most scurrilous opposition writers, that, next to his connection with Pitt, he was indebted for the powerful influence which he exercised over the politics of his time. When Wilkes and Churchill wrote their bitterest libels, their instigator is said to have been Temple. "They had a familiar at their ear," writes Walpole, "whose venom never was distilled at random, but each drop administered to some precious work of mischief. This was Earl Temple, who whispered them where they might find torches, but took care never to be seen to light one himself. Characters so rash and imprudent were proper vehicles of his spite; and he enjoyed the two points he preferred even to power, vengeance and a whole skin." [1]

In the meantime, Pitt had succeeded in forming, what Burke has styled his "mosaic administration." The Duke of Grafton was appointed

[1] "Those who knew his habits best," writes Lord Macaulay, "tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul, crooked labyrinth below." Lord Temple died on the 11th of September, 1779, from the effects of a fracture of the skull, caused by his having been thrown from his pony carriage in the Park Ridings at Stow. It was certainly to his credit that he strongly set his face against his friend Wilkes's wholesale and brutal abuse of the Scotch.

first lord of the treasury; General Conway was continued as secretary of state; the Earl of Shelburne was nominated secretary of state, in the room of the Duke of Richmond; Charles Townshend was induced to quit the lucrative post of paymaster for that of chancellor of the exchequer; Sir Charles Saunders was placed at the head of the Board of Admiralty; the Marquis of Granby at the head of the army; Mr. Stuart Mackenzie was replaced in his former office of lord privy seal in Scotland; Lord Camden was appointed lord chancellor, in the room of Lord Northington; the latter nobleman was rewarded for his recent treason to his colleagues by receiving the easy and dignified post of president of the Council, with the reversion, for two lives, of a lucrative sinecure situation; and lastly, Pitt, though the acknowledged head of the ministry, contented himself with the office of privy seal, which had been vacated by the Duke of Newcastle.

The announcement that the Great Commoner had returned to power produced throughout the country an outburst of almost universal satisfaction and joy. Not only did the City of London propose to present him with a congratulatory address, but orders were given for a public illumination, and for a banquet to be prepared in his honour at Guildhall. Suddenly, however, it was announced that the popular idol had stooped to accept a peerage, with the title of Earl of Chat-

ham. At once the general exultation was converted into as general a feeling of indignation and sorrow. The address and the banquet were countermanded, and the lamps, which had already been festooned round the monument, were ordered to be removed. The citizens, by whom he had heretofore been idolised, were the first to denounce him as a courtier and a renegade. All his enemies, according to Lord Chesterfield, were, without exception, rejoiced at it; all his friends were stupefied and dumbfounded. "To withdraw," observes the noble writer, "in the fullness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons, which procured him his power, and which alone could ensure it to him, and to go into that Hospital of Incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable that nothing but proof positive could make me believe it. But true it is." "That fatal title," writes Walpole, "blasted all the affection which his country had borne to him, and which he had deserved so well." Never, indeed, — since Strafford had deserted the popular cause for a peerage, — had the acceptance of a coronet entailed on any Englishman so great an amount of obloquy and scorn. The vulgar, who had formerly been blind to the most glaring defects of the man of the people, were now bent on denying him a single virtue. In the opinion of his former worshippers, he had been bought by the court.

He had been duped by the king. He was, in fact, a mere nominee of the detested Bute. If anything could have increased his unpopularity at this time, it was the pitiless storm of calumny and invective which was poured upon him by the pamphleteers and lampooners, hounded on by Temple.

The acceptance of a peerage by Pitt was scarcely less reprobated by his friends than by his enemies. It was argued, that so long as his mental and bodily faculties might be spared to him, he ought to devote them to the service of his country; that the genius and eloquence which had rendered him so formidable in the House of Commons would be thrown away in the House of Lords; that, inasmuch as he had now, for the third time, been raised to power by the voice of the people, it was his duty to continue one of the people; and lastly, that though a seat in the Upper House might be a very appropriate reward for a distinguished statesman at the close of his political career, yet, so long as his services remained available for his country's advantage, the boon ought to have been rejected.

Certainly, had Lord Chatham's power of mind and body remained as unimpaired as these censures seem to imply, every one of these arguments would have held good. But this was not the case. Frequent attacks of gout had alike unstrung his

nerves and enfeebled his body. For the last year or two, his failing health had been unequal to the late hours and exciting debates of the House of Commons. Surely, then, the time had arrived when the most illustrious Englishman of his age might, fairly and without reproach, lay claim to the ease and dignity, which by his services he had so eminently earned. Lastly, if ever man had deservedly won a coronet for his public services, it was Lord Chatham; and consequently, if the hour had arrived when he considered he might claim it with propriety, it was surely not for his countrymen, whom he had laid under so many obligations, to begrudge him his tardy reward.

The impression which Lord Chatham's elevation to the peerage left upon the mind of his second son, afterward the celebrated William Pitt, then a child in his eighth year, is worthy of being recorded. On the day on which his father's patent of nobility bears date, his tutor, the Rev. Edward Wilson, writes to Lady Chatham: "My Lord Pitt is much better; Lady Hester quite well; and Mr. William very near it. The last gentleman is not only contented in retaining his papa's name, but perfectly happy in it. Three months ago he told me, in a very serious conversation, he was glad he was not the eldest son, but that he could serve his country in the House of Commons like his papa."

In one respect the elevation of Lord Chatham

to a peerage, and his consequent loss of popularity, was a serious national misfortune. Hitherto the nations of the earth had looked up to him with dread. His very name had been a tower of strength to his country. Recently, the mere rumour that he was about to return to office had spread consternation over Europe. "You know," writes Walpole, "how I love to have the majesty of the people of England dictate to all Europe. Nothing could have diverted me more than to have been at Paris at this moment. Their panic at Mr. Pitt's name is not to be described. Whenever they were impertinent, I used to drop, as by chance, that he would be minister in a few days, and it never failed to occasion a dead silence. The Prince of Masserano is literally in a ridiculous fright." [1] But, on the other hand, no sooner was the magic name of Pitt converted into that of Chatham, than the dandies and diplomatists at

[1] The awe, which the very name of Pitt struck into the hearts of foreigners, might be exemplified by more than one anecdote. When, for instance, M. de Bussy, in 1761, was sent by the court of France to this country to treat respecting the preliminaries of peace, he is said, at their first interview, to have been "horrified with Mr. Pitt's presence." This fact is borne out by a letter from Mr. Hans Stanley, who had been sent on a similar errand to France, and who thus writes to Pitt: "When the Duc de Choiseul informed me of the awe with which he [De Bussy] was struck by you, he said he was not surprised at it, '*car le pauvre diable trembloit de peur en partant.*' He was so much frightened that he wrote for a passport to return. The duke showed me this request in his own hand."

Paris and Madrid completely altered the tone of their conversation. "The blow," writes Walpole, was more ruinous to his country than himself. While he held the love of the people, nothing was so formidable in Europe as his name. The talons of the lion were drawn, when he was no longer awful in his own forest."

In the meantime, the king, if Walpole's account is to be credited, had taken a somewhat ungracious farewell of his late ministers. To the Duke of Richmond he is said to have been scarcely civil; to the Duke of Newcastle almost rude. It was only, according to the same prejudiced authority, when ministers took their final leave of their sovereign in the royal closet, that a friendly expression escaped his lips. "I wish you all well," he said, "particularly Lord Rockingham." But Rockingham, notwithstanding this gracious exception in his favour, was not to be appeased. He was angry with the king for having parted with him. He was angry with Lord Chatham for having supplanted him. He was apparently still more angry with his colleagues for the readiness which many of them had shown to desert his standard for that of his successor. "Sir," was Conway's reply to the king, on his informing him that he had sent for Pitt, "I am glad of it. I always thought it the best thing your Majesty could do. I wish it may answer. Mr. Pitt is a great man; but as nobody is without faults, he is not unexceptionable." "If Mr. Con-

way's sentiments," writes the Duke of Richmond to Lord Rockingham, "get among our friends, it will be a race among them who shall go first to Mr. Pitt."

The members of the new administration, though more than one of them were men of eminent abilities, were unfortunately united by scarcely a single tie either of political freemasonry or of personal friendship. "He [Lord Chatham] made an administration," said Burke, "so chequered and speckled — he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a Cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies — that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on." It had been the object of Pitt to "break all parties;" to cement a ministry composed of the ablest men of each party; to apportion to them their several parts; and to render them as much as possible mere puppets in his hands. But, illustrious as he had rendered himself in his capacity of a war minister, he had neither the tact, the temper, nor the urbanity, requisite to qualify him to succeed as a party leader in times of peace. Walpole, at the very commencement of his motley administration, foretold the inevitable result.

"From this moment," he writes to George Montague, on the 10th of July, "I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's glory. He will want the thorough-bass of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace."

Walpole was unquestionably in the right. Lord Chatham's "drums and trumpets" were everything to him. So long as the guns of the Tower announced fresh victories, and French banners were paraded from St. James's to St. Paul's, he had been idolised by his countrymen, and his name had terrified Europe. No one, too, knew better than himself how serviceable those "drums and trumpets" had been to his reputation. When Wilkes, in his "Letter to the Duke of Grafton," sarcastically speaks of him as the first orator — or rather the first comedian — of the age, the trifling buffoonery is not without its point. Lord Chatham, in fact, though a great man, was also a consummate actor. True it is that, in his own domestic circle, no man could be more entirely free from all stage artifices, and from all assumption of stage grandeur. There, at least, he was all gentleness, simplicity, and good humour; clinging with fond affection to those who were near and dear to him, and having a smile ever ready for the humblest dependent who ate his bread. But, between Lord Chatham reading the Bible aloud to his children, and Lord Chatham browbeating a colleague, or overawing his under secretaries, there

was a wide distinction. On these latter occasions it is, that we find him displaying a pomposity and a haughtiness which almost amount to vulgarity, and which seem scarcely to be compatible with true greatness. When he transacted business with his clerks, it was in all the dignity of a tye-wig and a full-dress coat, and not only were his under secretaries never invited to be seated in his presence, but, according to Doctor Johnson, even Lord Camden was kept standing by him during their interviews. Charles Fox, indeed, laughed at the latter allegation, but Burke thought that it might be true "in part." If he condescended to grant an audience to a colleague, or to any person of consequence, the prearrangement of his easy chair, of his crutches, his flannels, and his gouty legs, is said to have been regarded by him as a matter of real gravity. But it was the House of Commons which usually witnessed his most elaborate dramatic exhibitions. Whether, on certain occasions, he was likely to produce a greater effect if he addressed his audience in a court dress and in seemingly vigorous health, or if he limped into the house, supported by crutches and swathed in flannels, appear to have afforded him as much concern as if he had been a young actor preparing for his first exhibition on the stage, or a young lady arranging her toilet for her first ball. In fact, whether the great statesman received a visitor in his sick-chamber, or whether he addressed himself to the assembled

Commons of England, his manner and costume were alike contrived for the purpose of inspiring adventitious reverence and awe.

The amusement which the theatrical traits in this great man's character afforded to the wits and exquisites of the day, will be found amusingly exemplified in a portion of the following unpublished letter, which, inasmuch as it is addressed by the first letter-writer to the first wit of their time, the reader will probably gladly accept *in extenso:*

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.

"PARIS, March 7, 1766.

"I laughed till I cried at your description of Mr. Pitt, hopping, crawling, and dressing; but I took care not to publish it here, where they believe he is more alert and has longer talons than the Beast of the Gevaudan.[1] They have not dared to send a man to our boisterous colonies, for fear he should ship to New York. The Pope dare not acknowledge the Pretender while Mr. Pitt lives. Nay, one of the accusations against poor La Chalotais[2] is that he corresponded with Mr. Pitt, to whom,

[1] An enormous wolf which had for some time ravaged the Gevaudan. It was killed in the spring of 1765 and carried to Versailles, where Walpole saw it displayed, as well as the peasant who had slain it, in the queen's antechamber, "as if it had been a public enemy."

[2] An able, virtuous, and honest patriot, who suffered a miserable imprisonment, and very narrowly escaped perishing on the

though no longer a minister, they conclude a conspirator would address himself. In short, they consider him, as the Chinese do the East India Company, whom they call Mr. Company. You see how true the saying is that nobody is a hero in the eyes of his own valet de chambre! In England you are all laughing at a man whose crutch keeps the rest of Europe in awe. It is now and then such a Clytus as you, that prevents a poor drunken mortal from passing for a god; for it does not signify whether they hiccup with Chian wine or vanity, nor whether they are adopted by Jupiter Ammon or Sir William Pynsent.[1] Their heads are equally turned, and so are those of the spectators. I hope the Godhead will not forget that his arm is to be lame, and knock your brains out with his crutch. When you make so free with our great men, I wonder you are so tender of our little ones; I mean our princes. Consider that they would be still more troublesome if they were not totally insignificant.

"I will endeavour to unkennel your Madame St. Jean, though, by what you hint, I believe the best way would be to address yourself to the lieutenant de police. I will inquire, too, for your Duc de Joyeuse *en Capucin*, though I never

scaffold, owing to his opposition to the Jesuits and the tyranny of the Duc d'Aiguillon.

[1] In 1765, Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet, bequeathed his whole fortune to Mr. Pitt, though neither related to, nor personally acquainted with him.

heard of such a print. I have a great collection of prints after Guido at Strawberry, but do not remember such a head. I have bought a great quantity at the Quai de Feraille, and so many other bawbledoms that I should be ashamed if I did not know that *la Nation Anglaise* is not quite *si sage* as it is reckoned here. Our stocks, however, are prodigiously fallen in this country, and I question, if Mr. Hume was to arrive now for the first time, whether he would be thought the liveliest young fellow in the world.[1] An unfortunate horse-race, in which Lauragais's horse was poisoned, has brought great disgrace upon us. It would comfort me if Madame de Sévigné was alive to write upon the subject as she did *à la* Brinvilliers. However, though you do not know it certainly, I can assure you that you will come to Paris this summer. They are determined to have races, and I do not know but a deputation of *Parlement* (who the king intends shall have nothing else to do) may not be sent to invite Lord March and Dick Vernon over, as the ancients invited legislators. This will be *à la*

[1] David Hume, the historian, was at this time secretary of the embassy under the Earl of Hertford at Paris, where he had rendered himself extremely popular with the French.

> "David, who there supinely deigns to lie,
> The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty,
> Though drunk with Gallic wine and Gallic praise,
> David shall bless old England's halcyon days."
>
> — *Heroic Epistle.*

Grecque. Madame du Deffand is much pleased with the idea of your returning. She is faithful and steady to the English, though suffering persecution on that account.

"I am much concerned at what you tell me of Lord Holland, and shall be sorry to find him in such a situation. I am really coming, though I divert myself well enough, and have no sort of thirst after your politics. But lilac-tide approaches, and I long as much to see a bit of green, as a housemaid does that sticks a piece of mint in a dirty vial. I don't write to Mr. Williams, because writing to you is the same thing; and I forget him no more than I hope he forgets me. Adieu!

"Yours ever,

"H. W.

"*P. S.* — Have you not felt a fright lately? If you have not there is no sentiment in you. Why! the queen [1] has been in great danger, received the *viatique*, and had the *prières des quarante heures* said for her. But be easy! She is out of danger. La Maréchale de Luxembourg saw her the night before last, and congratulating her recovery, the queen said: 'I am too unhappy to die.'"

[1] Maria Leczinska, queen of Louis the Fifteenth of France. In the "Selwyn Correspondence," George Selwyn is more than once mentioned as having been a personal favourite of the queen. The reader will probably not be displeased to find, in the Appendix to this volume, some further unpublished letters from Walpole to Selwyn.

Lord Chatham had only been a few weeks in office, when the failure of the harvest, and the consequent exorbitant increase in the price of bread, led to formidable tumults in various parts of the kingdom. The military in several places were called out, and many lives sacrificed. It was in this emergency that Lord Chatham, in order to prevent the exportation to the continent of the insufficient quantity of wheat which still remained in England, took upon himself the responsibility of dispensing with the customary sanction of Parliament, and, by the simple means of obtaining an order in Council, prevented for the present the sailing of grain-ships from the country. It was clearly a bold and irregular measure, which only necessity could justify, and that such a necessity existed was almost universally acknowledged. It suited, however, the purpose of party to denounce it as an usurping and unwarrantable act, and accordingly Parliament had no sooner assembled, than the laying on of the late embargo became a matter of furious discussion in both Houses. No one questioned the wisdom and justice of the measure; no one denied that, had the legislature been sitting, this was precisely the policy which it would have adopted. But on the other hand it was argued that a law of the land had been arbitrarily broken; that Parliament ought to have been expressly convened; and further that a precedent had been created which might be

pregnant with disastrous consequences to the Constitution.

It was in his own defence, on this occasion, that Lord Chatham for the first time spoke in the House of Lords. After having bowed to the throne, which, he said, had just been filled by Majesty, and from whence had flowed his present honours, he spoke feelingly and eloquently of his sensations at finding himself in that "unaccustomed place," addressing the hereditary legislators of the realm. He then proceeded to defend the recent irregular act of the government, alike on the plea of necessity and of common sense. Allowing it, he said, to have been practicable to assemble Parliament a fortnight or three weeks earlier, such a measure, instead of being of service, would have been highly detrimental to the interests of the country. Not only would it have occasioned great and unnecessary alarm, but, "by setting every member of Parliament in the kingdom upon a horse, to ride post up to London," it would have withdrawn them from their several counties, where their presence was of essential importance for the purpose of allaying popular discontents and suppressing popular tumults.

Lord Chatham, on finding himself invested with his new honours, would seem to have formed the good resolution of adapting his oratory to the sober and dignified style of speaking which characterised the debates in the Upper House, instead

of having recourse to the inflammatory language and fierce invectives which had too often distinguished his eloquence in the Lower House. "If any man was personal to him," he said, in his first speech in the House of Lords, "or revived stories past, he should take no notice of them." His good intentions, however, scarcely outlasted the first provocation which he received. Ministers, for instance, having introduced a bill to indemnify the servants of the Crown who had acted under the order in Council, Lord Chatham, in defending his conduct, was incited to utter language which would have given offence even in the House of Commons. "When the people condemn me," he said, "I shall tremble." He would "set his face," he added, "against the proudest connection in the country." The Duke of Richmond — young, hot-headed, and still smarting on account of his recent expulsion from office — rose impetuously and bearded him to his face. "Were the nobility," he said, "to be browbeaten by an insolent minister?" "I challenge the noble duke," retorted Lord Chatham, "to give an instance in which I have treated any man with insolence. If the instance be not produced, the charge of insolence will lie with his Grace." The duke replied that, in order to prove his words, he must betray private conversation, but if he would meet him in private, he would satisfy him on the subject. Then, fixing his eye

upon Lord Bute, he exclaimed, sarcastically: "I congratulate the noble lord on his new connection." [1]

In the House of Commons, party feeling ran no less high than in the Upper House. Here also, while the subject of the embargo was under discussion, there occurred a rather remarkable altercation. George Grenville, no longer overawed by the superior genius of Pitt, attacked the conduct of government with signal effect. Ministers, he said, had advised the sovereign to usurp a superiority over the laws, and ought therefore to be included in the Bill of Indemnity by which it was proposed to absolve from pains and penalties the inferior servants of the Crown who had carried into operation the provisions of the order in Council. "In times of danger," answered Alderman Beckford, "the Crown might dispense with law." Grenville, highly incensed at the enunciation of so dangerous and unconstitutional a doctrine, instantly desired that the clerk of the House should take down his words, on which the turbulent alderman, not without a sneer at Grenville's new zeal for liberty, made an attempt to explain his meaning. He had been interrupted, he said, be-

[1] "Close junction between Lord Bute and Lord Chatham, at least for the present." Wilkes, in his once celebrated letter to the Duke of Grafton of December 12, 1767, expresses himself convinced of Lord Chatham's alliance with Bute at this period. "I was," he writes, "the most acceptable sacrifice he could offer at the shrine of Bute."

fore he had been afforded time to conclude his sentence. He had intended to have added the words, "with the consent of the Council, whenever the *salus populi* requires it." These words also Grenville directed to be written down, insisting that they were no less criminal than the preceding ones. If this dispensing power in the Crown, he said, were to be conceded by the House, he should regard every man as dishonoured who should set his foot in it again. Beckford — by this time apparently thoroughly alarmed and confused — excused his language on the plea of ignorance, and expressed his willingness to retract. "He meant," he said, "to say that in the most urgent necessity, it might be excusable to act contrary to law, which was only to be justified by act of Parliament." "As these words," writes Grenville to Lord Temple, "contained exactly my sense, in almost my own words, I immediately consented to them, provided they were entered upon the journals as the proof of our sense of the law constitution. This was done, and thus this day's debate ended."

The result of the discussions in Parliament was the passing of a bill which indemnified alike the ministers who had advised the embargo, and the subordinate persons who had carried it into operation. The opposition, in fact, tacitly acknowledged the wisdom of the measure, not only by recommending the Crown to continue it on the statute

book, but by proposing to extend its operation to other species of grain.

The following letters, written by the king at this period, furnish pleasing evidence of the constant and earnest attention paid by him to public business.

The King to the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Sept. 20, 1766, $\frac{m}{8}$ p^t 9 P. M.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CONWAY: — I think the summoning a committee of Council on Wednesday next, to afresh consider the dearness of corn, and what means may be expedient to remove the evil at the present moment, is very proper. But as the attorney-general's opinion was so very strong, — even yesterday, when he was just returned from his visit to the lord president, — I very much doubt whether that lord and the chancellor, as lawyers, will venture to change their opinions. Great evils must require at times extraordinary measures to remove them. The present risings are only an additional proof to me of the great licentiousness that has infused itself into all orders of men. If a due obedience to law, and the submitting to that, as the only just method of having grievances removed, does not once more become the characteristic of this nation, we shall soon be no better than the savages of America. Then we shall be as much despised by all civilised nations,

as we are as yet revered for our excellent Constitution.

"I return you the proposed ceremonial for the espousals of my sister,[1] which I entirely approve of. The full power must undoubtedly *ex officio* be read by you, and the solemn contract by the Archbishop of Canterbury. I desire, therefore, you will have it copied, only inserting the royal apartments of St. James's instead of the royal chapel, and my brother's Christian name in those places where it has, I think, evidently been, from negligence of the copier, omitted where he speaks. As in all other solemn declarations, that is always used as well as the title. The archbishop should then have it communicated to him, that he may see whether it is conformable to precedents. Besides, the dignity of his station calls for that mark of regard from me."

The King to the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Sept. 20, 1766, $\frac{m}{22}$ p^t 9 P. M.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CONWAY: — Sir Charles Saunders's answer[2] is so very clear that I

[1] Caroline Matilda, posthumous child of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was born July 11, 1751. Her espousals with Christian VII., King of Denmark, took place at St. James's Palace ten days after the date of the king's letter, viz., on the 1st of October, 1766.

[2] Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K. B., at this time first lord of the admiralty. He died an Admiral of the White, 7 December, 1775.

entirely decide for Rotterdam as the place for landing; but wish to know whether the going from thence to Utrecht can, at this time of the year, be performed by water, or whether the carriages must be ordered to that place.[1]

"I have examined the case of the two unhappy convicts lately transmitted from Scotland. As to the young man, I am very willing to show mercy; as to the woman, I cannot see it quite in the same light, but think it may not be improper to send to the proper officer in Scotland for a report with regard to the woman, as I am ever desirous to be perfectly convinced there is no room for mitigating the rigour of the law, before it takes its course."

The King to the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Sept. 24, 1766, $\frac{m}{6}$ p^t 7 P. M.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CONWAY:—As there seems to be so real a distress from the present excessive dearness of the corn, and a great probability that, if a prohibition is not issued to prevent the further exportation of it, the evil may greatly increase before the Parliament can possibly put a stop to it, I am glad the Council have unanimously thought it expedient that such prohibition should be immediately ordered. I desire, therefore, the

[1] The Princess Caroline embarked at Harwich on the 3d of October; landed at Rotterdam on the 9th of that month, and the same day departed from thence, in the Prince of Orange's yacht, for Utrecht.

proclamation may be prepared for my signing on Friday. I think it would be but right you should acquaint the lord president with the result of this day's council."

The next letter from the king is interesting, as evincing at how early a period he entertained those wise and enlightened views in regard to the position of the East India Company, the adoption of which, in our time, has led to the reconstruction of that anomalous government. Supported as Lord Chatham was at this period by the king, it was the grand object of his heart, not only to institute a searching inquiry into the overgrown powers and unholy tyrannies of the company, but, if possible, to bring the Empire of the East under the government of, and to annex the company's possessions to, the dominions of the British Crown. "I think it the greatest of all objects," he writes to the Duke of Grafton, "according to my sense of great." This bold scheme, it should be stated, had not only met with opposition in his own Cabinet, but it was apparently not till a strong pressure had been brought to bear upon Conway and Charles Townshend, that they were induced to acquiesce in the preliminary investigation demanded by their leader. "I need not tell you," writes Lord Chatham to Townshend on the 2d of January, "how entirely this transcendent object, India, possesses my heart and fixes my thoughts."

The King to the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Dec. 6, 1766, $\frac{m}{45}$ p^t 7 A. M.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CONWAY:—The debate of yesterday has ended very advantageously for administration. The division on the motion for adjournment will undoubtedly show Mr. Grenville that he is not of the consequence he figures to himself. I am so sanguine, with regard to the affair of the East India Company,[1] that I trust Tuesday will convince the world that, whilst administration has no object but the procuring what may be of solid advantage to my people, it is not in the power of any men to prevent it. Indeed, my great reliance on its success in the House of Commons is in your abilities and character; and I am certain I can rely on your zeal at all times to carry on my affairs, as I have no one desire but what tends to the happiness of my people.

"GEORGE R."

In the summer of this year the king and queen gratified Horace Walpole by paying a visit to his

[1] On Tuesday, the 9th, Alderman Beckford, at the instigation of Lord Chatham, made a motion in the House of Commons for the production by the East India Company of certain papers connected with the government and revenue of Bengal. It was met by George Grenville with a counter-motion for an adjournment, which, as he himself informs us, was defeated by 164 votes against 54.

celebrated villa, Strawberry Hill. "The king and queen," he writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 9th of June, "have been here this week to see my castle, and stayed two hours. I was gone to London but a quarter of an hour before. They were exceedingly pleased with it, and the queen so much, that she said she would come again." Nearly thirty years afterward — when Walpole was in his seventy-ninth year — the queen was as good as her word. To General Conway, Walpole playfully writes on the 7th of July, 1795: "The queen was uncommonly condescending and gracious, and deigned to drink my health when I presented her with the last glass, and to thank me for all my attentions. Indeed my memory *de la vieille cour* was but once in default. As I had been assured that her Majesty would be attended by her chamberlain, yet was not, I had no glove ready when I received her at the step of her coach; yet she honoured me with her hand to lead her upstairs; nor did I recollect my omission when I led her down again. Still, though gloveless, I did not squeeze the royal hand, as Vice-Chamberlain Smith did to Queen Mary." [1]

[1] Walpole evidently alludes to a well-known question, said to have been put by Queen Mary II. to one of the ladies of her court, — what a squeeze of the hand denoted? Being told that it meant "love," "Then," she said, "my vice-chamberlain must be violently in love with me, for he always squeezes my hand."

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Chatham's Haughtiness Offensive to His Colleagues — Changes in the Ministry — Decline of Chatham's Influence — Weakness of the Government — Anxiety of the King — Prostration of Chatham's Health — Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer — His Proposal to Reimpose Taxes on the Colonies — Carried in Both Houses — Death of Mr. Townshend — Death of the King's Brother, Prince Frederick — Career and Death of the Duke of York — Return of John Wilkes as Member for Middlesex — Wilkes Committed to the King's Bench Prison — Attempt of the Populace to Force the Prison — Riot and Loss of Life — Wilkes at the Bar of the House of Commons — Elected a Second, Third, and Fourth Time for Middlesex — Not Allowed to Take His Seat — Popular Tumults — Lord Bute Retires to the Continent.

AMONG the personal defects which threw a shade over the otherwise exalted character of Lord Chatham, were an imperiousness of manner and an almost insolent assumption of superiority in his political communications with others, which could scarcely fail to give offence to his party, and consequently tend to weaken his administration. Such haughty, such despotic language as he used, said Conway, had never been heard west of Constantinople. Thus, his arrogance had already given great offence to his colleagues, and especially to such of them as had served under Lord Rocking-

ham, when the arbitrary dismissal of Lord Edgecombe from the treasurership of the household completed their disgust. It was in vain that the usually pliant Conway, in a letter very creditable to his feelings, as well as in an angry interview with his chief, remonstrated with him on the "repeated injuries" which he had inflicted upon his supporters. The great earl remained intractable. The result was, that the Duke of Portland haughtily resigned the appointment of lord chamberlain; the Earl of Besborough that of postmaster-general, and the Earl of Scarborough that of cofferer of the household. Sir Charles Saunders quitted his post of first lord of the admiralty, and, at the same time, Sir William Meredith and Admiral Keppel resigned their seats as his subordinate lords. "Your friend, yellow Saunders," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "gave up yesterday. He gave for the only reason that, at his time of life, he could not think of living without the Keppels." Lord Chatham, in his difficulty, proposed to fill up the vacancies in his motley administration from the ranks of the powerful Bedford party, with which object he caused several tempting overtures to be made to the Duke of Bedford, two of which were to create his son, Lord Tavistock, a peer, and to confer on Lord Gower the appointment of master of the horse. So exorbitant, however, were the demands of the "Bloomsbury Gang" for garters, peerages,

and places, that the king with good reason declared their terms to be too extravagant, and the negotiation was in consequence broken off. Accordingly Lord Chatham was left to patch up his ministry as best he might. Sir Edward Hawke was appointed first lord of the admiralty; the Earl of Hillsborough and Lord Le Despencer joint postmaster-generals, and the Duke of Ancaster, master of the horse in the room of the Earl of Hertford, who was appointed lord chamberlain.

The present epoch was a humiliating one in the career of the illustrious Chatham. From having been the most popular, he had become one of the most unpopular ministers of his age. The haughty dictator of former days had not only sunk into an ordinary bolsterer-up of a sickly administration, but of an administration as incompetent as any that had formerly trembled at his denunciations, or deprecated his contempt. The aristocracy hated him for his insolence. The people imagined he had sold them for a coronet. The king alone remained his friend, — his stanch, fearless, and ever encouraging friend. As might have been expected, the many difficulties by which he was beset — his sense of altered greatness, his estrangement from Lord Temple, as well as the constant and harassing attacks of a formidable opposition — produced their worst effects upon a body which had been long diseased, and upon a mind which appears to have been constitutionally hypochon-

driacal. In vain, on the prorogation of Parliament taking place, he sought relief from the air and waters of Bath. On his road back to London he was again prostrated by his disorder, which for more than a fortnight kept him a prisoner at the Castle Inn at Marlborough. One of his weaknesses at the time was the assumption of a pompous parade, which scarcely seems to have been consistent with a sane, and much less with an elevated mind. While at Marlborough the streets are said to have swarmed with his liveries.[1] The same parade had characterised his sojourn at Bath. "Lord Chatham is here," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "with more equipage, household, and retinue, than most of the old patriarchs used to travel with in ancient days. He comes nowhere but to the pump-room. Then he makes a short essay and retires." "He has been at Bath," writes Walpole; "they stood up the whole time he was in the rooms."

In the meantime, Parliament had reassembled, and his colleagues had been thrown into despair at

[1] "The truth was," writes Lord Macaulay, "that the invalid had insisted that, during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys of the castle should wear his livery." According to Lord Stanhope, this story has no foundation in fact. "It used to be told," he says, "by the late Lord Holland; and most clearly, as I think, arose from his imperfect recollection of a passage resembling, but really quite different, in Lord Orford's, then MS., Memoirs." Lord Russell, however, on the authority of Lord Chatham's friend, Lord Shelburne, seems to entertain little doubt of the truth of the story.

the absence of their leader. In vain the Duke of Grafton and Lord Shelburne wrote to him for advice and instructions. The answers which they received were almost invariably either in the handwriting of Lady Chatham or of his private secretary, and invariably to the same purport, that he was in much too wretched a state of health to attend to business. To the same effect was his reply to the Duke of Grafton, when his Grace offered to "run down" to Marlborough, and discuss the king's affairs with him. "It was by no means practicable for him," he wrote back, "to enter into the discussions of business." At length, early in March, his health had so far improved as to enable him to proceed to London, from whence, in May, he removed to North End, Hampstead. So far, however, as his change of residence was of any concern to his country or his party, he might just as well have remained at Bath. The consequences of this state of things may be readily imagined. His colleagues, no longer overawed by the presence of their chief, began to disagree among themselves; while the attacks of the opposition upon the government became correspondingly bolder and more effective. For instance, the fate of the first measure brought forward by ministers, on the reassembling of Parliament, very nearly produced the consequence of overthrowing the government. Charles Townshend, as chancellor of the exchequer, having introduced into

the House of Commons a bill for keeping up the land tax at four shillings in the pound for another year, an amendment was proposed by Dowdeswell, on the part of the country gentlemen, which, meeting with the powerful support of George Grenville, was carried against the government by a majority of eighteen.

The story of Lord Chatham's existence, from the date of the prorogation of Parliament in December, 1766, till his retirement from office in October, 1768, contains little more than the painful annals of a sick-chamber. During this period the king not only frequently wrote to his prostrated minister, but nothing could be more considerate, more kind, nay, we might almost say, more affectionate, than his letters. Doubtless the horror entertained by George the Third of receiving back George Grenville as his minister, may more or less have had to do with his continued stanch support of the most despotic, although now one of the most helpless of his subjects. He was resolved, as he told Lord Bristol, not to surrender himself "a prisoner and bound" to his former inexorable taskmasters. "As for losing questions in Parliament," he said, "it did not intimidate him. He would stand his ground, and be the last to yield, although he stood single." To the Duke of Grafton his language was even stronger. He would almost rather, he said, resign his crown than receive Grenville back again as his minister.

Such being the state of the king's feelings, his anxiety for Lord Chatham's recovery may be readily conceived. It was in vain, however, that he despatched letter after letter to Hampstead; in vain that he proposed to visit him in his sick-chamber; in vain that he expressed the most earnest desire to consult with him, though only for a quarter of an hour. He "would not talk of business," wrote the king, "but only wanted to have the world know that he had attended him." Disappointed in the result of these repeated and gracious appeals to his minister, the king's next endeavour was to induce him to receive the Duke of Grafton. "Your duty and affection for my person," he writes to the prostrated statesman; "your own honour, call on you to make an effort. Five minutes' conversation with you would raise his spirits, for his heart is good. Mine, I thank Heaven, wants no rousing. My love to my country, as well as what I owe to my own character and to my family, prompt me not to yield to faction. Though none of my ministers stand by me, I cannot truckle." Overpowered at length by these urgent appeals to his loyalty and better feelings, the earl reluctantly consented to receive the Duke of Grafton in his sick-chamber at North End. "Penetrated," he writes to the king, "and overwhelmed with your Majesty's letter, and the boundless extent of your royal goodness — totally incapable as illness renders me, I obey your Maj-

esty's commands, and shall beg to see the Duke of Grafton to-morrow morning, though hopeless that I can add weight to your Majesty's gracious wishes. Illness and affliction deprive me of the power of adding more, than to implore your Majesty to look with indulgence on this imperfect tribute of duty and devotion."

The interview between Lord Chatham and the Duke of Grafton proved to be a most painful one to both. "Though I expected," writes the duke, "to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, his situation was different from what I had imagined. His nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind, bowed down and thus weakened by disorder, would have filled me with grief and concern, even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character. The confidence he reposed in me demanded every return on my part, and it appeared like cruelty in me to have been urged by any necessity to put a man I valued to so great suffering." No less amiable a consideration for the earl's feelings was shown by the king.

The King to the Earl of Chatham.

"RICHMOND LODGE, June 2, 1767,
"10*m.* past 10 A. M.

"LORD CHATHAM: — My sole purpose in writing is the desire of knowing whether the anxiety and hurry of the last week has not affected your

health. I should have sent yesterday had I not thought a day of rest necessary previous to your being able to give an answer.

"If you have not suffered, which I flatter myself, I think with reason I may congratulate you on its being a good proof you are gaining ground.

"GEORGE R."

The interview between Lord Chatham and the Duke of Grafton was so far of advantage to the king's government, that the duke, who had previously intended to retire from office, was prevailed upon to remain at the head of the treasury; a concession on the part of his Grace which, in consequence of the continued illness of his chief, rendered him from this time virtually, if not nominally, prime minister of England.

Of the distressing mental and bodily condition of Lord Chatham during the summer of 1767, we have other contemporary accounts besides that of the Duke of Grafton. "Lord Chatham's state of health," writes Mr. Whately to Lord Lyttelton, on the 30th of July, "is certainly the lowest dejection and debility that mind or body can be in. He sits all the day leaning on his hands, which he supports on the table; does not permit any person to remain in the room; knocks when he wants anything; and having made his wants known, gives a signal, without speaking, to the person who answered his call to retire." General Lee also writes

to the king of Poland: "He has fits of crying, starting, and every effect of hysterics. It is affirmed, indeed, that ten years ago he was in the very same condition, that, therefore, a possibility remains of his recovering once more his nerves, and with them all his functions." At times, indeed, he is said to have been "conversable and even cheerful." No sooner, however, was any allusion made to politics, than, according to Walpole, "he started, fell into tremblings, and the conversation was broken off."[1]

In the month of September Lord Chatham removed from North End to Burton Pynsent. Hopes had been entertained that his health might be benefited by the change, but, instead of alleviating, it would seem to have aggravated his mysterious disorder. There were even moments, it is said, when the sight of a neighbour's house in the distance, the sound of mirth issuing from his children's playroom, or a casual allusion to a debate in Parliament, produced an irritation in his mind amounting almost to frenzy. A certain bleak hill more especially offended his morbid fancy, and accordingly he ordered his gardener to plant it with evergreens. The man inquired of what description. "With cedars and cypresses," was the

[1] Walpole elsewhere writes: "So childish and agitated was his whole frame, that if a word of business was mentioned to him, tears and tremblings immediately succeeded to cheerful, indifferent conversation."

reply. The gardener was unable to conceal his surprise. "Why, my lord," he remonstrated, "all the nursery-gardens in the county would not supply a hundredth part." "No matter," was the peremptory rejoinder, "send for them from London;" and accordingly the trees were brought from London by land-carriage, at a vast expense. "His sickly and uncertain appetite," writes Walpole, "was never regular, and his temper could put up with no defect: thence a succession of chickens were boiling and roasting at every hour, to be ready whenever he should call."

Another of Lord Chatham's morbid fancies was to recover possession of Hayes, a seat which, on his becoming the possessor of Burton Pynsent, he had sold to Mr. Thomas Walpole. At Hayes he had passed some of the happiest years of his life. It was associated in his mind with the many glorious triumphs of former days. The sums which he had lavished on the place, in purchasing and pulling down neighbours' houses, in building and in rebuilding, in planting trees by torchlight, and in otherwise indulging his capricious humour, had been almost ruinous. He now imagined that its accustomed air would restore him to health, and consequently Lady Chatham was induced to write to Mr. Walpole, earnestly entreating him to dispose of the place to its former owner. Upon his answer, she said, depended alike her husband's health, her own happiness,

and that of her children. The reply which she received drew a sigh from the suffering earl. "That," he exclaimed, "would have saved me." Mr. Walpole, it seems, had himself expended a considerable sum in improving the place, and had become as attached to it as Lord Chatham had ever been. He was willing, he wrote back to Lady Chatham, to remove at once from Hayes with his family, and place it at the earl's disposal during the summer months; but graceful as this concession was, it was very far from satisfying the invalid. Not only did the disappointment render him irritable in the extreme, but his brother-in-law, James Grenville, describes his language, when he spoke to him on the subject, as having been even "ferocious." Under these circumstances Lady Chatham addressed a second and still more pathetic appeal to Mr. Walpole, who, touched by her arguments and entreaties, very generously consented to surrender his purchase. "I can no longer," he writes to Lord Chatham, "resist such affecting motives for restoring it to your lordship, who I desire will consider yourself master of Hayes from this moment." How deeply distressed he was at making the concession, his friend, Lord Camden, has recorded. "I do assure your ladyship," the latter writes to Lady Chatham, "I have never been more affected with any scene I have ever been witness to, than what I felt upon this occasion, and am most sensibly touched with Mr.

Walpole's singular benevolence and good nature. The applause of the world and his own conscience will be his reward." The arrangements for the removal of the invalid from Burton Pynsent were made with as little delay as possible, and in the month of December he again took possession of Hayes.

In the meantime, the other members of the administration, persuaded that the health of their chief was such as to render him permanently incapable of resuming the reins of office, had not only ceased to consult him, but had begun to act in direct opposition to his well-known principles and wishes. "If ever Lord Chatham," said Burke, "fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary of his own were sure to predominate. When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or system." "During his absence," writes Lord Chesterfield, "Charles Townshend has talked of him, and at him, in such a manner that henceforward they must be either much worse or much better together, than ever they were in their lives."

Unquestionably, with the single exception of Lord Chatham, the most gifted and brilliant statesman of his day was Charles Townshend. In eloquence, in natural abilities, and in the influence which he acquired over the House of Commons,

he was admittedly inferior only to his illustrious chief. It was in allusion to the simultaneous decline of Lord Chatham's powers, and to the dazzling dawn of Charles Townshend's genius, that Burke delivered one of the finest metaphors with which he ever delighted the ears of the House of Commons. "Even then," he exclaimed, "even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant. That light, too, is passed and set for ever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend."

Charles Townshend was the second son of Charles, third Viscount Townshend, by the celebrated Audrey Harrison, whose wit and irregularities he inherited. His countenance was handsome and expressive; his figure commanding and admirably well proportioned. Every society into which he entered delighted in him. In the House of Commons he was almost idolised. "There are many young members in the House," said Burke, "who never saw that prodigy, Charles Townshend, nor of course know what a ferment he was able to excite in everything by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings — for failings he had undoubtedly. Many of us remember them. We are this day considering the effect of them. But he had no failings

which were not owing to a noble cause; to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame; a passion which is the instinct of all great souls.[1] He worshipped that goddess wheresoever she appeared; but he paid his particular devotions to her in her favourite habitation — in her chosen temple, the House of Commons."

Never, perhaps, has there been exhibited a more remarkable compound of talent, levity, wit, ambition, learning, and vanity, than was centred in this irregular genius. In eloquence he was inferior only to Lord Chatham. In humour and mimicry neither Garrick nor Foote surpassed him. In wit and repartee Selwyn alone was his superior. It was after a brillant combat of wit between these two celebrated men at Earl Gower's dinner-table that, on the party breaking up, Townshend carried Selwyn with him in his chariot as far as the door of White's. "Good night!" said the former, as they parted; "Good night!" replied Selwyn; "and remember this is the first set-down you have given me to-day."

It was in the spring of this year, on the occasion of a debate on the affairs of the East India Company, that Charles Townshend delivered one of the most brilliant speeches that had ever been

[1] "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise —
That last infirmity of noble mind —
To scorn delights and live laborious days."
— *Lycidas.*

listened to in the House of Commons. Earlier in the day he had spoken with great calmness and judgment, and, at the conclusion of his speech, retired to dinner with two of his friends, Sir George Yonge and Sir George Colebrooke. About eight o'clock in the evening he made his reappearance in the House, — "half drunk," according to Walpole, "with champagne, and more intoxicated with spirits."[1] But, whatever may have been the source of his inspiration, he had scarcely risen to address the House before there flowed from his lips such bursts of impassioned eloquence, such flashes of wit, such bitterness of invective, so varied a torrent of mingled ribaldry and learning, of happiness of allusion, imagery, and quotation, that even those who were best acquainted with his extraordinary powers seem to have been no less astonished and enchanted at the display than the youngest member in the House. In the words of Walpole, who listened to this memorable oration, "such was the wit, abundance, and impropriety of this speech, that for some days men could talk or inquire of nothing else. 'Did you hear Charles Townshend's

[1] That he was at least half intoxicated on this occasion, rests not only on the mere assertion of Walpole, but seems to have been the impression of all who listened to his wonderful eloquence. The fact, however, is confidently denied by Sir George Colebrooke. "I write with certainty," he says, "for Sir George Yonge and I were the only persons who dined with him, and we had but one bottle of champagne after dinner."

champagne speech?' was the universal question. For myself, I protest it was the most singular pleasure of the kind I ever tasted. The bacchanalian enthusiasm of Pindar flowed in torrents less rapid and less eloquent, and inspired less delight than Townshend's imagery, which conveyed meaning in every sentence. It was Garrick writing and acting extempore scenes of Congreve." After the House had broken up, Walpole had the good fortune to sup with this universal genius at General Conway's. "To me," he says, "the entertainment of the day was complete. The flood of his gaiety not being exhausted, he kept the table in a roar till two in the morning by various sallies and pictures, the last of which was a scene in which he mimicked inimitably his own wife,[1] and another great lady with whom he fancied himself in love, and both whose foibles and manner he counterfeited to the life. Mere lassitude closed his lips at last; not the want of wit and new ideas."

Thus idolised by the House of Commons, and released from restraint by the illness of the only one of his contemporaries of whom he stood

[1] His wife, to whom he was married on the 15th of August, 1755, was Lady Caroline, daughter of John, Duke of Argyle, and widow of Francis, Earl of Dalkeith. On the 22d December, 1766, she was created Baroness Greenwich, with limitation of the title to her sons by Charles Townshend. Charles Townshend was the father of two sons by Lady Greenwich, neither of whom left issue.

in awe, — entertaining also a very contemptuous opinion of the administrative abilities of his associates in office, and very exaggerated notions of his own, — Charles Townshend began to assume an independence and authority, both at the council-table and in Parliament, which were no less offensive than they were embarrassing to his colleagues. "His behaviour," writes the Duke of Grafton, on the 13th of March, "was on the whole such as no Cabinet will, I am confident, ever submit to."[1] It was in vain that the duke and Lord Shelburne severally wrote to complain of his conduct to their chief. Either Lady Chatham considered her husband too ill to justify her in laying their letters before him, or else he was in too nervous a state to heed their remonstrances. Townshend in fact was already aspiring after the premiership.

Such insubordinate conduct as that of this mercurial minister — conduct which under any circumstances would have been productive of great inconvenience to the government — threatened, in the present critical condition of public affairs, to be fatal, not only to his party, but to his country. One question there was — and this no less vital a one than that of reimposing taxes upon the American people — which even so reckless a

[1] And again, Lord Shelburne writes to Lord Chatham, on the same day, that Mr. Townshend's conduct "really continues excessive on every occasion."

minister as Charles Townshend, one would have thought, might have hesitated to revive. But common sense and common prudence were none of the characteristics of this brilliant person. "He knew," was his famous expression in the House of Commons, "the mode by which a revenue might be drawn from the Americans, without giving them offence." Whether these words had been premeditated, whether they were uttered in a moment of caprice, or whether they were meant to conciliate George Grenville and his friends, are questions of no very material importance. The mischief, however, which resulted from them was irremediable. Grenville, deeply interested in the question, instantly started up and vehemently called upon the incautious minister to pledge himself to the execution of his project. The challenge, to the inconceivable surprise and dismay of Townshend's colleagues, was at once accepted by him. "Mr. Conway," writes the Duke of Grafton, "stood astonished at the unauthorised proceeding of his vain and imprudent colleague." The Cabinet, of course, had the option either of adopting his measure, or of demanding the king to dismiss him from his councils. Unfortunately, in the absence of Lord Chatham, they chose the former course. "No one of the ministry," writes the Duke of Grafton, "had authority sufficient to advise the dismission of Mr. Charles Townshend, and nothing less could

have stopped the measure; Lord Chatham's absence being, in this instance as well as others, much to be lamented." Thus, in order to obtain a paltry revenue of some £35,000 or £40,000 a year, was America once more set in flames, and England destined to be robbed of her noblest colony.

It was on the 13th of May that Charles Townshend formally brought under the consideration of the House of Commons his famous and fatal measure for drawing a revenue from the American colonies. In that assembly it was tolerably certain to meet with favour. So long as money flowed into the treasury from any other quarter than from the purses of the members, it was probably a matter of indifference to one-half of them whether it was wrung from America or came from the Antipodes. Moreover, many were disgusted at what they regarded as the ungrateful conduct of the colonists, in return for the repeal of the Stamp Act. "Repeal," according to Burke, "began to be in as bad odour in the House of Commons, as the Stamp Act had been the session before." [1]

The principal proposition submitted by Town-

[1] The unhappy consequences of the continued insubordination in America had been foretold by Lord Chatham. To Lord Shelburne we find him writing, on the 3d of February, 1767: "The torrent of indignation in Parliament will, I apprehend, become irresistible, and they will draw upon their heads national resentment by their ingratitude; and ruin, I fear, upon the whole state by the consequences."

shend to Parliament, was to impose certain duties on glass, paper, pasteboard, white and red lead, painters' colours, and tea, imported into the American colonies. These taxes, it will be observed, were entirely external; that is to say, they were laid on no article of produce either of American labour or of American soil. "An excise," said Franklin, in his evidence before the House of Commons, "the Americans think you have no right to levy within their country. But the sea is yours; you maintain by your fleets the safety of navigation in it, and keep it clear of pirates. You may have, therefore, a natural and equitable right to some toll or duty on merchandise carried through that part of your dominions, toward defraying the expense you are at in ships to maintain the safety of that carriage." By Franklin's reasoning, as much, apparently, as from any other single cause, the English Parliament was induced to lend a favourable ear to Townshend's untoward measure. With the single exception of a strong protest from Lord Camden, the bill was carried in both Houses, not only with little opposition, but almost without a remonstrance.

In the meantime, the suffering leader of this disorganised administration appears to have been kept in entire ignorance of what was happening at headquarters. Lord Shelburne, indeed, had written to him, on the 1st of February, to the effect that "general conversation" attributed to

Mr. Townshend a plan for producing "a revenue on imports" in America; but, on the other hand, that one of his own subordinates — without any sanction from himself, and contrary to the judgment of his colleagues — should have the hardihood to bring before Parliament a measure of such vital importance, could scarcely have entered into the imagination of one so accustomed to meet with passive obedience as Lord Chatham had ever been. The die, however, had been cast; and accordingly there had remained but the unpleasant task of breaking to the invalid, so soon as his nerves were able to bear the communication, this, the most momentous of the political events which had occurred during his mysterious malady. The person to whose unenviable lot it had fallen to enlighten him on the subject was the Duke of Grafton. "I had to relate," writes the duke, "the struggles we had experienced in carrying some points, especially in the House of Lords; the opposition, also, we had encountered in the East India business from Mr. Conway, as well as Mr. Townshend, together with the unaccountable conduct of the latter gentleman, who had suffered himself to be led to pledge himself at last, contrary to the known decision of every member of the Cabinet, to draw a certain revenue from the colonies." The astonishment of Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his long sleep in the Kaatskill Mountains, or of Abou Hassan, when he found himself in the couch of

the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, could scarcely have exceeded that of Lord Chatham, as the Duke of Grafton unfolded to him the events of the last few months. But prevention was no longer possible. The sick earl, indeed, might have recommended to the king the removal of the refractory chancellor of the exchequer from his councils, but such a procedure might have sadly weakened the administration, without effecting any corresponding advantage. Moreover, even if it had been expedient, he was not in a condition to make the effort. He not only speedily relapsed into his late cruel state of mental distemper, but it was not till nearly a year and a half had elapsed that he was again capable of taking any interest in state affairs.

It was in the midst of Charles Townshend's dreams of greatness, and while he was actually engaged in a secret project for constructing a new administration which was to have acknowledged him as its chief, that death laid its hand upon that most gifted though erratic genius. He had, to all appearance, recovered from a slow fever, which had attacked him in the summer, when a relapse took place which turned into a putrid fever, that hurried him to his grave at the early age of forty-two.[1] The effect which his premature death produced on

[1] "But, the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And splits the thin-spun life."

— *Lycidas.*

the minds of those who had listened to his wonderful eloquence in the House of Commons, as also on those who had enjoyed the charms of his wit and conversational powers, is best exemplified by the tributes of those who survived him. "What genius!" writes Lord Buckinghamshire. "What imagination! What knowledge! What abilities! What occasionally exquisite feelings! How greatly the first were misused! How soon he forgot the last!" In like manner Lady Hervey writes, two days after his death: "One of the brightest stars in our hemisphere is now set. Mr. Townshend will be missed as a speaker in the House of Commons, and as an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in all company; but no party or set of men will want him, because none ever knew when they had him. When I was told of his death, I could hardly forbear saying, 'Alas, poor Yorick! where be now your gibes, your flashes of merriment that set the table in a roar?' 'Twas only in that light I could think of him. Great is the difference between his real death and the political demise of Lord Chatham. Certain companies at certain times will regret the one; but a nation suffers in the loss of the other. Mr. Townshend was a shining, sparkling star; Lord Chatham is an invigorating, vivifying sun. We miss the one; but can hardly subsist without the other."[1]

[1] The reader can scarcely have failed to take notice how remarkably, in this passage, Lady Hervey has anticipated the

Although equanimity had never been a virtue of Charles Townshend, he met his approaching dissolution with the greatest fortitude and even cheerfulness. "Charles Townshend," writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; that first eloquence of the world is dumb; that duplicity is fixed; that cowardice terminated heroically. He joked on death as naturally as he used to do on the living, and not with the affectation of philosophers who wind up their works with sayings which they hope to have remembered."

In consequence of the death of Charles Townshend, several changes took place in the ministry. The vacant post of chancellor of the exchequer was conferred, or rather forced upon Lord North, and Mr. Thomas Townshend was appointed to succeed him as paymaster of the forces. Subsequently, in consequence of the resignations of Lord Northington and of General Conway, Lord Gower was appointed president of the Council, and Lord Weymouth secretary of state. At the same time, the creation of a third secretaryship of state having been found necessary, in consequence of the great increase of business connected with the American colonies, the appointment was conferred upon Lord

beautiful simile which, seven years afterward, Burke introduced into the eulogy which he pronounced on Charles Townshend in the House of Commons.

Hillsborough with the title of secretary of state for America.

The following brief letters written by the king in the course of the year, are not without interest:

The King to the King of Prussia.

"MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE: — C'est avec la plus grande satisfaction que j'ay appris par la lettre de votre Majesté du 7e du courant l'heureux accouchement de la Princesse de Prusse, sa nièce. Le vif intérêt que je prends à tout ce que peut contribuer au bonheur de votre Majesté et de sa famille me fait partager la joye qu'elle ressent de cet événement, et m'engage à faire les vœux les plus ardens pour la continuation de la félicité de votre Majesté, et pour la prospérité de toute sa maison royale; et je profite avec bien du plaisir de cette occasion de réitérer les assurances de l'estime et de l'amitié invariable avec lesquelles je suis,

"Monsieur mon Frère,

"de votre Majesté le bon Frère,

"GEORGE R.

"*À St. James, ce 29 Mai, 1767.*"

The King to the King of Prussia.

"MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE: — Je partage bien sincèrement et cordialement l'affliction de votre Majesté pour la mort du Prince Frédéric Henry Charles de Prusse, son neveu, que je viens d'ap-

prendre par votre lettre du 27me du passé. La perte d'un prince à la fleur de son âge, dont votre Majesté avoit, à si juste titre, conçu les espérances les plus flatteuses, est un événement des plus affligeants, et en participant à votre douleur en cette occasion, j'offre les vœux les plus ardens pour la prospérité de votre Majesté, et celle de sa maison royale, étant, avec les sentiments d'amitié et de considération les plus parfaits,

"Monsieur mon Frère,

"de votre Majesté le bon Frère,

"GEORGE R.

"*À St. James, ce 23 Juin, 1767.*"

Endorsed: "Copie de la lettre de condoléance de S. M. Britannique à S. M. Le Roi de Prusse sur le mort de S. A. R. le Prince Frédéric Henry Charles de Prusse."

The King to the King of Prussia.

"MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE: — J'ai reçu la lettre que votre Majesté a bien voulu m'écrire en date du 26e Juillet pour me communiquer la célébration du mariage de sa cousine, la Princesse Louise Henriette Wilhelmine, avec le Prince regnant D'Anhalt Dessau. Je partage la joye que votre Majesté ressent à cette occasion, et en même temps que je lui en fait mes félicitations, j'offre les vœux les plus ardens pour la prospérité de cette heureuse union,

et je prie votre Majesté d'être persuadée que je prendrai une part bien sincère à tout ce qui pourra contribuer à son bonheur, et à celui de sa maison, étant, avec les sentiments d'estime et d'amitié les plus parfaits,

"Monsieur mon Frère,

"Votre bon Frère,

"GEORGE R.

"*À St. James, ce 14 Août, 1767.*"

Endorsed by Sir Andrew Mitchell: "His Majesty's letter to the King of Prussia on the marriage of the Princess Louisa of Brandenburg with the reigning Prince of Anhalt Dessau."

The King to the King of Prussia.

"MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE: — C'est avec une satisfaction bien sensible que j'ai appris par la lettre de votre Majesté, que le mariage entre sa nièce, la Princesse Frédérique Sophie Guillelmine de Prusse, et le Prince d'Orange et de Nassau, Stadhouder Héréditaire des Provinces Unies, a été heureusement célébré le 4^{e} du passé; et votre Majesté rend bien justice à mes sentiments en pensant que je prends toute la possible à cet événement. J'offre les vœux les plus ardens pour le bonheur et pour la prospérité de cette heureuse union, et je prie votre Majesté d'être persuadée du vif intérêt que je ne cesserai de prendre à tout ce qui pourra contribuer à sa félicité, et à celle de sa

maison royale, comme je suis, avec les sentiments d'estime et d'amitié les plus parfaits,

"Monsieur mon Frère,

"de votre Majesté le bon Frère,

"GEORGE R.

"*À St. James, ce 3 Novembre, 1767.*"

Endorsed by Sir Andrew Mitchell: "Copy of his Majesty's letter to the King of Prussia on the marriage of the Prince of Orange."

A considerable interval of time has now elapsed since we last parted with the king and queen in their unpopular seclusion. During that time the queen had continued to add to the royal family. On the 21st of August, 1765, her Majesty had been delivered of her third son, Prince William Henry, afterward King William the Fourth; on the 29th of September, 1766, she gave birth to her eldest daughter, the Princess Charlotte Augusta Matilda, afterward Queen of Wurtemberg; on the 2d of November, 1767, was born her fourth son, Edward, afterward Duke of Kent; and on the 8th of November, 1768, her second daughter, the Princess Augusta. On the birth of the latter princess the king writes as follows:

The King to Lieutenant-General Conway.

"$\frac{m}{8}$ p^t one, P. M.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CONWAY: — "In my hurry this morning I omitted reminding the arch-

bishop to prepare the usual thanksgiving, on account of the queen's happy delivery, for Sunday next. I would have you therefore send to him for that purpose."

The next letters communicate the birth of the Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty.

The King to the King of Prussia.

"MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE: — La reine, ma chère épouse, ayant accouchée heureusement hier á midi et demi d'un prince, je n'ai pas voulu différer de communiquer cet événement á votre Majesté, convaincu qu'elle partagera sincèrement la joye que j'en ressens. De mon côté je vous prie d'être persuadée que je suis dans les mêmes dispositions à l'égard de tout ce qui peut contribuer à votre prospérité, et à celle de votre maison royale. Étant, avec les sentiments d'estime et d'amitié les plus parfaits,

"Monsieur mon Frère,

"de votre Majesté le bon Frère,

"GEORGE R.

"*À St. James, ce 3 Nombre, 1767.*"

Endorsed by Sir Andrew Mitchell: "Copy of his Majesty's letter to the King of Prussia on the birth of a prince of England."

The King to the Queen of Prussia.

"MADAME MA SŒUR: — Je m'empresse à communiquer à votre Majesté la naissance d'un prince dont la reine, ma chère épouse, accoucha heureusement hier à midi et demi. L'expérience que j'ai de la part que votre Majesté prend à tout ce qui me regarde me fait espérer qu'elle s'intéressera à la satisfaction que je ressens d'un événement aussi heureux. Je prie votre Majesté d'être persuadée du plus sincère retour de ma part, et des vœux que je fais pour la continuation de son bonheur et de la prospérité de sa maison. Étant, avec les sentiments d'affection et d'amitié les plus invariables,

"Madame ma Sœur,

"de votre Majesté le bon Frère,

"GEORGE R.

"*À St. James, ce 3 Novre, 1767.*"

Endorsed by Sir Andrew Mitchell: "Copy of his Majesty's letter to the Queen of Prussia on the birth of a prince of England."

But, if Heaven had blessed the king with a beautiful and increasing progeny, death, on the other hand, had not omitted to pay his visitations to the home of royalty as well as to the cottages of the poor. Less than two months after the death of that severe disciplinarian but high-minded gentleman, William, Duke of Cumberland,[1] the

[1] October 31, 1765.

funeral torches were relighted, the drums were again muffled, and again the organ pealed forth the "Dead March in Saul" along the vaulted roof and fretted aisles of Westminster Abbey. On this occasion the royal tomb in the chapel of Henry the Seventh opened to receive the remains of the fairest and most promising of his race, Prince Frederick William, the youngest son of the late Frederick, Prince of Wales. Debarred by ill health and by a frail constitution from enjoying the sports and amusements congenial to his age, the gifted boy had happily found, in the society of books and in the acquirement of knowledge, a gratification which amply compensated for the absence of ruder and more sensual pleasures. Prince Frederick died on the 29th of December, 1765, at the age of fifteen; and on the 17th of September, 1767, his elder brother, the Duke of York, a Prince of "fine lively parts" as Bishop Newton describes him, followed him to the tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Edward Augustus, Duke of York, — second son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and, previously to his brother's marriage with Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, heir presumptive to the throne, — was born on the 14th of March 1739. The principal events which marked the brief youth and manhood of this fortunate offspring of royalty may be cursorily recounted. On the 18th of March, 1752, at the age of thirteen, he was elected a

Knight of the Garter; on the 5th of July, 1758, he entered the navy as a midshipman on board the *Essex;* on the 13th of June 1759, after little more than eleven months' experience at sea, he was appointed captain of a 44-gun frigate, the *Phœnix;* on the 9th of May, 1760, he took his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of York and Albany; on the 31st of March, 1761, at the age of twenty-three, he was promoted to be a rear-admiral, and, on the 23d of June, 1762, hoisted his flag on board the *Princess Amelia* at Spithead.[1]

[1] Admitting the prince's advancement in the navy to have been somewhat too rapid, thus much at least may be said in favour of George II., that when he sent his grandson to sea it was with no provision that he should be exempted from the hardships incident to ordinary midshipmen. Some years afterward, Admiral Earl Howe, under whose command the prince had first entered the navy, writes as follows to Admiral Sir Roger Curtis: "It is true I was not told how to provide for his royal Highness; and all the answer I could obtain from ministerial authority, respecting the treatment of, and conduct toward, the prince, was limited to an instruction that I was to act respecting him just as if I had not any such person on board the ship. He came, not only without bed and linen almost of every kind, but I paid also for his uniform clothes, which I provided for him with all other necessaries, at Portsmouth." "Captain Howe," writes Sir John Barrow, "having equipped his young *élève* in the true Portsmouth fashion, the captains of the navy then present attended him in their boats on board, where they were severally introduced to the young midshipman. An anecdote is told, which, being highly characteristic of the true simplicity of seamen, is not unlikely to have occurred. A sailor standing with some others on the forecastle, and observing what was going on, whispered his messmate: 'The young gentleman a'n't overcivil, as I thinks; look if he don't keep his hat on be-

Though far less tractable than his more serious brother, George the Third, the Duke of York seems in his boyhood to have been much more popular with his family. As he advanced in years, indeed, his open ridicule of his mother's favourite, Lord Bute, and his precocious interference in politics, seem to have given equal offence to the princess dowager and to the king. Nevertheless, we have not only evidence that George the Third continued to entertain a strong affection for his volatile brother, but, nearly thirty years after the death of the duke, we find his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, speaking affectionately of him as her "favourite brother."

Brief as was the career of the Duke of York in the navy, it was not an undistinguished one. On the 1st of August, 1758, he sailed under Commodore Howe in the *Essex* for Cherbourg, where he bore a part in the capture of that town and the destruction of its strongly fortified basin. "The fleet," writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on the 24th, "is now off Portland, expecting orders for landing or proceeding. Prince Edward gave the ladies a ball, and told them he was too young to know what was good breeding in France, therefore he should behave as he should if meaning to please in England — and kissed them all."

fore all the captains!' 'Why, you stupid lubber,' replied the other, 'where should he learn manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before?'"

In the following month the young prince was engaged in the disastrous affair at St. Cas, where he behaved with the proverbial valour of his race. The British army, after the capture of Cherbourg, had been successfully relanded about two leagues to the westward of St. Malo, but, in consequence of the rapid approach of a superior French force, under the command of the Duc d'Aiguillon, found it expedient to return to their ships with as little delay as possible. While thus employed, the enemy suddenly descended from the high grounds and fell upon the rear-guard, most of whom, after the performance of heroic acts of gallantry, were cut to pieces. General Dury and ten other officers lost their lives. The total loss in killed and prisoners amounted to a thousand men, including four naval captains, who, while assisting in the reëmbarkation, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Before the Duke of York had completed his eighteenth year, we find him not only launched into the gay vortex of pleasure and fashion, and pursuing one libertine amour after another, but indulging in every kind of dissipation which was calculated either to ruin his health or to impair the credit of the royal family. The lady whose charms first attracted his roving fancy appears to have been Charlotte, Countess of Essex, daughter of the celebrated poet and wit, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. On the 30th of January, 1757, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann: "Sir

Charles's daughter, Lady Essex, has engaged the attentions of Prince Edward, who has got his liberty, seems extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good humour: she has already made a ball for him." Again, Walpole writes on the 13th of February following: "Prince Edward's pleasures continue to furnish conversation. He has been rather forbid by the *Signora Madre*,[1] to make himself so common; and he has been rather encouraged by his grandfather to disregard the prohibition. The other night the duke [of Cumberland] and he were at a ball at Lady Rochford's. She and Lady Essex were singing in an inner chamber when the princes entered, who insisted on a repetition of the song. My Lady Essex, instead of continuing the same, addressed herself to Prince Edward in this ballad of Lord Dorset:

"'False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.'"[2]

From Lady Essex the duke transferred his affections to the youthful Duchess of Richmond,[3]

[1] The princess dowager.

[2] Lady Essex survived the date of this letter only seventeen months. She died in childbed, at an early age, on the 19th of July, 1759.

[3] Mary, daughter of Charles Bruce, third Earl of Aylesbury. She married, 1 April, 1757, Charles, third Duke of Richmond, and died, without issue, 8th November, 1796.

the sister-in-law of his brother's passion, Lady Sarah Lennox. To George Montague, Horace Walpole writes, on the 26th of April, 1759: "The ball at Mr. Conolly's[1] was by no means delightful. The house is small: it was hot, and composed of young Irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with Prince Edward and the Duchess of Richmond, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love to her as would serve ten balls. The conversation turned on the 'Guardian.' Most unfortunately the prince asked her if she should like Mr. Clackit. 'No, indeed, sir,' said the duchess. Lord Tavistock burst out into a loud laugh, and I am afraid none of the company quite kept their countenances."

Of the prince's many love-affairs, the most serious would seem to have been his attachment for the once celebrated Lady Mary Coke, to whom it has been asserted that he was under an engagement of marriage. Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of John, second Duke of Argyle, had at an early age become the wife of Edward, Viscount Coke, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester. Lord Coke had left her a widow in 1755, when, in the words of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, she found herself "the envy of her sex, in the posses-

[1] Thomas Conolly, Esq., of Castletown, in the county of Kildare, had married, on the 30th of the preceding December, Lady Augusta Louisa Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond.

sion of youth, health, wealth, wit, beauty, and liberty." Distinguished among her contemporaries by her many eccentricities, her inordinate ambition, and a strong propensity to play the part of a tragedy queen, she nevertheless appears to have been a generous, virtuous, high-spirited, and warm-hearted woman. According to some extempore verses composed by her friend, Lady Temple:

> "She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
> She's handsome too, but somewhat proud;
> At court she bears away the bell;
> She dresses fine, and figures well:
> With decency she's gay and airy;
> Who can this be but Lady Mary?"

Another of Lady Mary's weaknesses was the extravagant courtship which she paid to royal personages. "If all the sovereigns in Europe," writes Walpole, "combined to slight her, she still would put her trust in the next generation of princes." It was probably this passion for royalty which induced her to encourage the dangerous addresses of a young and ardent prince of the blood, of whom, during his lifetime, she always spoke as being her betrothed, and at whose early death she displayed every appearance of immoderate grief.[1]

The latest passion of the fickle duke appears to have been Anne, sister of Sir Francis Blake

[1] Lady Mary survived till 1811.

Delaval, and wife of Sir William Stanhope, whom she seems to have detested, and from whom she lived apart. The last occasion, apparently, on which they ever met was on their return from the Continent, when Sir William took leave of her at Blackheath, being engaged to pay a visit to his brother, Lord Chesterfield. "Madam," he said, as he alighted from the carriage, "I hope I shall never see your face again." "Sir," was the lady's reply, "I will take all the care I can that you shall not." The passion of the Duke of York for Lady Stanhope was encouraged by her profligate and intriguing brother, Sir Francis Delaval, who, believing his brother-in-law, Sir William, to be in a dying state, had formed the ambitious project of marrying her to the brother of his sovereign. Accordingly, taking advantage of the taste of the duke and his sister for private theatricals, he caused a pretty little theatre to be constructed at Westminster, as the means of throwing them constantly into each other's society. The favourite piece was the "Fair Penitent," in which the duke performed the part of Lothario; Sir Francis that of Horatio, and Lady Stanhope, it is needless to add, that of Calista. This ambitious project, however, was unexpectedly cut short by the death of the duke, who expired at Monaco under the following melancholy circumstances.

The young prince was enjoying the hospitalities and festivities of Paris, on his intended route to

the military camp at Compiégne, when, information having reached him that a lady whom he affected to admire was at Genoa, he suddenly altered his intentions and forthwith took his departure for Italy. On the road he was entertained by the Duc de Villars with a ball at his country-house between Aix and Marseilles. The prince, it appears, danced all night, and as soon as the ball was finished, although in a violent perspiration, insisted on getting into his carriage and proceeding on his journey. The following day, on reaching Marseilles, he was seized with chilliness and shivering, notwithstanding which he continued his journey to Monaco. The day after his arrival at that place he was unable to leave his bed. His immoderate addiction to pleasure, the excitement produced in his system, partly by the succession of balls and banquets with which he had been entertained at Paris, and partly by the rapidity with which he was in the habit of travelling from place to place, had aggravated a disorder which might not otherwise have proved fatal. For fourteen days he continued to linger in a state of great suffering, alleviated in some degree by the affectionate offices, not only of the gentlemen of his household, Colonels St. John and Morison and Captain Wrottesley,[1] but by the most touching

[1] Afterward Sir John Wrottesley, Baronet; M. P. for the county of Stafford, and a major-general in the army. He died April 23, 1787.

kindness on the part of the Prince of Monaco. Colonel Morison being ill himself, it was not without much difficulty that the dying prince could be prevailed upon to accept his services. "Your life, Morison," he said, "is of more importance than mine. You have a family. Be careful of your health for their sakes." When, two days before his death, the duke sent for the Prince of Monaco to thank him for all his attentions, the latter was not only so overcome by his feelings as to burst into tears, but was compelled to withdraw from the apartment without speaking.

The duke met his end with pious resolution. On the day preceding his death he dictated to Colonel St. John a penitential letter to the king, his brother, in which he prayed his forgiveness for any act of disobedience which he might have committed, and entreated him to take his servants under his protection. Colonel St. John he would have especially recommended by name, but the latter modestly begged to be exempted from inditing his own eulogiums. "Sir," he said, "if the letter were written by your Royal Highness yourself, I should feel your kindness most deeply; but I cannot name myself." The next day, the duke, feeling his dissolution drawing near, took an affectionate farewell of the gentlemen of his household, whom he had ordered to be summoned to his bedside. The last words which he uttered seem to have been addressed to Murray, his page. "Ah!

Murray," he said, "you will soon lose your master."

The Duke of York expired on the 17th of September, 1767, at the early age of twenty-eight. On the evening of that day his remains were removed on board the British ship of war, *Montreal;* the batteries of Monaco saluting them with the same number of guns with which it was customary to honour a marshal of France. On Colonel St. John devolved the dismal duty of attending his master's corpse to Westminster Abbey; Colonel Wrottesley having preceded him overland for the purpose of announcing the melancholy intelligence to the royal family.

Notwithstanding the libertinism and folly which marked the brief career of the Duke of York, he was evidently not devoid of more amiable qualities. Bishop Newton, who had been intimately acquainted with him, and who pauses in his memoirs to lament over his premature death, expresses his conviction that, had he "outlived the years of dissipation, he would have proved an honour to his king and country." By his personal friends and followers he was certainly much beloved. "I am sure you felt for me," writes Colonel St. John to George Selwyn, "on hearing the whole melancholy transaction. How much the disagreeable reflection of the loss I had sustained must have been heightened by the remains of my master being constantly under my eyes, during a voyage of eight

hundred leagues, the whole time of which I was constantly out of order, and vomited almost every day, I will leave you to form a competent guess." Colonel Wrottesley, too, is said to have been constantly in tears during his mournful journey from Monaco to London. "The papers," writes Miss Mary Townshend, "are full of pathetic accounts of the Duke of York's death. He wrote a letter to the king expressing great uneasiness at their having parted on ill terms, which I hear the king was very much moved with reading; but I know nothing of his will. It is said Calista has been in fits ever since the sad news came."

The principal event which marked the month of February, 1768, was the return to England, after an absence of nearly five years in France, of the celebrated John Wilkes. In the interim he had been convicted of the double offence of publishing Number 45 of the *North Briton* and printing his infamous poem, the "Essay on Woman;" and, having failed to make his appearance and receive judgment, sentence of outlawry had been passed upon him. During the period which had since elapsed, he had twice made ineffectual appeals — once to Lord Rockingham, and the second time to the Duke of Grafton — for a reversal of the sentence. Twice, also, during that time, he had been bold enough to visit England for the purpose of personally pressing his suit, and on each occasion had been allowed by the government to return to the Continent un-

molested. The Rockingham administration, indeed, had been complaisant enough to purchase the forbearance of the demagogue by subscribing for him a few hundred pounds among themselves, which were presented to him by Edmund Burke, then private secretary to the first lord of the treasury, Lord Rockingham. Even so late as the year 1773, we find Wilkes still drawing on the purses of at least three of the great Whig lords, the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, and the Marquis of Rockingham.

The cherished object of Wilkes — next to obtaining a pardon from the Crown and a reversal of his outlawry — was to wring from ministers a lucrative appointment under government. To his friend Humphrey Cotes, he coolly writes, on the 4th of December, 1765: "If the ministers do not find employment for me, I am disposed to find employment for them." Failing, however, in this object, — his pecuniary means being almost exhausted, and his creditors in Paris becoming inconveniently urgent for the liquidation of their claims, — the adventurer resolved at all hazards to fix his abode in his native country, although with no higher object, it is to be feared, than that of refilling his empty coffers, by betaking himself to his former profitable calling of a patriot. It was his opinion, as he wrote to his friend Humphrey Cotes, that ministers "dare not to let law take place," inasmuch as persecution in his case

would inevitably lead to popular tumults far more formidable than the "Weavers' Riots."

The patriot, on his arrival in England, addressed three several communications to three very different persons. To his friend Almon, he writes, on the 7th of February: "I am at Mr. Hayley's, in Great Alie Street, Goodman's Fields, where I shall be glad to see you." To the solicitor of the treasury he sent a written notice pledging his word as a gentleman to present himself at the Court of King's Bench on the first day of the ensuing term; and lastly, he addressed a letter to his sovereign, in which he attributed his misfortunes to the oppressive and vindictive treatment which he had experienced from former ministers, and entreated his Majesty to pardon and permit him to remain in his native country. This latter communication was in itself sufficiently respectful, and even submissive, but, whether by design or from ignorance of etiquette, it was not only addressed to the king in the first person, but, instead of being transmitted through the proper channel, the secretary of state, was delivered by Wilkes's footman at the door of Buckingham House. In the meantime, notwithstanding Wilkes had recently published a very offensive attack upon Lord Chatham, in the form of a letter to the Duke of Grafton, no attempt had as yet been made to take him into custody.

The time selected by the half-forgotten dema-

gogue for his return to England was the eve of a general election; a season alike well adapted to recall him to the recollection of his fellow countrymen and to afford him an opportunity of recovering his former popularity. With his usual audacity he plunged at once into the thick of politics. Notwithstanding there were already in the field six candidates for the representation of the city of London, he commenced his canvass as a seventh. He failed, indeed, in carrying the election, but in other respects his defeat was almost tantamount to success. The show of hands on the day of nomination was in his favour; nearly thirteen hundred liverymen voted for his election; and lastly, at the close of the poll, the populace removed the horses from his carriage, and drew him in triumph from Guildhall to his residence.

Encouraged by these evidences of popular favour, Wilkes now declared himself a candidate for the representation of the county of Middlesex in Parliament. By the masses of the people, the announcement was greeted with enthusiasm, and by the majority of the electors with satisfaction. On the day that the election commenced, an extraordinary excitement prevailed. At an early hour in the morning the turnpike roads, and other thoroughfares leading to Brentford, were taken possession of by his admirers. Those persons only were permitted to pass who either wore in their hats a blue cockade, or else a ticket inscribed

with "Wilkes and No. 45." One of the rival candidates, Sir William Beauchamp Proctor,[1] had his carriage broken to pieces, while another obnoxious person, Mr. Cooke, son of the city marshal, was pelted at Hyde Park Corner and thrown from his horse. "Squinting Wilkes and liberty," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "are everything with us. It is scarce safe to go to the other side of Temple Bar without having that obliquity of vision." So familiar were the words "Wilkes and liberty" to every ear, that a wit of the day commenced one of his letters: "I take the Wilkes and liberty to assure you," etc.

But, if the attitude of the mob had been threatening during the daytime, it became much more alarming at night. Every available constable had been despatched to keep order at Brentford, and consequently, when darkness set in, London may almost be said to have been at the mercy of the rabble. In Piccadilly many private carriages were stopped. "No. 45" was scratched upon the panels, and even ladies were forced to alight and shout for Wilkes and liberty. In each street that was visited by the mob, the windows of every house that was not illuminated were broken. The mansions of Lord Bute in South Audley Street,

[1] Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, K. B., of Langley Park, Norfolk, had represented the county of Middlesex in Parliament since the year 1747. His death took place in 1773, at the age of fifty-one.

and of Lord Egmont in Pall Mall, were furiously attacked, but happily without the assailants being able to effect an entrance. At Northumberland House, the mob not only compelled the Duke to treat them with liquor, but forced him to make his appearance and to drink the health of their idol. This licentious conduct on the part of the populace, and the repeated insults offered to the king's government and crown, could scarcely fail to excite the indignation of the young and high-spirited monarch. When some one about his person expressed apprehension lest the Queen's House should be attacked in the course of the night, "He only wished," he said, "that the rioters would make the attempt, in order that he might have an opportunity of dispersing them at the head of his guards."

On the following night, although the streets were somewhat better protected, the greatest alarm continued to prevail. In consequence of the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton boldly refusing to illuminate, the doors and shutters of her residence were battered for three hours, though happily without effect. Another outrage perpetrated by the mob was on the person of the Austrian ambassador, the stiff and pompous Count Seilern, who to his great indignation was forced from his coach, and subjected to the affront of having "No. 45" chalked upon the soles of his shoes. "He complained in form of the insult," writes Walpole,

"but it was as difficult for ministers to help laughing as to give him redress."

In the meantime, the guards on duty at St. James's had been kept in readiness to march at beat of drum. Happily, however, the wise precautions taken by the new secretary of state, Lord Weymouth, prevented the necessity of shedding blood.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.[1]

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, March 29, 1768, $\frac{m}{30}$ p^t 4.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I am this moment returned, and cannot resist expressing my approbation at the discretion you have used that mischief may be prevented this evening. I shall be glad to see you whenever most convenient to you."

The result of the Middlesex election was the triumphant return of Wilkes to Parliament at the head of the poll.

About ten weeks had elapsed since the arrival of the pseudo-patriot in England when, on the 20th of April, agreeably with his promise, he sur-

[1] Thomas Thynne, third Viscount Weymouth, born September 13, 1734, had previously held the appointment of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from April 30, 1765, to July following. On June 3, 1778, he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and on August 18, 1789, was created Marquis of Bath. He died November 19, 1796.

rendered himself at the Court of King's Bench. It was, however, objected by the court that the accused had not been brought under its cognisance conformably with the usual and proper legal process, and accordingly, notwithstanding his identity was freely admitted by Wilkes himself, notwithstanding the fact of his outlawry was unquestioned, and that the attorney-general on the part of the Crown pressed for his commitment, he was ordered to be set at liberty. "Westminster Hall," writes Walpole, "was garrisoned by constables, and horse and foot guards were ready to support them." No attempt, however, to break the peace was made by the vast multitude which had assembled in the neighbourhood.

The events of the next few days were looked forward to by the king and the government, as well as by the public, with the greatest interest. It had been conjectured by many persons that Wilkes, if not previously arrested by the myrmidons of the law, would again surrender himself on the 26th; but the day passed away without his making his appearance. The sheriffs' officers, it seems, had been afraid to execute their warrant, while Wilkes, on his part, appears to have had private reasons of his own for keeping out of the way of justice for a day or two. In the meantime we find the king addressing the following communications to his ministers:

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 25, 1768, $\frac{m}{46}$ p. 7 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Your caution in renewing the former directions for the peace of the town is most seasonable, as the parties might otherwise have fallen into their usual state of negligence. The attorney-general's letter makes me imagine that Mr. Wilkes will not surrender himself; therefore you having afresh insisted on the utmost being done to seize him, seems absolutely necessary. I cannot conclude without expressing my sorrow that so mean a set of men as the sheriff's officers can, either from timidity or interestedness, frustrate a due exertion of the law. If he is not soon secured, I wish you would inquire whether there is no legal method of quickening the zeal of the sheriffs themselves."

The King to Lord North.

"25th APRIL, 1768.

"Though entirely confiding in your attachment to my person, as well as in your hatred of every lawless proceeding, yet I think it highly proper to apprise you that the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes [from the House of Commons] appears to be very essential, and must be effected. The case of Mr. Ward,[1]

[1] John Ward, having been convicted of forgery, was expelled from the House of Commons in the month of May, 1727.

in the reign of my great-grandfather, seems to point out the proper method of proceeding. If any man were capable of forgetting his criminal writings, his speech in court last Wednesday would be reason enough, for he declared [No.] 45 a paper that the author might glory in, and the blasphemous poem a mere ludicrous production." [1]

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 27, 1768, $\frac{m}{20}$ p^t 7 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Your having sent immediately to the attorney-general to know what subsequent steps ought to be taken on Mr. Wilkes being secured, is highly proper. I shall be impatient to see his answer."

It was in the course of the day on which this note was written that Wilkes thought proper to allow himself to be arrested by the officers of justice, by whom he was formally carried as a prisoner before the Court of King's Bench. Bail to an ample amount was offered as security for his reappearance by his friend Humphrey Cotes, but the court, instead of accepting it, ordered his committal to the King's Bench Prison.

[1] Wilkes had been allowed to address the Court of King's Bench in his self-defence on his being set at liberty on the 20th of April.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 27, 1768 $\frac{m}{22}$ p^t 7 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Though I am conscious of your having taken every prudential measure to secure the peace of the town during the whole of this strange affair, yet I cannot help suggesting your directing a very careful eye to be kept on the King's Bench Prison, as I see by your note that Mr. Wilkes has been sent there by the court."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

[No date.]

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The aversion Mr. Wilkes has publicly declared to being imprisoned, added to his not possessing one grain of prudence, makes me strongly of opinion that he will not be very active in attempting to persuade the mob to suffer him to be conducted to the King's Bench Prison. Your conduct on this day deserves great commendation, as well as during the whole of this unheard of proceeding."

In the meantime, the Duke of Grafton and his colleagues had committed a grievous error. Either they should have taken into their consideration the services which Wilkes had formerly rendered to the cause of liberty, as well as his long exile and the consequent ruin of his affairs, and have recommended the king to extend to him a full and gra-

cious pardon, or else, if satisfied that his offences against religion and good government merited condign punishment, they should have arrested him immediately on his return to England, and, without allowing him a single day to ply his old trade of agitation, have handed him over to the legal powers. Unquestionably of the two alternatives the former was the preferable one. Of late, for instance, during Wilkes's exile in France his name had almost sunk into oblivion. When, on his return to England, he had visited Bath, his arrival had scarcely attracted the slightest attention; and lastly, when he had been put in nomination to represent the city of London in Parliament, although the number of votes which he commanded was considerable, only one citizen of eminence and wealth, Alderman Baker, had come forward to urge his claims. "When Wilkes," writes Walpole, "first arrived in town, I had seen him pass before my window in a hackney-chair attended but by a dozen children and women. Now all Westminster was in a riot." Nor, if ministers had chosen the merciful side of the question, would they have laid themselves open to any very heavy charges of inconsistency. Wilkes, in former days, had lived on intimate terms with Lord Chatham; Lord Sandwich had been his boon companion and intimate friend; and lastly, the Duke of Grafton, while the demagogue, in 1763, was undergoing imprisonment for a libel on his sovereign, had

made no scruple of honouring him with a personal visit. "Remember, my lord," writes Junius to the duke, "that you continued your connection with Mr. Wilkes long after he had been convicted of those crimes, which you have since taken pains to represent in the blackest colours of blasphemy and treason."

The arguments in favour of pardoning Wilkes — arguments which the Duke of Grafton freely admits in his memoirs that neither he nor his colleagues had the sagacity to perceive — ought to have been sufficiently apparent. Not only would a pardon have robbed him of that popularity which was destined to prove so perilous to the state, but ministers, by meriting the gratitude of Wilkes, might have converted a formidable foe into a convenient friend. But even assuming that Wilkes, notwithstanding the mercy extended to him, would have persisted in advocating democratic principles and measures, the impending conflict between order and disorder would at least have been fought, — not, as afterward happened, in the blood-stained precincts of the King's Bench Prison, nor under the windows of the king's palace, — but in the peaceful arena of St. Stephen's Chapel, a place in which experience had already shown that, neither as an orator nor as a debater, was Wilkes likely to prove a very formidable opponent.[1] Min-

[1] Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 31st of March: "In my own opinion, the House of Commons is the

isters, however, as we have seen, were bent on a suicidal policy, the fatal effects of which were almost immediately made manifest. For instance, no sooner was the fact of Wilkes's committal to prison announced to the vast crowd of people which, on the day of that event, filled the precincts of Westminster Hall, than they assumed an attitude which was significant enough of the disorder and anarchy which were destined to follow. The hackney-coach, in which he was driven off, in custody of the marshal of the King's Bench, was followed by an excited crowd, heaping blessings on his head, and venting curses and revilings against ministers. The king proved to be right in his conjecture that the people would interpose to prevent their idol being carried to prison; though he was wrong in his presumption that Wilkes would take advantage of their interference. He permitted the mob, indeed, to remove the horses from his coach on Westminster Bridge and to draw

place where he can do the least hurt, for he is a wretched speaker and will sink to contempt, like Admiral Vernon, who I remember just such an illuminated hero, with two birthdays in one year." It may be mentioned that, at a later period, a proposition was made by the Duke of Grafton to the king to extend a free pardon to Wilkes. But it was now too late. The dignity of the Crown had become compromised by the pretensions and lawless proceedings of Wilkes and his followers, and consequently a boon which, if granted in the first instance, would have been regarded as a gracious act of royal clemency, would have been attributed by the public to the fears and weakness of the government.

him to a tavern on Cornhill, which he entered; but, as soon as an opportunity offered, he effected his escape in disguise by a back door, and, to the great satisfaction of the marshal of the King's Bench, delivered himself up a prisoner at the gate. The king, however, would seem to have given him little credit for good intentions.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I thank you for the attention of sending me the attorney-general's letter. I am surprised Mr. Wilkes should be so ill advised as to let violence be used to prevent the officers of justice performing the duties of their office."

From this period till the assembly of Parliament, when affairs grew much worse, London continued to be in a state of constant fermentation and alarm. Tumultuous crowds assembled daily in front of the King's Bench Prison. On one occasion the guards had to disperse them by the light of a bonfire composed of the wooden railings wrenched from the neighbouring footways. Moreover, many other breaches of the peace took place in different parts of the metropolis.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 30, 1768, $\frac{m}{20}$ p^t 10 A. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The letter from Mr. Ponton,[1] gives me great pleasure, as it shows the

[1] Chairman for the justices of the peace for Southwark.

justices have conducted themselves with proper spirit. If these tumultuous assemblies continue before the King's Bench Prison, it is worthy of consideration whether the attorney-general ought not to move the court that Mr. Wilkes be removed to the Tower, where the like illegal concourse will be effectually prevented, without harassing the troops. If a due firmness is shown with regard to this audacious criminal, this affair will prove a fortunate one, by restoring a due obedience to the laws. But if this is not the case, I fear anarchy will continue till what every temperate man must dread, I mean an effusion of blood, has vanquished."

This latter expression of the king may, at first sight, appear of a harsh, if not of a cruel character; nor is it the only occasion on which we shall find him urging upon the home secretary, and, through the home secretary, upon the magistrates of the metropolis, the propriety of upholding the cause of property and good order, even at the painful expense of bringing the military in collision with the people. Whether the young, and truly kind-hearted monarch, in thus courageously taking this painful and awful responsibility upon himself, deserved the execrations of his people, or whether, on the other hand, he merited their warmest acknowledgments, must be left to the judgment of those who will take the trouble to recall to

mind the terrible instances, in which a feeling of false humanity has, at times, left a peaceful and wealthy capital to be ravaged and desolated by a licentious rabble; and further, how unfortunate was the condition of the king in not only being deprived, at so critical a time, of the guidance and support of Lord Chatham, but in having no better advisers to consult with than his present supine, if not intimidated, ministers. For instance, at the worst crisis of the riots, the lord chancellor and the Duke of Grafton had thought proper "to retire out of town." "The prime minister," writes Junius, — "in a rural retirement, and in the arms of faded beauty,[1] — had lost all memory of his sovereign, his country, and himself." Moreover, it was not alone from the violence of Wilkes's worshippers that danger threatened the metropolis and the country at large. Other riots, consequent on the scarcity of food, and the combinations of various trades for higher wages, were constantly taking place. "We have independent mobs," writes Walpole, "that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The dearness of provisions incites — the hope of increase of wages allures — and drink puts them in motion. The coal-heavers began; and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to town. The sawyers rose, too, and at last the sailors, who have

[1] The once celebrated courtesan, Nancy Parsons.

committed great outrages in merchant ships, and prevented their sailing."

The strike of the sailors threatened to become a very serious affair. The spectacle of four thousand mutinous men, suddenly let loose upon society, and parading the streets with their flags and ensigns flying, was undoubtedly sufficient to spread consternation over a city, which, so far as the strength of its constabulary force was concerned, may almost be said to have been unprotected, and which had already been half frightened from its propriety by the proceedings of Wilkes and his lawless followers. The king himself, it will be perceived, received a visit from the seamen at Richmond Lodge.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"RICHMOND LODGE, May 7, 1768, $\frac{m}{52}$ p^t 4 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Your attention in acquainting me with the riot there has been last night on the river, from a demand of the sailors for an advance of wages, meets with my thorough approbation. I find they have just passed Kew Bridge, and have, in consequence, ordered the gates to be shut, and the guards to keep everything quiet. I have ordered the servants to say I am out, not liking, by giving any answers, to encourage these acts of licentiousness.

"I shall be desirous of knowing how the Court of King's Bench have determined the case of the

outlawry, and hope every means have been used to make the magistrates exert themselves [to prevent], in case of its being declared void, any illegal assemblies, if the mob should attempt to renew this passion for lighting up the town."[1]

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"RICHMOND LODGE, May 7, 1768, $\frac{m}{10}$ p^t 6 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The sailors have been here. The servants, according to my orders, acquainted them that I was out, at which they expressed much concern. On being asked their business, they said it was for an increase of wages. They were told that I had no power to act in this affair, which they readily owned; said they were fools for walking so far, and that they would go back to London; but begged the petition might be given me when I came home, as it was a proof that, though they were wrongly advised in addressing themselves to me, they looked upon me as having the welfare of the British sailors at heart."

The next communication from the king is dated the 9th, the day before the reassembling of Parliament. As that important time drew near, the more anxious the king naturally became lest the

[1] The mob, on the 28th ultimo, had compelled the inhabitants of the borough to illuminate their houses, but at midnight were dispersed by a detachment of the guards.

irresolution of his ministers, or the timidity of the magistrates, might lead to the temporary triumph of disorder and rapine.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"RICHMOND LODGE, May 9, 1768, $\frac{m}{16}$ p^t 6 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Your indefatigable attention to preserving the peace of the capital is highly praiseworthy. Should it be thought advisable on this occasion to issue any proclamation, or any order in council, I am ready to come at the shortest notice and at any hour. I cannot conclude without strongly recommending the justices, if they call the troops to their assistance, should show that vigour which alone makes them respected."

On the following day, the disorders anticipated by the king unhappily took place. In the hope that the incarcerated patriot would be allowed to take his seat in Parliament, a vast concourse of people assembled around the King's Bench and in St. George's Fields, for the purpose of welcoming him as he passed. At length, the day having pretty far advanced, and the popular idol having failed to make his appearance, the disappointment of the mob was converted into rage. With loud yells and threats, they demanded him at the prison gates, and in other respects conducted themselves in a menacing and riotous

manner. It was in vain that the magistrates entreated them to disperse; and accordingly no alternative was left but to read the Riot Act, and to summon the presence of the military. These measures, however, instead of assuaging, inflamed the fury of the people. During the reading of the act the magistrates were hissed, hooted, and even pelted. The drums now beat to arms, but so far were the multitude from being overawed by the sound, that they commenced attacking the soldiers with stones, brickbats, and other missiles. One young man, who had displayed particular activity and vindictiveness in these irritating assaults, and whose person chanced to be easily distinguishable by his wearing a red waistcoat, was pursued by Ensign Murray and three private soldiers into a neighbouring cow-shed, through which he had the luck to effect his escape. Most unfortunately, as it happened, there proved to be another young man in the shed, one of the name of Allen, who, from the circumstance of his also wearing a red waistcoat, was mistaken for the real delinquent by the soldiers, one of whom fired at and shot him dead. "Thus," in the words of the clergyman who preached his funeral sermon, "fell a valuable and well-disposed young creature, the comfort of his parents, the delight of his friends, whose life and conversation were truly inoffensive!"

This melancholy accident, by increasing the

fury and violence of the mob, brought affairs to so alarming a crisis, that at length one of the magistrates, Mr. Gillman, felt it his imperative duty to order the military to fire; the result being that five or six persons were killed and fifteen wounded, two of the latter being unfortunately women. This severe act of justice produced, as might be expected, the effect of scattering the multitude, who, however, instead of dispersing quietly to their homes, contrived to carry off with them the dead body of Allen, which they bore, amidst loud lamentations and execrations, through the streets. When, on a later day, the remains of the unhappy youth were lowered into the grave, it was in the presence of a silent but infuriated multitude of people, and attended by a theatrical parade which was only too well calculated to increase the already half-frenzied state of popular feeling.

While the King's Bench was the scene of the riots we have described, another formidable concourse of people had assembled in Old and New Palace Yard, Westminster, with the openly avowed intention of forcing their way into the House of Commons and of dispersing, if not maltreating, its members. This indignity, thus proposed to be offered to the assembled Parliament of Great Britain, seems to have completely exhausted the patience of the king, and decided him upon at once hastening from Richmond to London.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"RICHMOND LODGE, May 10, 1768, $\frac{m}{50}$ p^t 6 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — This continuation of collections of the populace has a greater appearance of plan than any I ever remember before. I therefore, in the most earnest manner, require that the justices be told to show the vigour in Westminster that has been this day at the King's Bench Prison. Bloodshed is not what I delight in, but it seems to me the only way of restoring a due obedience to the laws. I have just seen the paper, that was distributed to-day, recommending the driving the Commons out of their House, which they, for their own sakes, are bound to take notice of. I shall with pleasure sign any proclamation that can tend to restore order to this country, formerly looked upon as the seat of liberty, which has now degenerated into licentiousness. I mean to come instantly to town, and wish to see you about nine at the Queen's House."

Happily, the terrible chastisement which had been inflicted in St. George's Fields had the effect, for a time, of restoring peace to the metropolis. On the following day, indeed, a formidable body of sailors presented themselves with a petition at the doors of Parliament; but having been informed that their marching with flags was an illegal procedure, they not only flung them away, but after raising a cheer for the king and

Parliament, actually attacked and drove Wilkes's mob from the field.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"RICHMOND LODGE, May 15, 1768.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I take the opportunity of a servant's going to town, to express my satisfaction at the account you sent me last night of the sailors having come to their senses. This gives me the more pleasure, as it would otherwise have been necessary to have come to violent measures of releasing the ships, which might, at the same time, have caused much mischief."

On the 8th of June, the case of Wilkes was argued before Lord Mansfield in the Court of King's Bench, and on the 18th, judgment was formally delivered. While, on the one hand, the court reversed his outlawry, it otherwise affirmed its former verdicts. For having published No. 45 of the *North Briton* he was sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve calendar months — computed from the day on which he had been committed to prison — and to pay a fine of five hundred pounds; and secondly, for having published the "Essay on Woman," he was condemned to a further term of imprisonment of twelve calendar months, and to pay another like sum of five hundred pounds. No sooner had this severe sentence been passed, than Wilkes lost no time in sub-

mitting his case to the wisdom and justice of the House of Commons. It was a tribunal, however, in which, under existing circumstances, neither wisdom nor justice were very likely to be exercised in his favour. Not only were his former misdoings fresh in the memories of every member of the House, but he had also, since his last committal to prison, been guilty of a further offence, which had rendered him more than ever obnoxious to the government. Lord Weymouth, it should be mentioned, had, at the time when the late riots were approaching their height, addressed a letter to the chairman of the Surrey magistrates, in which he had exhorted them, in the event of any alarming breach of the peace, to make no scruple of availing themselves of the aid of the military. This letter, as far as we feel competent to form an opinion of it, was neither more urgent nor more suggestive than such as a secretary of state, in a crisis of danger, might be expected to address to the civil authorities. Wilkes, however, either judged, or pretended to judge it in a very different light. Having, by some means or other, contrived to obtain a copy of it, he published it with some daring remarks, in which he not only denounced the unhappy conflict in St. George's Fields as a "horrid massacre," but insisted that it had been deliberately projected and carried into fatal execution by Lord Weymouth.

Offensive as this charge undoubtedly was, surely any government, possessing the slightest claim to a character for prudence and foresight, would, instead of provoking a fresh quarrel with Wilkes, have allowed the stupid calumny to sink into the contempt and oblivion which, before long, was certain to be its fate. Human passions, however, were much too deeply engaged, and the desire of crushing the dangerous tribune of the people much too strong, to admit of the calm exercise of sober reason. Ministers dreaded Wilkes, as much as they detested him. The Scotch still smarted under his illiberal scurrilities; while the king abominated him no less as a firebrand of sedition, than on account of his irreligion, his personal profligacy, and as the cowardly libeller of his mother. In the House of Lords, Lord Weymouth complained of the publication of his letter as a breach of privilege; while the Commons, on their part, pronounced the prefatory matter to be an "insolent, scurrilous, and malicious libel," and ordered the delinquent to be brought to the bar of their House. On his appearing before them, his calm courage, or rather unblushing effrontery, was remarkable. Had he been standing on the hustings at Brentford, surrounded by a sea of worshippers, instead of appearing as a delinquent at the bar of the Commons of England, his language could not have been more bold, nor his demeanour more undaunted. He not only admitted having been the person who sent

Lord Weymouth's letter to the printer, but he gloried, he said, in confessing himself the author of the comments on the "bloody scroll." "Were I permitted," he added, "I could bring such evidence as would induce this honourable House, not only to entertain the same sentiments on it with myself, but also to forward an impeachment on the noble lord who wrote it. I shall never deny what I look on as a meritorious action, and for which I ought to have your thanks."

On the 3d of February, Lord Barrington, then secretary at war, rose in his place in the House of Commons and moved that Mr. Wilkes be dismissed the House; a motion which was carried by a majority of eighty-three votes. Whatever may have been Wilkes's demerits, the sentence thus passed upon him was alike an unjust, an unconstitutional, and an unwise one. It was unjust, because, having been formerly expelled from the House of Commons on account of the same libels which were now adduced as grounds for his second expulsion, it was tantamount to punishing him twice for the same offence. It was unconstitutional, because his offence was cognisable by, and ought to have been submitted to the arbitration, not of Parliament, but of the ordinary courts of justice. Lastly, it was unwise, because it was almost certain to provoke an undignified and unprofitable contest between the House of Commons and a powerful popular constituency such as that of Middlesex, as well as

to enhance the importance of a venal adventurer, even now sufficiently formidable. For instance, already, on the death of his fellow member in the representation of that county, Wilkes's personal influence had been sufficient to secure the return to Parliament of his friend and legal advocate, Sergeant Glynn. At a later period the City of London gave proof of its hearty adoption of his cause by the significant fact of their electing him alderman and magistrate of the ward of Farringdon Without, by a majority of thirteen hundred votes out of fifteen hundred. Other and stronger evidences of popular favour and approval at present awaited him. At a large meeting, held at the London Tavern, three thousand pounds were raised for the payment of his debts, a sum which was subsequently increased by further subscriptions to twenty thousand pounds. But Wilkes's crowning triumph lay in an enthusiastic resolution which was determined upon, at a great meeting of the freeholders of Middlesex, to set the House of Commons at defiance by putting him a second time in nomination for the representation of the county. The election took place on the 16th of February, when not only was Wilkes returned to Parliament at the head of the poll, but only five freeholders supported the cause of his opponent, Sergeant Whitaker. Thus were the Commons placed in a very difficult and not very dignified dilemma. After having so recently denounced him as a profane and scurrilous libeller,

to admit the validity of the late election, and consequently to receive him back as a member of their body, with all his imperfections still upon his head, appeared, in the eyes of the majority who had expelled him, too humiliating a stultification of their late proceedings to be taken even for a moment into consideration. With the view, therefore, of extricating themselves from the false position in which they stood, they passed a resolution, memorable for its weakness and irrationality, that, inasmuch as Wilkes lay under the ban of expulsion, he was incapacitated from taking his seat in Parliament, and consequently that his election was to all intents and purposes null and void. As might have been anticipated, the electors of Middlesex, indignant at this arbitrary decision on the part of the so-called representatives of the people, triumphantly reëlected the man of their choice ; the results being that the House of Commons again declared Wilkes to be ineligible to sit in Parliament, and that again the freeholders of Middlesex put him in nomination as the fittest person to be their representative.

It should be mentioned that the individual who on the late occasion had stood forward as the rival candidate to Wilkes was one Charles Dingley, a speculating proprietor of sawmills at Limehouse, — the "miserable Dingley" of Junius, — whose chances of success, however, had been so small, and whose treatment by the populace had been so

rough, that he had very early and very wisely retired from the contest. Under these circumstances, to bring Dingley forward a second time as a candidate was out of the question, and accordingly, Col. Henry Louis Luttrell[1] — who, it was idly but popularly believed, was to receive the hand of one of Lord Bute's daughters in the event of his success — was induced to vacate his seat for Bossiny, in Cornwall, as well as to run the risk of meeting with still rougher treatment than had befallen Dingley, by entering the lists against Wilkes on the hustings at Brentford. So great was the peril which Luttrell was supposed to incur, that his life was insured at Lloyd's coffee-house for a month, and large wagers upon it were given and taken. Happily the election passed off without bloodshed; the result being that Wilkes obtained as many as eleven hundred and forty-three votes, and Luttrell only two hundred and ninety-six. At the close of the poll a large number of freeholders, accompanied by a band of music, with ribbons streaming and with banners flying, proceeded to the King's Bench Prison to congratulate Wilkes on his success. At night also the city was illuminated.

The House of Commons, instigated by the ministry, now deemed it advisable to make a change

[1] Second son of Simon, first Earl of Carhampton, whom, in consequence of the death of his elder brother, he succeeded in the earldom in 1787. He was promoted to the rank of general in the army, January, 1798.

in their tactics. Accordingly, after an animated discussion, which lasted for two days, they not only persevered in their former decision that Wilkes was incapacitated from sitting in Parliament, but also passed the monstrous resolution that, in consequence of his being so incapacitated, Colonel Luttrell had a right to take his seat in the House of Commons, and to be regarded as the duly elected member for Middlesex. "Thus," in the words of Burke, "ended the fifth act of this tragi-comedy! — a tragi-comedy acted by his Majesty's servants, at the desire of several persons of quality, for the benefit of Mr. Wilkes and at the expense of the Constitution!"

It was in the hope of discrediting the proceedings of Wilkes and of his admirers, that, at this time, several influential merchants of the city of London prepared an address to the sovereign, expressive of their attachment to his person, and of their confidence in his government. It would have been as well for them had they kept their loyalty to themselves. On the day fixed upon for the presentation of the address, the lower classes of people — attracted by the inviting spectacle of a long procession of coaches, containing from six to eight hundred Tory merchants and others, on their way from the city to St. James's — occupied the streets in formidable numbers, and with apparently no very peaceful intentions. As the loyalists passed along, they were not only

hissed, hooted, and pelted with mud and stones, but, on reaching Temple Bar, discovered, to their great consternation, that the gates had been closed to prevent their further progress. They had now no choice but to turn aside by a circuitous route through Holborn, whither they had proceeded as far as the corner of Gray's Inn Lane when they were encountered by another lawless concourse of people, whose treatment of them was even rougher than that which they had experienced in Fleet Street. Apprehending still worse usage, some of them, among whom was the chairman, sought refuge in the neighbouring houses, while others made the best of their way back, through the less frequented streets, to their homes. When, at length, the bespattered procession reached St. James's, a third only of the persons who had started with the address was forthcoming; the chairman being one of the missing. They arrived, too, at a moment of great commotion and riot. "Everybody," writes the Duke of Chandos to George Grenville, "was covered with dirt, and several gentlemen were pulled out of their coaches by neck and heels at the palace gate. The Dukes of Kingston and Northumberland had their chariots broke to pieces, and their own and servants' clothes spoiled, and some had the impudence to sing, 'God save great Wilkes, our king.' The troops beat to arms, and the guards were trebled. Many were greatly insulted; the mob coming up

to the muzzles of their firelocks, but it was thought proper for them not to fire."

But, of all the outrages perpetrated on this eventful day, the most scandalous and audacious was one offered personally to the sovereign. Immediately before the rioting had commenced at St. James's, and while the king was closeted with his ministers, a hearse, drawn by four horses, two black and two white, was drawn up to the principal entrance of the palace, accompanied by every offensive circumstance of intimidation and insult. On one of the panels of the hearse was a picture of the soldiers shooting young Allen in St. George's Fields, while another panel represented the tragical death of one Clarke, who, during one of the recent elections for Middlesex, had been killed by some chairmen in the pay of the government candidate. On the roof of the hearse stood a man habited so as to represent an executioner, having an axe in his hand, and his features concealed by crape. This person, as well as the driver of the hearse, were generally supposed at the time to have been gentlemen. According to Wraxall, the former daring individual was a young nobleman of considerable notoriety in his day, Harvey Redmond, second Viscount Mountmorres.[1]

[1] The peerages describe Lord Mountmorres as a nobleman of "some genius and literary attainments, and well known in the circles and streets of London." Lord Mountmorres died in a fit of insanity, by his own hand. He was the author of a "History of the Transactions of the Irish Parliament," and of other works.

In the meantime, while the terrified ministers were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the magistrates, who had been sent for in order to read the Riot Act, a violent attempt was made by the mob to force the hearse into the courtyard of the palace. It was at this crisis that the great personal strength and pugilistic skill of the lord steward, Earl Talbot, enabled him to perform gallant service in the cause of order. Making a sudden dash at the mob through the gateway of the palace, he succeeded in seizing one or two of the ringleaders without waiting for the assistance of the peace officers, who just at the moment arrived in a formidable body. No time was now lost in reading the Riot Act and proceeding to disperse the crowd, who, after a brief but daring resistance, thought it prudent to beat a retreat.

During this exciting day, notwithstanding the yells of the mob constantly reached the king's ears, and an irruption into his palace seemed at times almost inevitable, the perfect composure of his countenance and demeanour was the admiration of those who were present with him in the royal closet. "A lord who was with him," writes Lord Holland, "told me that after the great riot at St. James's, or rather in the midst of it when he came out to the levee, one could not find out, either in

Lord Chesterfield, in October, 1768, speaks of Lord Mountmorres as having recently distinguished himself in the Irish Parliament, and as being a "very hopeful young man."

his countenance or his conversation, that everything was not as quiet as usual."

Meanwhile, although the king and Lord Bute had been estranged from each other for the last three years, the mob, no less than the great Whig lords, persisted, as usual, in regarding him as the secret adviser of his sovereign, and consequently as the author of their wrongs, whether real or imaginary.[1] It was under this impression, that Lord Bute not only again found himself the object of the most virulent vituperations, but one of the most daring acts of the rioters, during the month of March, was a furious attack upon his house in South Audley Street. Yet, at the very time when he was thus suspected and dreaded, the fallen minister, mortified by neglect and abuse, was about to exile himself from his native country, sick in body and almost broken-hearted from a load of family afflictions. "I will apprise you," he writes to his friend, John Home, the author of "Douglas," "how to direct to me, as I shall leave my name behind me for these vipers to spread their venom on. For, believe me, whatever advantage to my health this odious journey may be of, I know too well the turn of faction to suppose my absence is to diminish the violence I have for

[1] Even so well-informed a person as Lord Chesterfield writes, on the 30th of October, 1767, as follows: "Whatever places or preferments are disposed of come evidently from Lord Bute, who affects to be invisible, and who, like a woodcock, thinks that, if his head is but hid, he is not seen at all."

so many years experienced, — a violence and abuse that no fear has made me too sensible to; and perhaps the more, that I may think I merit a distinguished treatment of a very opposite nature from a people I have served at the risk of my head. I have tried philosophy in vain, my dear Home; I cannot acquire callosity; and were it not for something still nearer to me — still more deeply interesting — I would prefer common necessaries in Bute, France, Italy, nay, Holland, to fifty thousand pounds a year within the atmosphere of this vile place." Again, Lord Bute writes to Home from Venice, on the 5th of October, 1770: "Near three months of this envenomed sirocco has lain heavy on me, and I am grown such a stripling, or rather a withered old man, that I now appear thin in white clothes that I looked Herculean in when I was twenty. I hope I may get better, if permitted to enjoy that peace, that liberty, which is the birthright of the meanest Briton, but which has been long denied me." According to Walpole, Lord Bute at this time was "wandering about Italy incognito" under his family name and former family title, Sir John Stuart. In France, curiously enough, his loss of his sovereign's favour was no less persistently discredited than it was in England. During his stay at Barèges, whither he had gone to drink the mineral waters, the French court ordered him the same guard at his lodgings as if he had been a prince of the blood.

CHAPTER V.

Death of the King's Sister, Princess Louisa Anne — Birth of Princess Augusta — Christian VII. of Denmark, Brother-in-law of the King, Visits England — Received with Coolness at Court, and Warmly by the People — Lord Chatham Recovers His Mental Faculties — Resigns Office — Is Succeeded as Premier by the Duke of Grafton — Lord Chatham Takes Part in the Debate on the Address — Resignation of Lord Chancellor Camden — Succeeded by the Honourable Charles Yorke — Distressing Death of the New Lord Chancellor.

On the 13th of May, 1768, death terminated the brief and blameless career of the king's third sister, the Princess Louisa Anne. Afflicted with bodily disease from her infancy, she was also so diminutive in stature that, though she had completed her nineteenth year, she presented the appearance of a sickly child of thirteen or fourteen. Fortunately an ardent love of literature had rendered her existence an endurable, if not a happy one; while her singular sweetness of disposition endeared her to all who were either witnesses of her sufferings, or whom she honoured with her regard. For some months previously to her decease she had been afflicted with a troublesome cough, which was followed by a rapid consumption that hurried her to the grave.

This event was succeeded, on the eighth of November following, by the birth of the king's second daughter, the Princess Augusta. The queen's lying-in took place at Buckingham House, where, with the exception of George the Fourth, she gave birth to all her numerous offspring.

In the meantime, the monotony of the court had been interrupted by the arrival in England of the most frivolous of modern European sovereigns, Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark, who, two years previously, had married Caroline Matilda, the youngest sister of George the Third; the former then in his nineteenth, and the latter in her sixteenth year. The melancholy story of this ill-fated princess belongs to a later period of our annals. At present it is sufficient to mention that their nuptials had conduced to the happiness of neither. Even at this early period of their union, we find the Danish monarch embittering the existence of his consort by his ill treatment of her, while the queen, on her part, is said to have spoken and written of her husband in terms of unequivocal contempt.

The visit of Christian to England, owing to his coarse profligacy, his brutal conduct to his wife, and partly on account of the bustle and parade which his sojourn was sure to occasion at St. James's, was very far from affording pleasure to George the Third.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"RICHMOND LODGE, June 8, 1768, $\frac{m}{33}$ p^t 6 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — As to-morrow is the day you receive foreign ministers, you will acquaint M. de Dieden that I desire he will assure the king, his master, that I am desirous of making his stay in this country as agreeable as possible. That I therefore wish to be thoroughly apprised of the mode in which he chooses to be treated, that I may exactly conform to it. This will throw whatever may displease the King of Denmark, during his stay here, on his shoulders, and consequently free me from that *désagrément;* but you know very well that the whole of it is very disagreeable to me."

In pursuance of the intentions expressed in this note, apartments in St. James's Palace were set apart for the use of the Danish king; gold plate, which was rarely used except at coronations, was brought from the Tower to decorate his sideboard; and lastly, so hospitable a table was kept for him as to have cost his brother monarch £84 a day, exclusive of the expense of wine. Yet, if Walpole is to be believed, so marked was the neglect, if not contempt, manifested by the one king for the other, that when the "royal Dane" arrived at St. James's it was in a hired carriage. No military escort, according to Walpole, was appointed to meet him on the road; not even a lord of the

bedchamber was despatched to do him honour. Walpole, however, had been misinformed. Not only were the royal carriages, though the Danish monarch declined making use of them, waiting for him on his landing at Dover, but, by the command of the court, the Earl of Hertford and Lord Falmouth were there to bid him welcome. No doubt the personal intercourse between the two monarchs was sufficiently cold and unsatisfactory. George the Third, for instance, is said to have been holding a levee at St. James's Palace at the time of Christian's arrival there, yet, instead of hastening to welcome his kinsman, he contented himself with sending him a chilling message that he would receive him at the Queen's House at half-past five o'clock.

But if Christian had reasonable grounds for complaining of the neglect of the English court, he had, on the other hand, every motive for being satisfied with the absurdly enthusiastic reception which he met with from all classes of society. "The King of Denmark," writes Whately to George Grenville, "is the only topic of conversation. Wilkes himself is forgotten, even by the populace." The University of Oxford, in full convocation, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. A deputation from the University of Cambridge conferred upon him the same distinction. The benchers of the Temple invited him to luncheon. The Lord Mayor and

Corporation of London not only honoured him with a splendid banquet, and flattered him in nauseously adulatory language, but at night the citizens illuminated their houses along the line of streets by which he returned from Guildhall to St. James's. And yet, all this time, the young debauchee was spending his days in hurrying from sight to sight which he scarcely looked at, and his nights in drinking and frolicking, disguised as a common sailor, in the stews and pot-houses of St. Giles's.

"You cannot speak of reason to the Dane."

That these facts were known to the people of rank and fashion of the day can scarcely be doubted; yet, despite the vices and follies of the Danish king, we find the aristocracy vying one with the other which could most do him honour by the splendour of the entertainments to which they invited him. As for the women, if Endymion had descended upon earth, they could scarcely have made a greater fuss about him. To be seen without a "Danish Fly," as a new style of head-dress was called after him, would have amounted, to say the least of it, to being out of fashion.

In the meantime, the object of all this admiration seems to have been in no hurry to depart from a country in which his merits were so highly appreciated. "The little king," writes Lord March to George Selwyn, in a letter apparently from Newmarket, "is, I believe, perfectly satisfied with his

expedition. When he arrived, which was about ten o'clock, every window in the town was lighted, and as the street is very broad, you cannot conceive how well it looked. He was yesterday fox-hunting. The Duke of Grafton carried him in his coach. We had a great deal of leaping, and he would go over everything. I was very glad when we got him safe home, and he was mightily pleased with the chase, and satisfied with himself, which put him in better spirits than I ever saw him. He has been magnificently and well served. I believe we have been both days about six and twenty at table. As we dine, you know, very late, he retired to his own apartment after coffee, and we all to the coffee-house. He is to see a cock-match this morning, and sets out for London about one." "I came to town," writes Walpole, "to see the Danish king. He is as diminutive as if he were out of a kernel in the fairy tales. He is not ill-made, nor weakly made, though so small; and, though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late king, and enough of the late Prince of Wales to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air, and, considering that he is not twenty, he is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday, supped, and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening he was at the Queen's and Carlton House, and at night at Lady Hertford's assem-

bly. He only takes the title of *altesse*, an absurd *mezzotermine*, but acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle, like a cock sparrow, or like the late king, and does the honours of himself very civilly." Again, we find Walpole writing to the Earl of Strafford: "This great king is a very little one; not ugly nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather,[1] or of a cock sparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's side." The two principal attendants of the Danish king were a Count Holke — a handsome and flippant young man whom Walpole alludes to as a "complete jackanapes" — and his prime minister, the Count de Bernsdorffe, whom the same writer describes as a grave old man, perpetually bowing and cringing to his despotic sovereign. "His court," writes Walpole, "is extremely well ordered, for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name was Sultan Amurat. You would take his first minister for only the first of his slaves. I hope this example, which they have been so good to exhibit at the opera, will contribute to civilise us." The King of Denmark, writes Gray the poet, "is a genteel, lively figure, not made by nature for a fool, but surrounded by a pack of knaves whose interest it is to make him one if they can." Christian, before his departure from England, made a rapid tour

[1] George II., whose youngest daughter, Louisa, was mother to the Danish king. The King of Denmark was consequently first cousin, as well as brother-in-law, to George III.

through some of the provinces. According to Walpole, "he took notice of nothing, took pleasure in nothing, but hurried post through most parts of England, dining and supping at seats on the road, without giving himself time enough to remark so much of their beauties as would flatter the great lords who treated him." The young king, however, was short-sighted, and, according to Bernsdorffe,[1] it was to this infirmity that his apparent indifference was to be mainly attributed.

On the 17th of November, 1768, died, in his seventy-sixth year, the timid, fawning, and intriguing Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle. "My old kinsman and contemporary," writes Lord Chesterfield, "is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death; not because it will be my turn next, but because I knew him to be very good natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean if that were possible. For, after all the great offices which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them; a very unministerial proceeding." From Walpole we learn that

[1] The Count de Bernsdorffe, who was an Hanoverian by birth, died in 1772, at the age of sixty. He must not be confounded with his nephew, Count Andrew de Bernsdorffe, who was also prime minister of Denmark, and who died in 1797.

the duke had had a stroke of palsy a few months before his decease, and that then, and not till then, he had taken farewell of politics.

Meanwhile, we have seen how complete had been the failure of Lord Chatham's "mosaic administration," as well as how distressing was the state, both of mind and body, to which that illustrious man had been reduced. He had long since ceased to be consulted by his party, to be dreaded by his enemies, and almost to be remembered by his friends. Scarcely even the halo of his former glory illumined his sick-chamber. We have seen his rebellious colleagues, during the prostration of their chief, carrying out measures which they must have known to be diametrically opposed to his principles. We have seen them reviving the miserable policy of drawing a revenue from America, and entering into a perilous competition with a worthless demagogue; and lastly, we have to record their supine if not pusillanimous conduct in allowing France to seize upon Corsica, and thus abandoning the bravest of the brave in the hour of their great necessity.

Lord Chatham's mysterious malady may be said to have lasted from the month of May, 1767, to the month of October, 1768, during which period he had nominally discharged the duties of lord privy seal and had drawn the liberal salary attached to that high office. On his recovery, the task, which on a former occasion had been undertaken by the

Duke of Grafton, of communicating to him the principal political events which had occurred during his malady, devolved upon Lady Chatham. Much she had to relate to him, especially as regarded the conduct of his colleagues, which could not fail to distress and irritate him. But that which gave him the deepest offence was the dismissal of his personal friend, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, from the post of Governor of Virginia, and the contemplated removal of another of his friends, Lord Shelburne. Even if he had not already made up his mind to retire from the administration, so total a disregard of his well-known feelings and wishes would probably have induced him to take that step. Accordingly, on the 12th of October, 1768, he addressed a letter to the Duke of Grafton, in which, after having expressed his "deepest sense of his Majesty's long, most humane, and most gracious indulgence" toward him, and offered up "ardent prayers" for the happiness of his sovereign, he pleaded ill health as a bar to his remaining in office, at the same time formally tendering his resignation of the privy seal. That it was with the greatest reluctance the king was induced to dispense with his services is shown by an autograph letter which he addressed to him on the 14th, in which, in most flattering and almost affectionate language, he earnestly entreated him to continue at his post. "I think," proceeds the king, "I have a right to insist on your remaining in my

service: for I with pleasure look forward to the time of your recovery, when I may have your assistance in resisting the torrent of factions this country so much labours under." The earl, however, was not to be diverted from his resolution. "My health," he wrote back to his sovereign, "is so broken that I feel all chance of recovery will be entirely precluded by my continuing to hold longer the privy seal, totally disabled as I still am from assisting in your Majesty's service. Under this load of unhappiness I will not despair of your Majesty's pardon, while I supplicate again on my knees your Majesty's mercy, and most humbly implore your Majesty's royal permission to resign that high office." After so decided a denial, it was not for the king to condescend to further entreaties, and consequently the necessary ministerial changes were proceeded with. To please the seceding earl, his friend, Lord Camden, was pressed to continue lord chancellor, and, as a particular compliment to him, the Earl of Bristol was appointed to succeed him as privy seal. The Earl of Rochford was nominated secretary of state in the room of Lord Shelburne, and the Duke of Grafton was confirmed in the premiership.

Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, was born in the month of October, 173. Gifted with abilities which, had they been united with industry, might have entitled him to aspire to no mean employment in the state, the Duke of Grafton at the

age of twenty-two had found himself the envied possessor of the honours and estates of the house of Fitzroy, and, at the age of thirty-two, virtually prime minister of England. If any reliance is to be placed in the virulent denunciations of Junius, a more incompetent politician, and, at the same time, a more graceless libertine, has rarely been allowed access to the closet of his sovereign. "It is not," writes Junius to the duke, "that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I may call it the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct without the momentary imputation or colour of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of consistency should never once have betrayed you into a wise or honourable action." Again, alluding to the duke's spurious descent from Charles the Second and the abandoned Barbara Villiers, Junius addresses him. "You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished, as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and

blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion; profligate without gaiety; you live, like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion, and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr." Lastly, at a later period, Junius addresses the duke: "In what language shall I address so black, so cowardly, a tyrant? Thou worse than one of the Brunswicks, and all the Stuarts!"

Of a reserved nature and an imperious disposition, vacillating and inconsistent in devising measures, yet equally obstinate in carrying them into execution, the elevation of the Duke of Grafton to the premiership was not less unfortunate for his country than it was unwarranted by any personal qualifications of his own. True it is, that, some six years afterward, Charles Fox paid him the compliment of declaring that there was no statesman of the day under whom he would more cheerfully serve;[1] and not less true that when, at a much later period, the younger Pitt was invited by the king to construct an administration, one of the first persons to whom he offered high office was the Duke of Grafton. It must be remembered, however, that these tributes were paid to his Grace

[1] In a letter to Sir George Macartney, dated March 14, 1766, Charles Fox, then a boy of seventeen, mentions his having been present at a debate in the House of Lords on the repeal of the Stamp Act, and his having thought the Duke of Grafton's speech the best he had ever heard in that House.

at a later period of his career, when time may be presumed to have improved his judgment and to have sobered his passions. Neither is it probable that either Fox or Pitt overlooked the important advantages which the duke's high rank, princely fortune, and powerful borough influence, were certain to confer upon any administration of which he might become a member. At present, however, we have to deal merely with the two years of misgovernment during which his Grace guided the councils of his sovereign. Preferring indolence to exertion, and the pursuit of pleasure to the interests of his country, the hours which should have been devoted to discharging his duties to his sovereign and to the public, are said to have been wiled away on the race-course at Newmarket, in dalliance with a common courtesan, and in galloping after his favourite pack of hounds at Wakefield Lodge. No wonder that so painstaking and conscientious a public servant as George Grenville should have been shocked at so glaring an abandonment of duty for pleasure. To Whately he writes, on the 20th of October, 1767: "The account of the Cabinet council being put off — first for a match at Newmarket, and secondly, because the Duke of Grafton had company in his house — exhibits a lively picture of the present administration." When it is borne in mind that the Cabinet council, herein referred to, had been specially convened to discuss the unsettled state of Ireland, the indigna-

tion of Grenville at the duke's conduct may be readily imagined. "The Duke of Grafton," writes Walpole, "diverted himself in the country, coming to town but once a week, or once a fortnight to sign papers at the treasury, and as seldom to the king."

Not less reprehensible than the public conduct of the duke was his personal immorality. The fact of the prime minister of England, not only acknowledging the notorious Nancy Parsons as his mistress, but constantly parading her in public in that capacity, gave the deepest offence to society even in the not very strait-laced age in which he lived. "Did not the Duke of Grafton," writes Junius, "frequently lead his mistress into public, and even place her at the head of his table, as if he had pulled down an ancient temple of Venus, and could bury all decency and shame under the ruins? Is this the man who dares to talk of Mr. Wilkes's morals?" Again Junius writes: "If vice itself could be excused, there is yet a certain display of it, a certain outrage to decency, and violation of public decorum, which, for the benefit of society, should never be forgiven. It is not that he kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad. It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult, of which I complain. The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known if the first lord of the treasury had not led her in triumph through the opera-

house, even in the presence of the queen. When we see a man act in this manner we may admit the shameless depravity of his heart, but what are we to think of his understanding?" That these charges are not exaggerated is shown, among other evidence, by a letter from Whately to George Grenville. "It is impossible," he writes, "to conceive the disgust which the Duke of Grafton's appearance at the opera with Mrs. Hoghton,[1] last Saturday, has given: a minister, a married man, the duchess there in the pit — talking to her only, waiting upon her out — are the changes rung by everybody. Libertine men are as much offended as prudish women; and it is impossible he should think of remaining minister, who thus defies all decency, is almost the general conclusion." Having been compelled to say so much that is unfavourable to the character of the Duke of Grafton, it is but fair to add, that, from the time of his quitting office till his death, — a period extending over more than

[1] Anne or Nancy Parsons is said to have been the daughter of a tailor in Bond Street. She obtained the name of Hoghton, or Horton, from a West India merchant and captain, who took her under his protection, and whom she accompanied to Jamaica. On her return to London, she hired apartments in Brewer Street, and after having lived with the Duke of Dorset and others, became the mistress of the Duke of Grafton. "Miss Parsons had at this time," says Junius, "surpassed the prime both of her youth and beauty." Notwithstanding, however, the decay of her charms, she subsequently became a peeress of the realm, by her marriage with Charles, second Viscount Maynard. The peerages style her the widow of —— Horton, Esq.

forty years, — his conduct was such as in a great degree to atone for the errors of his earlier career.

Happily, Lord Chatham had scarcely retired from the ministry, when a further and manifest improvement took place in his health. A fit of the gout, the suppression of which had been the primary cause of his late sufferings, at length dispelled the vapours which had so long and so cruelly obscured his splendid intellects. Nevertheless, it was not till many months afterward — not till his fellow countrymen had almost ceased to concern themselves about his existence — that he reappeared upon the public stage. Suddenly, in the month of July, 1769, the newspapers surprised the world with the announcement that the great earl had been present at the king's levee. On his entering the antechamber to the royal closet, the ministers and courtiers who were present are said to have manifested as much bewilderment as if an apparition had appeared among them. "He — he himself," writes Walpole, "*in propriâ personâ*, and not in a strait-waistcoat, walked into the king's levee this morning." Moreover, he was not only apparently in excellent health, but had grown stout. The king not having yet made his appearance, the Duke of Grafton glided into the royal closet to apprise him of the earl's resuscitation, leaving the other ministers to weigh in their minds the contrary chances of their being received with smiles or with frowns by their late imperious

colleague. No long time, however, was left them for suspense. To each of them, and more especially to the Duke of Grafton, his manner was unmistakably cold and distant. "Even in the king's outer room," writes the duke, "where we met before the levee, when I went up to him with civility and ease, he received me with cold politeness, and from St. James's called and left his name at my door." "His lordship," adds the duke, "desired no further interview; and I had such a sense of the unkindness and injustice of such a treatment, when I thought I had a claim for the most friendly, that I was not disposed to seek any explanation." The Duke of Grafton, according to Walpole, had never been designed by Lord Chatham to be anything more than a "mere tool in office."

By the king, Lord Chatham, as the earl himself informs us, was "most graciously" received. His Majesty not only warmly congratulated him on his recovery, but whispered to him to follow him into his closet on the breaking up of the levee. There, according to the earl, "his Majesty again condescended to express in words of infinite goodness the satisfaction it gave him to see me recovered, as well as the regret his Majesty felt at my retiring from his service." The interview was so far an interesting one, that it was the last occasion on which the king and his haughty subject ever conversed together in the same room. Whether their

impending alienation was the fault of the sovereign or of the subject, the reader will hereafter be able to judge for himself.

Recently an event had occurred which, though it attracted but little attention at the time, was destined materially to affect the politics of the period.[1] Through the mediation of Lady Chatham, a reconciliation, as has been already mentioned, had been effected in the preceding month of November between her husband on the one hand, and her two brothers, Lord Temple and George Grenville, on the other. In that month, Lord Temple had paid a visit to his brother-in-law at Hayes, which the latter had engaged to repay by a visit to Stow as soon as his health should enable him to undertake the journey. Accordingly, though not till the 14th of July following, we find the convalescent statesman writing to his brother-in-law: "Your goodness has encouraged us to come in the true patriarchal way, and to bring you no less than three children, Hester, Harriot, and Pitt, who are almost in a fever of expectation till the happy day comes. Old and young count the hours with equal impatience till the pleasure of a letter from your lordship fixes our motions." Lord Chatham's notions of travel-

[1] The event is thus announced in the political register, 25 November, 1768: "In consequence of repeated solicitations on the part of the Earl of Chatham, a most cordial, firm, and perpetual union this day took place with his noble brother-in-law, Earl Temple: Mr. Grenville has heartily acceded."

ling in the "true patriarchal way" are amusingly exemplified in a letter from Edmund Burke to Lord Rockingham, dated the 30th of the same month. "Lord Chatham," he writes, "passed by my door on Friday morning in a jimwhiskee drawn by two horses, one before the other. He drove himself. His train was two coaches and six, with twenty servants male and female. He was proceeding, with his whole family, — Lady Chatham, two sons, and two daughters, — to Stow. He lay at Beaconsfield; was well and cheerful, and walked up and down stairs at the inn without help."

The double event of Lord Chatham's reappearance in public, and of his reconciliation with his brothers-in-law, naturally occasioned much speculation and uneasiness both to the king and to his ministers. Glad as the king, under other circumstances, would have been to welcome back Lord Chatham to his councils, it was scarcely possible for him not to regard the new family coalition as threatening to deliver him up a second time to the tyranny and insolence of the house of Grenville. Parliament was appointed to assemble on the 9th of January, 1770. A strong opposition to the government, on the question of the address, was known to be impending in the House of Commons. Few doubted but that the great earl would head the attack in the House of Lords. He had awaked, to use the Duke of Portland's words, not

only "high in spirits" but "high in fury." The king and his ministers awaited the result with the greatest anxiety. "I am so desirous," writes the king to Lord North, on the 7th, "that every man in my service should take part in the debate on Tuesday, that I desire you will very strongly press Sir G. Elliot and any others that have not taken a part last session. I have no objection to your adding that I have particularly directed you to speak to them." [1] In the House of Lords, on the 9th, almost as much excitement prevailed as among ministers, when at length the appearance of Lord Chatham, swathed in flannel and supported by crutches, dispelled the doubts of the few who had predicted that the state of his health would prevent his attendance. On his rising from his seat when it came to his turn to speak, the deepest silence prevailed. Advanced as he was in years, he said, and bowed down by the weight of infirmities, he might have been excused had he clung to retirement, and never again taken a part in public affairs. The alarming state of the nation, however, had induced, nay forced him to come forward and

[1] The king's somewhat unconstitutional appeal to Sir Gilbert Elliot appears to have been successful. On the 1st of January the king again writes to Lord North: "A little spirit will soon restore order in my service. I am glad to find that Sir G. Elliot has again spoken." Sir Gilbert, who was the father of the first Earl of Minto, died in February, 1777. He was the author of the once celebrated song:

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook."

discharge a duty which he owed to his God, his sovereign, and his country. That duty he was resolved to perform, though at the hazard of his life. The state of our foreign relations he described as most critical. During the seven years, he said, that peace had lasted, Great Britain had not only been continually on the verge of war, but at that very moment was without the support of a a single ally. He then reverted to the state of America. An unhappy policy, he said, had alienated the affections of the colonies from the mother country, and had driven them to commit excesses which he admitted he was unable to justify. Nevertheless, such was his partiality for America, that, though he could not justify, he was willing to make allowances for those excesses. The discontent of two millions of people deserved consideration, and the causes of that discontent ought to be removed.

The great orator then animadverted on the state of affairs at home. Never, he asserted, had there existed a greater necessity for contentment and unanimity, yet never had there been prevalent a more general dissatisfaction. Into the causes of that general dissatisfaction it was not only their lordships' duty to inquire, but to advise their sovereign how to remedy the evil. The liberty of the subject, he said, had been invaded, not only in the colonies, but at home. The people were loud in their complaints, nor till they had obtained

redress would they return to a state of tranquillity. Neither, he insisted, were the people to blame for their late resistance to the laws. Far better would it be for them to perish in a glorious contention for their rights, than to purchase a slavish tranquillity at the expense of a single particle of the Constitution. The great and notorious discontent which existed at home was plainly attributable, he said, to the arbitrary expulsion of Mr. Wilkes from the House of Commons. By a resolution of one branch only of the legislature, a subject of his Majesty had been most unconstitutionally deprived of his common right, and the electors of Middlesex of their free choice of a representative.

Lord Chatham was answered by Lord Mansfield, whose reply, however, though a very powerful one, instead of strengthening the cause of government, drew down still fiercer denunciations from the lips of the impassioned earl. The Constitution of the country, he said, had been invaded. With horror and astonishment he had heard that invasion defended upon principle. Freely as he admitted the just power, and reverenced the constitution, of the House of Commons, yet, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of liberty, he would prevent them from assuming a jurisdiction to which they had no title, and usurping an authority to which they had no right. They had betrayed their constituents, and violated the Constitution of the land. Under pretence of carrying out

the law, they had made the law. Contrary to all principles of justice, they had united, in their own persons, the offices of legislator and judge.

It was in the course of this reply that Lord Chatham delivered one of the most brilliant of his famous oratorical displays. Exhorting his brother peers to imitate the glorious example of their ancestors, — the redoubtable barons who had been the founders of the Constitution, — he exclaimed: "Those iron barons — for so I may call them, when compared with the silken barons of modern days — were the guardians of the people; yet their virtues were never engaged in a question of such importance as the present. A breach has been made in the Constitution — the battlements are dismantled — the citadel is open to the first invader — the walls totter — the Constitution is not tenable. What remains, then, for us but to stand foremost in the breach; to repair or to perish in it?"

The most remarkable event connected with this celebrated debate was the almost magical effect which Lord Chatham's eloquence produced on the mind and conduct of his old schoolfellow and friend, Lord Chancellor Camden. It should be mentioned that, notwithstanding the lord chancellor had for some time past differed widely in opinion from his colleagues in the ministry, this eminent lawyer and patriot had continued to cling to office with a tenacity for which it would be difficult to find

excuse. But, as an old war-horse may be presumed to prick up his ears at the sound of the bugle, so did Lord Camden respond to the animated appeal of his former comrade in many a fierce political encounter. To the dismay of ministers he at once arose, and arraigned them as traitors to the Constitution; as enemies to, if not conspirers against, the liberties of their country. "I accepted the Great Seal at first," he said, "without conditions. I meant not, therefore, to be trammelled by his Majesty — I beg pardon, by his ministers. But I have suffered myself to be so too long. For some time, I have beheld with silent indignation the arbitrary measures which they were pursuing. I have often drooped and held down my head in council, and disapproved by my looks those steps which I knew my avowed opposition could not prevent. I will, however, do so no longer, but will openly and boldly speak my sentiments." Ministers, added the chancellor, had by their violent and tyrannical conduct alienated the minds of the people from his Majesty's government; he had almost said from his Majesty's person. A spirit of discontent had extended itself into every corner of the kingdom, and unless means were devised for allaying the universal clamour and dissatisfaction, he knew not but the people in their despair would become their own avengers, and assume to themselves the redress of their manifold grievances.

After so furious and unprecedented an attack on his colleagues, the continuance of Lord Camden in office was necessarily destined to be of brief duration. To supply the place of so distinguished a lawyer and so popular a minister required leisure and consideration, and accordingly it was moved, by Lord Pomfret, on the part of the government, that the House of Lords should adjourn for a week. The proposal was violently resisted by the opposition lords. The House, exclaimed Lord Temple, was well aware for what purpose the adjournment was required. It was to afford time to the king's servants to repair a shattered and tottering administration. Their object, he said, was to rid themselves of the virtuous and independent lord, who sat on the woolsack, in order to fill his place with some obsequious lawyer who would render passive obedience to his patrons. In similar language, also, Lord Shelburne denounced his former colleagues. It was clear, he said, that the Great Seal would go a-begging. He hoped, however, that in the whole kingdom no wretch would be found so base and mean-spirited as to accept office under a ministry who required such servile conditions.

It was under these circumstances that the Great Seal was offered by the Duke of Grafton to Charles Yorke, son of the late Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. A more unexceptionable appointment, or one better calculated alike to strengthen the ministry,

and to advance the interests of the public, it would have been impossible to make. His political opponents, indeed, had sometimes accused him of irresolution and timidity, but if any truth had lain in these charges it was attributable to almost too tender a conscience; to an overanxiety lest he might fail in the performance of his public duties, or lest the interests of his clients might suffer in his hands. In private life his integrity was unimpeachable. He was distinguished by many virtues, and beloved by many friends. Both as a man of letters and as a speaker in Parliament, he had rendered himself scarcely less eminent than as a lawyer. In the pursuit of literature and in the society of literary men had lain the natural bent of his genius; but, unhappily for himself, ambition, almost in his boyhood, had pointed to the Great Seal and the woolsack as the proper objects of his aspirations. His success at the bar had been rapid and brilliant. Twice, and with great credit, he had filled the office of attorney-general, and now, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, the splendid prize which he had so ardently coveted seemed to be within his grasp. Unfortunately, however, Charles Yorke was pledged, on certain points, both to his brother, Lord Hardwicke, as well as to Lord Rockingham, as his political chief, and accordingly, notwithstanding the arguments and importunities of his wife, an ambitious and singularly beautiful woman, he acted, as those

who knew and loved him best expected he would act, by declining the high honour which was offered to him. Happy, as we shall presently perceive, would it have been for him, had he never been induced to swerve from this honourable determination.

In the meantime, the condition of the king's affairs had become more and more precarious, and his distress more and more poignant. Not only was Charles Yorke's rejection of the Great Seal a severe disappointment to the government, but the Duke of Grafton's undisguised and growing aversion to the labour and responsibility of office threatened its early dissolution. The king, however, was resolved, even though he should stand alone in the breach, to resist what he regarded as the factious opposition of the Rockingham and Grenville parties. Charles Yorke, he felt, might still be prevailed upon to accept the Great Seal, and the present ministers be thus maintained in power. Ambitious, irresolute, and at the same time chivalrously loyal, the concession which the accomplished lawyer had refused to the tears of a beautiful woman might yet be accorded to the personal entreaties of his sovereign.

It was at this crisis, and while the Great Seal was still "going a-begging," that, on Wednesday, the 17th of January, Charles Yorke felt it his duty to present himself at the king's levee. To his surprise, instead of the mere cold, perhaps sullen

recognition which he had anticipated, the king not only received him most graciously, but, as he was quitting the presence-chamber, the lord-in-waiting whispered in his ear that his Majesty desired to see him in his closet after the levee. What passed at that memorable interview will doubtless never be accurately known. Certain only it is that the king exerted all his eloquence to convince him of the dangers and degradation which he imagined to beset the throne; that he urgently entreated him to come forward and extricate him from his great difficulty; and that Mr. Yorke, in an evil hour for himself, was induced to listen to the voice of the charmer.[1] Before he took leave of the sovereign he had kissed hands as lord chancellor of England, and, the same evening, took the oaths as lord chancellor at a special council held at Buckingham House.

A brief but tragical story remains to be related. On quitting the palace the new chancellor repaired to the residence of the Duke of Grafton, whom he astonished with the intelligence of his altered determination. Thence — nervous, unhappy, and dreading to encounter the cold looks and perhaps keen reproaches of near relatives and old friends —

[1] Thirty-four years afterward, the king made the painful admission to George Rose, that he had plainly intimated to Mr. Yorke, that if he then refused the seals, they should not again be offered to him, whatever changes might ultimately take place in the government.

he proceeded to the residence of his brother, Lord Hardwicke, in Grosvenor Square. Unfortunately, at the moment when his name was announced, there happened to be gathered there two or three of the leaders of the opposition, and among them Lord Rockingham. In vain the unhappy renegade attempted to explain and to justify the motives which had induced him to sever himself from his party. He was received, according to some accounts, with bitter reproaches; according to others, with silent but unmistakable scorn. The effect produced by this treatment on a temperament constitutionally nervous, and on a mind already deeply agitated by the events of the last two days, seems to have been terrible beyond endurance. On reaching his own home in Bloomsbury Square he hurriedly swallowed some ardent spirits which happened unfortunately to be at hand; was seized with fever the same evening, and on the following day was alarmingly worse. On Friday, the 19th, he was visited by his brother, Lord Hardwicke. "He was in bed," writes the earl, "and too much disordered to be talked with." In the meantime, a mysterious secrecy, of two days' duration, was, whether wisely or unwisely, maintained in the chamber of the dying man. Not only, when the Duke of Grafton called upon him, — apparently on the 19th, — was his Grace kept in complete ignorance of the true state of the chancellor's condition, but even on the 20th, more than

four hours after he had ceased to exist, we find even the king unenlightened on the subject.[1]

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Jan. 20, 1770, $\frac{m}{30}$ p. 9 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Lest the chancellor's fever should not be so thoroughly removed that it might be hazardous for him to attend the House of Lords on Monday, I wish to be informed whether the commission, enabling Lord Chief Justice Wilmot to attend as Speaker in the absence of the late chancellor, authorises him still to act in that capacity until the Lord Morden[2] has taken his seat. I wish also to know, when I return from Richmond, what account you have received of the chancellor's health this day."

The account which the Duke of Grafton has bequeathed to us of his visit to Bloomsbury Square increases the mystery which hangs over the closing hours of Charles Yorke. "By his own appointment," writes the duke, in his memoirs, "I went to his house, about nine o'clock in the evening, — two days, as I believe, after Mr. Yorke had been sworn in at a Council-board, summoned for

[1] He died that day [the 20th], about five in the evening. The king's note to Lord Weymouth, inserted in the text, bears date, as will be perceived, half-past nine P. M. on that day.

[2] The title by which Mr. Yorke was to have been raised to the peerage in consequence of his acceptance of the Great Seal.

that purpose at the Queen's House. Being shown into his library below, I waited a longer time than I supposed Mr. Yorke would have kept me without some extraordinary cause. After above half an hour waiting, Doctor Watson, his physician, came into the room. He appeared somewhat confused, sat himself down for a few minutes, letting me know that Mr. Yorke was much indisposed from an attack of colic. Doctor Watson soon retired, and I was ruminating on the untowardness of the circumstance, never suspecting the fatal event which had occurred, nor the still more lamentable cause ascribed for it by the world, and, as I fear, upon too just grounds. I rang the bell, and acquainted one of the servants that Mr. Yorke was probably too ill to see me, and that I would postpone the business on which I came to a more favourable moment." According to Walpole, Mr. Yorke fell by his own hand, but "whether on his sword or by a razor" was uncertain. "Mr. Yorke," writes the Duke of Grafton, "I believe, was a religious man. It is rare to hear of such a person being guilty of an action so highly criminal. It must, therefore, in him, have been a degree of passionate frenzy bearing down every atom of his reason. You will not wonder that I cannot think on the subject without much horror still."

Charles Yorke, as has already been mentioned, expired on the 20th of January. At the time of his dissolution, there lay on a table in the chamber

of death, as if in derision of human ambition, the Great Seal of the Lord Chancellor of England, as well as the patent which was to have created him Baron Morden. It was not unnatural that the beautiful woman whom he left a widow should have desired to see her offspring ennobled, and consequently it was probably at her suggestion that the dying chancellor was asked whether he wished the Great Seal to be attached to the patent in his presence, in order to give it the validity which it would otherwise have wanted. The proposition, however, is said to have been listened to by him with a shudder. "When my poor brother," writes Lord Hardwicke, "was asked if the seal should be put to it, he waived it and said he hoped it was no longer in his custody." [1] Even after the breath had quitted the body, it was most indecently suggested to Lord Hardwicke to borrow the virtues of the Great Seal, and thus confer the title of Morden upon the widow and son of his unhappy brother. The proposition, it is almost needless to add, was unhesitatingly rejected.

The fact of Charles Yorke having committed suicide has been occasionally called in question. "I think it incumbent on me," writes Cradock, the autobiographer, "to contradict the reported manner of his death, on the authority of one of his own family. He certainly was much agitated after

[1] "My poor brother's entanglement," writes Lord Hardwicke, "was such as history can scarce parallel."

some hasty reproaches that he had received on his return from having accepted the seals, and he hastily took some strong liquor which was accidentally placed near the sideboard, and by its occasioning great sickness he broke a blood-vessel. The friend from whom I received the account assured me that he was present when the corpse was left openly in the chamber that the attendants might gratify their curiosity, and see that his death could not be truly attributed to the direct means which had been so publicly and so confidently reported." That this may be the true version of the circumstances under which Charles Yorke met his fate, is of course not impossible. But, on the other hand, if we take into consideration the significant facts that the person from whom Cradock received his intelligence was a member of the deceased's own family, and therefore was interested in keeping back the truth; that two such well-informed contemporaries as the Duke of Grafton and Horace Walpole apparently entertained not a doubt but that suicide was the cause of death; that it was preceded by a copious effusion of blood; and lastly, when we call to mind that not only did a strange and impolitic mystery, if not secrecy, prevail in the household of the unhappy chancellor at the time of his approaching dissolution, but that his family made but slight, if any endeavours, to relieve his memory from the odium which attaches itself to self-slaughter, we

are assuredly furnished with strong, though certainly not conclusive evidence, that, in a moment of uncontrollable frenzy, the gifted orator and lawyer perished by his own hand.

CHAPTER VI.

Resignation of the Duke of Grafton — Perplexity of the King — Lord North Appointed Premier — His Qualities as a Minister — Deputations to the King — Lord Mayor Beckford — His Celebrated Speech to the King — Contest between the City of London and the House of Commons — The Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver Committed to the Tower — The Proceedings against Alderman Wilkes Abandoned by the House — Wilkes's Subsequent Career.

THE unexpected demise of Charles Yorke increased not a little the vexation and distress of the king and the diffiuclties of his ministers. So precarious had become the existence of the administration, so unpopular had it rendered itself by the dismissal of Lord Camden from the chancellorship, that not a lawyer could be found who was at the same time sufficiently competent to hold, and bold enough to accept, that highly prized and honourable office. Of the principal law-advisers of the Crown, Lord Mansfield [1] wanted nerves; Sir Eardley Wilmot [2] and Sir William De Grey [3] wanted health; Sir Fletcher Norton [4] wanted char-

[1] Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
[2] Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
[3] Attorney-general.
[4] Chief Justice in Eyre south of the Trent.

acter; and lastly, Dunning[1] had chosen to array himself as a patriot by the side of Lords Camden and Chatham. Moreover, the removal of Lord Camden had led to several inconvenient retirements from office. The Marquis of Granby, the most popular soldier of his time, insisted, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the king and the Duke of Grafton, on throwing up all his appointments with the exception of his regiment of Blues. The Duke of Beaufort resigned his post as master of the horse to the queen. The Duke of Manchester and the Earl of Coventry vacated their situations as lords of the bedchamber; and lastly, the Earl of Huntingdon threw up his appointment as groom of the stole, and James Grenville that of Joint Treasurer of Ireland.

Such was the embarrassing situation of the king's affairs, when, on the 22d of January, Lord Rockingham moved in the House of Lords that a day be appointed to take into consideration the state of the nation. Ever since his Majesty's accession to the throne, he said, the condition of public affairs had continued to grow more and more deplorable, and the discontent of the people more widespread and formidable. A new maxim, he insisted, had been introduced into the government, which foreboded alike the extension of the royal prerogative and the destruction of the liberties of the subject. That maxim, he said,

[1] Solicitor-general.

had been encouraged by his Majesty's present ministers. Their policy, both domestic and foreign, he denounced as monstrous. Their invasion of the Constitution, he exclaimed, had thrown the whole country into a flame. Surely, concluded the marquis, it was the province of their lordships, under such circumstances as these, to indicate to the Crown the means best adapted for correcting the errors of the past, as well as for establishing a form of government more in harmony with the genius and the interests of the people, and more consistent with the spirit of the Constitution.

If the language of Lord Rockingham was calculated to give offence to the king, much more so was the philippic delivered by Lord Chatham in the course of the debate. Let the breach in the Constitution, he said, be effectually repaired, and the people of their own accord would return to a state of tranquillity; but if not, he solemnly added, "may discord prevail for ever!" A great constitutional question, he said, was at issue, which must, sooner or later, be decided. "Rather," he exclaimed, "than I would give it up; rather than the nation should surrender its birthright to a despotic minister, I hope, old as I am, to see the question brought to issue, and fairly tried between the people and the government."

It was while the king was still smarting under

the effects of this bold, if not revolutionary language, that, on the 2d of February, the day on which the peers had agreed to discuss the state of the nation, the public was astonished by the intelligence that the Duke of Grafton had ceased to be prime minister of England. This sudden abandonment of his sovereign in the hour of his great necessity appears to have entailed upon the duke no less the scorn of his contemporaries, than the lasting indignation of his royal master. It was in vain, as the king, many years afterward, told George Rose, that Lord Weymouth endeavoured "to infuse some firmness and manliness" into the duke. He had dragged his king, it was said by the public, into a slough of difficulty, and now was pusillanimous enough to leave him to flounder out of it as best he might.[1] The duke, however, had many reasons for deserting his post, although they may not have been altogether satisfactory. Surely, it could have required no mentor to tell him that, neither by temper, by firmness, by great abilities, nor by commanding eloquence, was he adapted to emerge victoriously from the fierce political contest which

[1] It has been said that, but for the advice and persuasions of his mistress, Nancy Parsons, the duke would have deserted his colours at a much earlier period. "She had the sense," writes Nicholls, "to see that the duke's honour required him to remain firm in his connection with the Earl of Chatham. She had the sense to see this, and she had the integrity to tell him so."

his more high-spirited sovereign was evidently prepared to risk. Surely, by this time, he must have begun to share the conviction of others, that his further tenure of political power, instead of conducing to the advantage of, was calculated to jeopardise the cause of his royal master. Smarting under the cruel and malignant invectives of Junius; rendering himself amenable, by his insolence and by the barefaced profligacy of his private life, to the bitterest attacks of the press; detested by the great mass of his fellow countrymen; deserted by the two most popular and influential of his colleagues, Lords Camden and Granby; distrusting and distrusted by every remaining member of the Cabinet, with the single exception of General Conway; denounced in Parliament by the mighty voice of Lord Chatham as a traitor to his country; it is not to be wondered at that he should only too gladly have exchanged the cares and perils of office for the pleasant security of Euston Hall, and the still more congenial delights of Newmarket!

With regard to the king, never since he had ascended the throne had he found himself in a more embarrassing and painful dilemma. Abandoned by the Duke of Grafton; rebelling against what he considered the degrading alternative of having a ministry forced upon him against his will; shuddering at the prospect of being again

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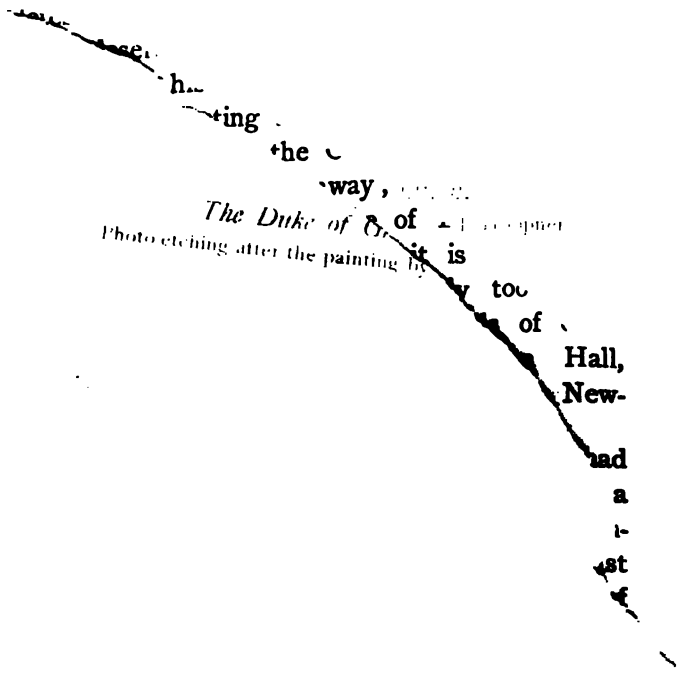

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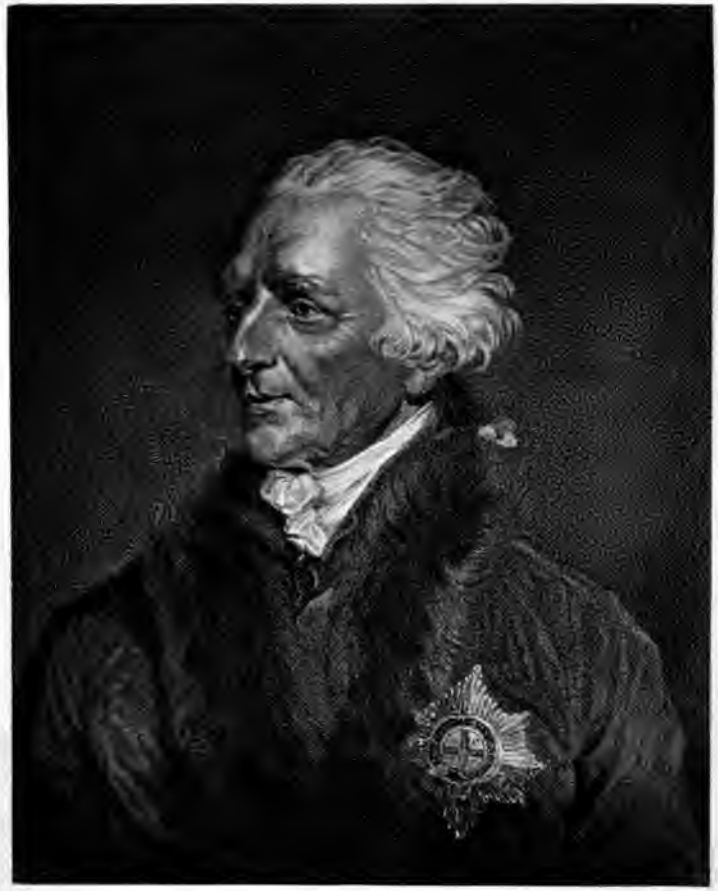

subjected to the insulting and wearisome lectures of George Grenville; assailed and held up to public obloquy by the leaders of the two formidable parties in opposition, Lord Rockingham and Chatham; despising the former on account of his want of firmness and administrative ability, and incensed against the latter on account of his recent violent language in Parliament, there was possibly not one of the king's subjects, who, knowing the state of his feelings, would have envied him his diadem. There was a still stronger motive which induced the king to cling to his present incompetent ministers. Next to being held in bondage by the overbearing Whig grandees, he looked upon the dominion of the mob with the greatest abhorrence. These two elements, as far as he could gather from the language of Lord Chatham in the House of Peers, threatened ere long to be united, and consequently it was only to be expected that the king should rebel against an alliance which, in his judgment, and in that of the Tory party, was pregnant alike with insult to the Crown, and with peril to the Constitution. A change of ministry, as he was well aware, must entail a dissolution of Parliament. A new Parliament would assuredly reverse the unconstitutional proceedings against Wilkes. That mischievous firebrand would again be returned to the House of Commons, and thus, in the king's opinion, would the triumph of faction

and disorder be rendered complete. To prevent a dissolution, therefore, was the primary object of the king. Sooner than consent to one, he said to General Conway, he would abdicate the throne. "Yes!" he exclaimed, — at the same time laying his hand upon his sword, — "I will have recourse to this, sooner than yield to a dissolution."

That the king was in the wrong, at this period, in rejecting the services of the opposition, we are not prepared to dispute. That he imagined he had good reasons for rejecting them we have already shown. Grateful, indeed, as all Englishmen ought to be to the Whig opposition leaders of the last century, on account of their wise and persistent advocacy of most of those liberal and enlightened measures which have since become the law of the land, it will nevertheless scarcely be denied that a want of conciliation had almost uniformly marked their conduct toward their sovereign; that their principle had been to take the royal closet by storm, not to win access to it by persuasion; that their treatment of the king had been frequently provoking and irritating in the extreme; and lastly, that their language in Parliament, and at public meetings, was often such as to make him tremble for the safety of his, perhaps too dearly prized, prerogative. If, on the one hand, the war, which George the Third so unflinchingly carried on with the "great

families" during nearly half a century, was fraught with much evil to the commonwealth, there were assuredly faults on the other side. Doubtless a monarch of wider experience, and of a more liberal education, would have learned to estimate, at their proper value, alike the occasional bluster of his nobles and the licentious conduct of the lower orders of his people. The king, indeed, had quite sufficient discernment to perceive how unpatriotic, how factious, how selfish, were frequently the motives which influenced the actions of the principal public men of his day; but, on the other hand, he was wanting in that deeper sagacity which might have taught him that to punish insubordination too arbitrarily and too severely was the surest method of creating political martyrs; that the fiercest champion of popular rights too often becomes a Tory when invested with power; and lastly that, however loud might be the clamour of the rabble, and however profligately the Whig party might have availed themselves of prevailing discontents, yet, after all, the royal authority was likely to be quite as safe in the keeping of Lord Rockingham or Lord Chatham as if entrusted to the Tory guardianship of a Lord Bute or a Lord North. No man could bow lower to royalty than the democratic Chatham. No man could hold the opinions of the lower orders in greater contempt than their idol Wilkes.

It was in the present difficult and dangerous

state of public affairs that the king looked about him for a statesman, not only courageous and self-sacrificing enough to accept the dangerous post vacated by the Duke of Grafton, but possessed of sufficient honesty, wisdom, and experience to render his administration likely to be a firm and lasting one. The individual whom he honoured with his choice was the celebrated Frederick, Lord North, at this time chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. "Lord Weymouth and Lord Gower," writes the king to Lord North, on the 23d of January, "will wait upon you this morning to press you in the strongest manner to accept the office of first lord commissioner of the treasury. My mind is more and more strengthened in the rightness of the measure, which will prevent every other desertion. You must easily see that if you don't accept I have no peer, at present, that I would consent to place in the Duke of Grafton's employment."

Lord North possessed three qualifications which were calculated to render him especially acceptable to his sovereign. His private life was wholly untainted by the immorality of the age. He was unconnected by blood, or by other inconvenient ties, with the great families; and lastly, he was a stanch and consistent opponent of Wilkes and of the ultra-democratic party. When, to use Lord North's own words in the House of Commons,

there had appeared on the public stage "that strange phenomenon, Mr. Wilkes," he had been the first to move his expulsion from the House. "Every subsequent proceeding against that man," he exclaimed, "I have supported, and I will again vote for his expulsion, if he again attempts to take his seat in this House. In all my memory I do not recollect a singular popular measure I ever voted for. No, not even for the Nullum Tempus Bill, nor the declaring the law in the case of general warrants. I state this to prove that I am not an ambitious man. Men may be popular without being ambitious, but there is rarely an ambitious man who does not try to be popular." Lord North chivalrously and unhesitatingly responded to the call of his sovereign. In Walpole's words, he "plunged into the danger at once." On the 5th of February he was gazetted as first lord of the treasury; retaining at the same time, according to former precedents, his post of chancellor of the exchequer.

Frederick, eldest son of Francis, first Earl of Guilford, was, at the time of his elevation to the premiership, in his thirty-eighth year. He had been educated at Eton and afterward at Trinity College, Oxford, of which university he subsequently became chancellor. Besides having early made himself master of the French, Italian, and German languages, he had imbibed, while a boy at Eton, an ardent and enduring love for the works of the

great writers of antiquity, which happily, in after years, threw a solace and a grace over the terrible infliction of blindness, and over the monotony of old age. He was the author of the first copy of verses in the "Musæ Etonenses," as well as of several others in that classical miscellany. He had travelled in his youth, and had made himself acquainted with the laws and constitutions of the different countries which he had visited. Shortly after having attained his majority he was returned to Parliament as member for Banbury. From 1759 to 1765 he held the appointment of a lord of the treasury. In 1766 he was nominated joint paymaster of the forces, and in 1767 succeeded the volatile Charles Townshend as chancellor of the exchequer.

Lord North was of the middle stature, thick-set, and inclined to corpulency. His hair was light, his complexion fair, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes gray and somewhat prominent. "Nothing," writes Walpole, "could be more coarse, or clumsy, or ungracious, than his outside. Two large prominent eyes, that rolled about to no purpose, — for he was utterly short-sighted, — a wide mouth, thick lips, and inflated visage, gave him the air of a blind trumpeter."

The ungainly person of Lord North, his clumsy movement, his near-sightedness, and lastly, the misfortune of having a tongue too large for his mouth, naturally deprived him of all pretensions

to grace, whether in the senate or in the palace. His utterance was disagreeable, his delivery inelegant, his manner awkward. Burke, on one occasion in the House of Commons, hit off his infirmities, apparently to his very face. "The noble lord," he said, "after extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth." Yet, notwithstanding these unlucky drawbacks, Lord North was always an amusing and frequently a very powerful speaker. Moreover, his extraordinary command of language, his extensive reading, the evenness of his temper, his perfect presence of mind, an abundance of shrewd common sense, and a memory so retentive as to enable him to recollect every point that had been argued in the course of a debate, unquestionably qualified him to figure in the first ranks, if not as an orator, at least as a debater. Of his strong sense of the ridiculous, and powers of ridicule, he availed himself with the most consummate skill. If his enemies pressed too closely upon him, his good-humoured banter and jest were often more than a match for their bitterest invectives. If his arguments fell pointless, the failure was overlooked by others in the abundance of his pleasantry and good humour. The laugh with which he enjoyed his triumph was irresistible. Over and over again, he might happily have applied to himself a couplet written by him as an

Eton boy, but which in all probability he had ceased to remember:

> "Non te jam expectant laurus, non præmia palmæ,
> Victori post tot prælia risus adest."

Neither, when it suited his purpose, had he any objection to turn the joke against himself. On one occasion a member of the House of Commons having spoken contemptuously of him as "that thing called a minister," "Well," he said, patting his capacious sides, "to be sure I am a thing. The honourable member, therefore, when he called me 'a thing,' said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added 'that thing called a minister,' he called me that thing which of all things he himself wished most to be, and, therefore, I took it as a compliment."

Lord North's wit had that peculiar and charming quality, that it never gave offence. He singled out no particular individual for his butt; his arrows flew indiscriminately on all sides, and consequently he never made a personal enemy. His hearty, good-humoured manner, and the almost boyish gaiety which he displayed whenever he had discomfited an adversary, afforded sufficient evidence how little malice there was in his wit; and accordingly not unfrequently the very persons who had been the most exposed to his ridicule were among the first to join in the laugh against themselves. Under no circumstances could his adver-

saries ruffle his good humour, much less excite him to anger. So equable, indeed, was his temper, and so unexcitable his temperament, that frequently, almost before his political opponent had risen to answer his arguments, he had sunk into a sleep as calm as that of an infant. While snatching one of these "*sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ*," it was to no purpose that either Barré declaimed against him as an enemy to his country; that Charles Fox assailed him with his most withering sneers, or that Burke thundered impassioned menaces of impeachment in his ears. While the House enjoyed the eloquence of the opposition leaders, the prime minister luxuriated in his nap. "The cause of government," writes Gibbon, then a member of the House of Commons, "was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the treasury bench, between his attorney and solicitor general, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes;* and the minister might indulge in a short slumber, whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburn." On one of these occasions, an opposition member, imagining the premier to be sound asleep, exclaimed, in words which were intended to thunder reproach into his ears: "Even now the noble lord is slumbering over the ruin of

his country!" "I wish to Heaven," muttered Lord North, as he slowly opened his eyes, "that I was!"

Yet either Thurlow or Wedderburn had only to touch the elbow of their chief, and to give him a hint of what had transpired during his state of unconsciousness, and he was ever ready, if not with an unanswerable argument, at least with some irresistible pleasantry. That same sweetness of temper which rendered him popular with the world endeared him still more to his own family. "I never," writes his charming daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, "saw my father really out of humour. He had a drunken, stupid groom, who used to provoke him, and who, from this uncommon circumstance, was called by the children the 'man who puts papa in a passion.'" Yet, adds Lady Charlotte, "I think he continued all his life putting papa in a passion and being forgiven, for I believe he died in his service."

The number of years during which Lord North had sat in the House of Commons, and his constant habit of taking a part in its debates, had furnished him with a thorough knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature, which no living statesman was more dexterous in turning to his own advantage. He possessed also a complete acquaintance with the rules and constitution of the House of Commons. As its leader, no one ever enjoyed in a happier degree the art of par-

rying a direct question with an indirect answer. If it happened to be expedient to stave off a troublesome debate, he could keep the House amused for hours. Sometimes, on these occasions, he was pathetic; sometimes humourous; sometimes he affected to be confidential. In the art of bewildering, and at the same time of entertaining, he was unsurpassed. To his audience his language had all the appearance of being concise, and his arguments of being unanswerable; and yet, on cooler consideration, not one person, perhaps, of those who had gone away delighted with his eloquence, could recall that the prime minister had thrown a single additional ray of light upon the subject under discussion, or had supported his arguments by a single additional fact. Not only within the walls of the House of Commons, said his great rival, Charles Fox, but in the entire kingdom, there was no individual who could discourse more plausibly on any given subject, or who could amuse his audience by so extraordinary a mastery of words over ideas, as the first minister of the Crown.

It was, in fact, in the atmosphere of the House of Commons that Lord North breathed the freest. He not only delighted in the war of wit and of words, but, moreover, those bitter personal attacks, which are usually gall and wormwood to a minister of the Crown, — those withering denunciations which drove Bute from power and hurried Can-

ning to his grave, — were apparently often encountered by him with feelings of satisfaction rather than of reluctance or dismay. Formidable as were the perils and difficulties against which it was his constant lot to contend, and not less redoubtable as was the phalanx of eloquence and wit which was arrayed against him in Parliament, he ever, it is said, anticipated the reassembling of Parliament with feelings of pleasure, nor ever beheld a session draw near its close without regret.

But it was in opening a budget in the House of Commons, and in the able and lucid manner in which he explained the state of the national finances, that Lord North usually achieved his completest triumphs. It was on these occasions that not only did his friends and supporters point exultingly to their leader as the chief pillar of the state, but even his enemies admitted that in this particular branch of political knowledge he was unrivalled. "Yesterday," writes Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, on the 11th of April, 1769, "Lord North opened his budget in the committee of ways and means; and in the four and twenty years that I have sat in Parliament, in very few of which I have missed that famous day of the sessions, I verily think I have never known any of his predecessors acquit themselves so much to the satisfaction of the House." [1] Doubtless the younger

[1] Again, Rigby writes, on the 25th of April, the following year: "I am just come from the House of Commons, where Lord

Pitt subsequently proved himself superior to Lord North as a financial exponent; but the star of Pitt was yet to rise in the ascendant.

In an age in which the probity of public men was at a far lower ebb than at present, Lord North's political purity and disinterestedness were above suspicion. When he accepted office he was, comparatively speaking, a poor man. When he quitted it, he was no richer. When, on some occasion in the House of Commons, he was accused of clinging to office for the sake of its pecuniary emoluments, there was observed in his countenance an expression of conscious integrity, and in his reply there was a calm and solemn dignity, which left a deep and lasting impression on his hearers. "I do not desire," he said, "to make any affected display of my personal purity and disinterestedness. I will, however, declare, with respect to my income, that most cheerfully would I give it all, — not only the part which I derive from the public purse, but my own private fortune, — if I could only thereby accelerate an honourable, speedy peace." In the opinion of Wraxall, who was present, there was not a member in the House, not one even of his bitterest enemies, but subscribed to the sincerity of that assertion. Perhaps the highest compliment, although an unintentional one, which was ever paid

North has to-day opened his budget in a most masterly manner."

to the personal integrity of Lord North was by one of his most violent opponents, Sawbridge, when he applied to him the well-known words in Addison's "Cato":

"Curse on his virtues! They've undone his country."
— Act iv. Sc. 1.

The acrimony with which the Grenville and Rockingham parties had assailed the Duke of Grafton was now, as a matter of course, turned upon Lord North. Lord Chatham thundered his fiercest invectives against the new premier. Abuse and ridicule were heaped upon him in both Houses. During the spring, the ministry continued in a very tottering state. According to Lord Temple, it lived only upon moments. "The alarm at court," writes Calcraft, "is beyond imagination; if our friends stand firm, they own all is over with them." Junius was no less confident. In transmitting one of his bitterest invectives to Woodfall, he writes, "For G—'s sake, let this appear to-morrow. Now is the crisis. I have no doubt we shall conquer them at last."

Among other expedients, which, for some time past, had been resorted to by the opposition for the purpose of embarrassing and bringing the king's government into contempt, had been the encouragement in various cities and towns throughout the kingdom of certain remonstrances and petitions, in which the national grievances were

emphatically set forth, and the king urgently importuned for redress. The language of these addresses was, generally speaking, sufficiently bold; in many instances it was positively violent. "Deign, most gracious sovereign," were the words of the freeholders of the county of Middlesex, "to listen to the prayer of the most faithful of your subjects, and to banish from your royal favour, trust, and confidence for ever, those evil counsellors who have endeavoured to alienate your Majesty's affections from your most sincere and dutiful subjects, and who have traitorously dared to depart from the spirit and letter of those laws which have secured the throne of these realms to the house of Brunswick."

These frequent and inconvenient remonstrances naturally caused much annoyance to the king, more especially when they were irregularly presented to him by the petitioners in person.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, March 6, 1770, $\frac{m}{2}$ p^t 11 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The two sheriffs came about four this day, but I ordered that it should be told them that it was an improper time, and that the court days were the time they ought to deliver any message. I wish you would obtain the opinion of Lord Mansfield whether they can with propriety be received as on the occasions that they address the Crown. That evidently would be

the most likely means of putting an end to this stuff; but, as the case seems so new, I wish to hear his opinions previous to their coming to-morrow. I wish, therefore, you may be particularly early at St. James's to-morrow."

Such of the remonstrances, to which we have referred, as the king regarded as intentionally disrespectful or irregular, he was in the habit of either taking no notice of, or else of replying to them with a quiet rebuke. Among other addresses to the throne, a petition from the Livery and Corporation of the city of London, praying for a dissolution of Parliament, had been regarded as unconstitutional, and had consequently received no answer. Accordingly, this petition was followed by a very unbecoming remonstrance, in which the citizens had the presumption to attribute the errors of successive ministers to a "secret and malign influence," to which the liberal party insisted that the sovereign was a slave behind his throne. This influence was, from time to time, laid indifferently at the door either of the princess dowager, Lord Bute, or the "king's friends;" the latter consisting of persons who usually voted in Parliament in accordance with the king's known personal wishes, some of them no doubt from interested motives — but many from the veneration which they entertained for the kingly office, from the perfect confidence they placed in the king's judgment and

integrity, and from the indignation they felt at the treatment he had experienced at the hands of the great Whig lords. Doubtless the king, like the Duke of Bedford, or Lords Rockingham and Shelburne, had "friends," who looked up to him for favours, and with whom he occasionally consulted, but that there existed that "back-stairs influence and clandestine government," that "double Cabinet," that "interior ministry," — such as Burke has so vehemently denounced, — and much less that the king was ever a mere cipher in the hands of others, it is difficult to believe. "No one," writes Lord Brougham, "could ever charge him with ruling by favourites; still less could any one, by pretending to be the people's choice, impose himself on his vigorous understanding. He had intimate friends, with whom much of his time was passed, but they were under his influence in all things, and influenced him in none." At all events, the gross charge, which, on the present occasion, was publicly brought against the king by the citizens of London, could have been founded on no much better basis than common rumour or conjecture. The king replied to the remonstrance in terms of dignified displeasure. Both Houses of Parliament subsequently denounced it as emanating from a spirit of faction and insubordination; and lastly, in all quarters, the loyal and the generous-hearted fired up at the systematic indignities offered to their

sovereign. Nevertheless, on the 23d of May, the lord mayor, Beckford, accompanied by the members of the Common Council, and followed to St. James's by a noisy rabble, laid a third and still bolder remonstrance at the foot of the throne. His Majesty's reply was brief and decided. He should have been wanting, he said, alike to his subjects and to himself, had he concealed from them the dissatisfaction he felt at their late address. In his former reply to them, he added, he had communicated to them his sentiments, and from those sentiments he considered it would be dangerous to the Constitution were he to depart.

It was on this memorable occasion that, to the dismay of the courtiers, and contrary to all precedent and etiquette, Beckford had not only the bad taste to endeavour to draw his sovereign into a personal controversy, but had also the impudence to address to him the language of reproof. "I have just come from court," writes Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, "where the insolence of Beckford has exceeded all his, or the city's, past exploits." The king, completely taken by surprise, made no response, a circumstance which seems to have encouraged Beckford to proceed in his indecent animadversions. Lord Bute, as will be perceived by Beckford's language, was still the bugbear, the *bête noire*, of the popular party. "Permit me, Sire, to observe," are said to have

been the concluding words of the insolent citizen, "that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for, your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy Constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary Revolution." At these words the king's countenance was observed to flush with anger. He still, however, preserved a dignified silence; and accordingly the citizens, after having been permitted to kiss the king's hand, were forced to retire dissatisfied from the presence-chamber.

According to the historian, Belsham, Beckford's volunteer speech, as Walpole styles it, was delivered extempore "with great presence of mind and fluency of language." On the other hand, however, it has been asserted that scarcely a syllable of that speech — in the form, at least, that it has descended to posterity — was delivered by Beckford; that, in fact, it was an afterthought manufactured for political and personal purposes. Certainly, a letter, addressed the same day by his friend, Mr. Sheriff Townshend, to Lord Chatham, seems to throw a strong suspicion on its genuineness. "The lord mayor," writes the sheriff, "made a reply to the king which greatly discon-

certed the court. He has promised to recollect what he said, and I fancy the substance will appear in the papers to-morrow."[1] After all, the affair seems to have been a very foolish and vulgar one. "This is the first attempt," writes Rigby, "ever made to hold a colloquy with the king by any subject, and is indecent in the highest degree. There were very few aldermen attended, and not great numbers of the Common Council. The rabble was of the very lowest sort."

Nevertheless, it suited the purposes of faction at the time to extol Beckford's conduct and speech to the skies. "My mind," writes Lord Chatham to him, on the 25th, "is big with admiration, thanks, and affection;" and he adds, "I mean to tell you only a plain truth when I say your lordship's mayoralty will be revered till the Constitution is destroyed and forgotten." The Common Council not only formally signified to Beckford their approval of his conduct, but at his death, which took place scarcely more than four weeks afterward, voted that his statue should be erected in the great Guild Hall of the City of London.[2]

[1] Beckford's "volunteer speech" is stated, on more than one authority of no mean credit, to have been composed by the celebrated Horne Tooke.

[2] Beckford's death, which is said to have been occasioned by the fever into which his blood was thrown by his late intemperate behaviour, took place on the 21st of June, 1770, in the sixty-third year of his age. "He had boldness," writes Walpole, "promptness, spirit, a heap of confused knowledge displayed

Accordingly, under that time-honoured roof, may be seen the effigy of the blustering citizen, representing him in the same attitude in which he is presumed to have rebuked his sovereign, and having engraved upon the pedestal of the statue the apocryphal harangue with which he is said to have insulted him.

It was not long after Beckford's vapouring display at St. James's that the citizens of London, disappointed in their attempt to intimidate their sovereign, found themselves at issue with the House of Commons on a subject much better deserving their consideration, and their advocacy of which was much more likely to earn them the gratitude of their fellow countrymen. Previously to the year 1771, the practice of reporting and printing the speeches of members of Parliament had not only been discountenanced by both Houses, but had subjected the printer to severe penalties. The law, it is true, had by various stratagems been partially eluded. Fictitious names were bestowed upon the principal speakers, and,

with the usual ostentation of his temper, and so uncorrected by judgment, that his absurdities were made more conspicuous by his vanity." Richard Cumberland, who met Beckford at Bubb Dodington's country-seat at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, describes him as "an intrepid talker;" loud, voluble, and self-sufficient; "galled by hits which he could not parry," and evidently in no respect a match in conversational powers for either Dodington himself or for Lord Holland, in whose society Cumberland met him.

under the appellation of a "Debate in the Political Club," or a "Debate in the Senate of Liliput," the people of England had been provided with a certain, though very insufficient, amount of information in regard to the conduct of their representatives in Parliament. More recently, indeed, certain public journals had taken upon themselves to report the debates at greater length, and to be less mysterious in their communication of names; yet even so late as 1770, as may be seen by a glance at the annual register for that year, the sovereign was still spoken of as the k—; Parliament as the P—, and the ministers as the D— of G—, etc.

The narrative of the dire offence which those unimportant innovations gave to the House of Commons — of the arrest in the city of two of the printers on the authority of the Speaker's warrant, and of the fearless conduct of Aldermen Wilkes[1] and Oliver, in discharging them from custody when brought before them as sitting magistrates — is one on which there is no occasion to dwell at length. The story, however, of the crowning insult offered by the city to the House of Commons presents features of interest which deserve to be recorded. Contrary, it should

[1] Wilkes's release from imprisonment, which had taken place on the 17th of April, 1770, had been followed by his election on the 24th of that month, to be an alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without.

be observed, to the private and sensible views of the king, a messenger, armed with a Speaker's warrant to arrest one Miller, a printer, presented himself at the door of this person's residence for the purpose of taking him into custody. Miller, however, being a liveryman of the city of London, insisted that his rights as a citizen exempted him from this summary process, and on this plea opposed the arrest. A violent struggle between them was the consequence, in the midst of which a constable, who had been purposely stationed close to the spot, seemingly by Wilkes, suddenly made his appearance, and, agreeably with private instructions which he had received, instead of aiding the officer of the House of Commons in the execution of his duty, carried him and the printer both prisoners to the Mansion House. The hearing of the case was appointed to take place at six o'clock the same evening, at which hour the new lord mayor, Brass Crosby,[1] and Aldermen Wilkes

[1] Brass Crosby, M. P. for Honiton, had, according to Walpole, been "originally a low attorney, who had married his master's widow, and afterward the widow of a carcass-butcher." Although a man of coarse manners and of rough appearance, he appears to have been very far from wanting in cleverness or sagacity. His death took place on the 14th of February, 1793, at the age of sixty-seven. Alderman Oliver, apparently a much younger man, and of very respectable character, was, according to Beloe, in his "external manners the perfect gentleman." He was a West India merchant, and a few years afterward died on the voyage to England on his return from visiting his estates in the West India Islands.

and Oliver had no sooner taken their places on the magistrates' bench, than the deputy sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons presented himself before them, and, in the formidable name of the Speaker, made the double demand that the messenger should be released from custody, and the person of Miller handed over to his charge. The city magistrates, however, were not to be frightened from their purpose. According to their decision, the messenger had not only been guilty of a heinous offence against the rights of an Englishman, and against the chartered privileges of a citizen of London, but, inasmuch as he was neither a constable nor a peace officer, he had been guilty of the further misdeed of attempting an illegal arrest. Accordingly the printer Miller was at once discharged, and the messenger committed to take his trial for an assault.

The indignation of the House of Commons, on receiving intelligence of this daring contempt of its authority, it would be difficult to imagine. Forthwith orders were issued for the attendance of Wilkes at the bar of the House, and of the lord mayor and Alderman Oliver in their places, as members of Parliament. In vain Lord North, more far-sighted than his friends, would have induced them to keep clear of violent measures. As he probably had anticipated, the House of Commons was not more bent on inflicting punishment on the city magistrates, than the lord mayor

and Oliver were anxious to share with Wilkes the glories of political martyrdom. The citizens of London, as a matter of course, sided with their magistrates. Accordingly, on the 25th, the day on which the latter had been ordered to attend in Parliament, they were accompanied to Westminster by a large concourse of disorderly persons, who hissed and hooted the more unpopular members of both Houses; ill treated Lord March, and, mistaking George Selwyn for Colonel Onslow, subjected him to much ill-usage. The lord mayor, having been seized with an attack of gout in the course of the day, was compelled to return to the Mansion House; thus leaving his brother alderman to encounter, single-handed, the wrath of the House of Commons. Willingly Lord North would have allowed the latter to escape with a trifling apology, but, tutored apparently by Wilkes, he refused to make the slightest concession. He not only pleaded guilty to the charge preferred against him, but insultingly gloried in the offence. He had acted, said Oliver, according to the dictates of his duty, his oath, and his conscience. He knew, he added, how little justice he had to expect from the hands of his judges, and he unhesitatingly defied their powers. When, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, a motion was made for committing him to the Tower, it was carried, after a violent discussion, by 170 votes against 38.

Similar proceedings were repeated in the House of Commons on the 27th, the day on which the health of the lord mayor enabled him to reappear in his place in Parliament, whither he was again accompanied by a tumultuous and infuriated rabble. Lord North, on this occasion, was more especially the object of popular rage. His hat was torn from his head; a constable's staff was thrust into his face, and an attempt made to drag him from his carriage, which, after he had alighted from it, was completely demolished. Among other persons, who were "rudely handled" by the mob, was their future idol, Charles Fox, at this time a Tory and a lord of the admiralty. In the case of the lord mayor, as in that of Alderman Oliver, Lord North was only too desirous to adopt measures of conciliation rather than of severity. The former, however, was resolved on sharing martyrdom with his brother magistrate. He even rejected the option, which was offered to him in consideration of his health, of being lodged in the comfortable apartments of the sergeant-at-arms, instead of being sent to the Tower. He had acted, he said, as his conscience had prompted him. He had no favour to solicit from the House. His health had considerably improved, and consequently he saw no reason why he should be exempted from the same penalties which had been inflicted upon his honourable friend. Though his conduct, he added, had met with the condemnation

of the House, he should, nevertheless, under similar circumstances, again act precisely in the same manner. Of course the House of Commons, being thus openly set at defiance, had no alternative but to commit him to the Tower. "If," writes the king to Lord North, on the 17th of March, "the lord mayor and Oliver are not committed, the authority of the House is annihilated. Send Jenkinson to Lord Mansfield for his opinion of the best way of enforcing the commitment, if those people continue to disobey. You know well I was averse to meddling with the printers, but now there is no retreating. The honour of the Commons must be supported."

It was midnight when the lord mayor was led away in custody from the House of Commons. Had the king's advice been followed, he would have been conveyed to the Tower "by water, privately, to avoid rescue," but by whatever motives ministers may have been actuated, they overruled the prudent suggestion of their sovereign. Accordingly, late as was the hour, the lord mayor, on making his appearance in custody in Palace Yard, was enthusiastically greeted by a large concourse of disorderly people, who, having removed the horses from his carriage, dragged him in triumph to the city entrance at Temple Bar, where they not only forced the sergeant-at-arms to quit the vehicle, but seriously discussed, in his hearing, the propriety of hanging him on the nearest

lamp-post. The lord mayor, however, who, by this time, had become seriously alarmed at the aspect of affairs, effectually interposed in his behalf. The gentleman, he declared, was his particular friend: he was conducting him, not to prison, but to his apartments at the Mansion House. According to Walpole, when, at four o'clock in the morning, the gates of the Tower opened to receive the successor of Henry Fitz Alan and of Sir William Walworth, he was in such a state of hilarious inebriety as to reflect no less discredit on the respectable civic office which he filled, than on the cause for which he had courted persecution.

By the leaders of the opposition party, no less than by the city of London, every possible mark of sympathy and respect was paid to the incarcerated magistrates. A train of great Whig lords and commoners, headed by the Marquis of Rockingham, went in sixteen carriages to pay them a visit of honour in the Tower. The Common Council not only publicly thanked them for their patriotic and courageous conduct, but also voted that the expense of employing counsel in their defence, and the cost of their entertainment in the Tower, should be defrayed out of the city finances. In due time they were severally brought by writs of habeas corpus before the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer, the judges of which tribunals decided in favour of the legality

of their commitment, and accordingly they were reconducted to the Tower.

In the meantime, Wilkes, the chief fomenter of all this discord, had completely succeeded in his double object of keeping up his popularity, and of humiliating a House of Commons which had denounced him as unworthy to take his place upon its benches. Instead of obeying the repeated orders of the Commons to attend at the bar of their House, he boldly wrote back to the Speaker that, unless as member for Middlesex, he must decline setting his foot within their assembly. Thus the Commons were placed in great embarrassment. Alarmed at the prospect of becoming engaged in a fresh contest with so formidable a demagogue, they eventually elected the not very dignified alternative of citing him to appear at their bar on the 8th of April, and then adjourning over that day till the 9th. This tacit confession of weakness completed, of course, the triumph of Wilkes and of the popular view of the question at issue. Not only were the proceedings against the printers allowed to become a dead letter, but, from that time, the publishers of the public journals have been permitted to report the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament, with rare instances of molestation. As regards the lord mayor and Alderman Oliver, they remained in confinement till the 8th of May, when, the prorogation of Parliament having given them their

liberty, they were escorted from the Tower to the Mansion House by a grand procession of the city dignitaries, arrayed in their robes of ceremony, and at night were honoured with illuminations and fireworks.

As usual, the recent arbitrary interference with the liberty of the press, and the ill-will and distractions consequent upon it, were attributed by the opposition to the personal prejudices and personal influence of the king. So far, however, from his having merited the cruel opprobriums which were heaped upon him at the time, we now know it to be a fact that, had his advice been happily followed, the crusade against the printers of the newspapers would never have taken place. But, in the excited state of public feeling, truth and justice were completely lost sight of. The belief, long since exploded by every well-informed person, in the secret influence of the princess dowager, was revived to the king's bitter annoyance and loss of popularity. It was even asserted that "swarms" of Lord Bute's countrymen, the Scots, were selected to receive commissions in the army and in the royal marines, with the express object of forwarding the despotic views of the court. Accordingly when, on the 28th of March, the king was on his way to the House of Lords, he was not only loudly hissed, but had an apple thrown at his head. Again, on the 1st of April, the figures of his mother and Lord Bute

were carried in carts to Tower Hill, where, after having been beheaded by chimney-sweepers in the presence of a large concourse of people, they were committed to the flames. Similar execution was done a few days afterward on the effigies of other persons friendly to the king, whose imaginary dying confessions were afterward hawked about the streets. But the most daring insult to which the king was exposed was in the House of Commons in the person of his mother. On that day, Alderman Townshend — "pale and ghastly from a sick-bed, his hair lank, and his face swathed in linen" — rose from his seat and delivered the boldest and most insulting oration which, since the days of Henrietta Maria, had been levelled against the mother of a King of England. There was one aspiring woman, he said, who, to the dishonour of the British name, was allowed to direct the operations of the despicable ministers of the Crown. "Does any gentleman," he added, "wish to hear what woman I allude to? If he does, I will tell him. It is the Princess Dowager of Wales. I aver we have been governed ten years by a woman. It is not the sex I object to, but the government. Were we well ruled, the ruler would be an object of little signification. It is not the greatness of the criminal's rank which should prevent you punishing the criminality." Such language as this had doubtless been caught from the authoritative example of Lord Chatham,

who, no long time previously, had had the cruelty to startle the House of Lords by hinting at the connection between Lord Bute and the king's mother, as being analogous to that of Mazarin and Anne of Austria. "That favourite," he had exclaimed, in allusion to Bute, "is at the present moment abroad, yet his influence, by his confidential agents, is as powerful as if he were at home. Who does not know the Mazarinade of France? that Mazarin absent was Mazarin still? And what is there, I would ask, to distinguish the two cases?" And yet, according to all reasonable evidence, nine years had passed since the princess dowager had exercised the slightest political influence over the mind of her son. "Perhaps," observed the Duke of Gloucester to Horace Walpole, "you think the king loved my mother. I assure you he did not, and I will give you a proof. The very day the queen arrived, three hours afterward, when she was gone to be dressed for the wedding, I was left alone with the king; and he told me he had already given her a caution never to be alone with my mother, for she was an artful woman, and would try to govern her."

From the time that the legislature discontinued its persecution of Wilkes, his name ceased to be either a watchword on the lips of his admirers or a bugbear to his political enemies. Nevertheless, his eminent, though irregular, services in the cause of the Constitution were not forgotten by

his fellow countrymen. On the dissolution of Parliament, in the year 1774, the county of Middlesex again returned him as its representative, when not only did the House of Commons offer no opposition to his taking his seat among them, but, eight years afterward, on his moving that the former resolutions against him be erased from the journals of the House, he had the satisfaction of carrying his motion by as important a majority as that which, in former days, had voted for his expulsion. The latter period of Wilkes's life was passed in the pursuit of literature, and in the enjoyment of civic honours and civic wealth. Having previously filled the office of sheriff, he became lord mayor in 1774, and in 1779 was elected to fill the lucrative post of chamberlain of the city of London. From this period he ceased to be a patriot. Although political corruption remained as rife as ever, and the liberties of his country still required his watchfulness, his voice was never raised in deprecation of the one, nor in vindication of the other. And yet this was the man over whose last resting-place may be read the words: "The remains of John Wilkes, a Friend to Liberty."[1] During the "Protestant riots," in 1780, this celebrated incendiary not only sided with the cause of order, but discharged his magisterial duties with the most

[1] This inscription may be seen on a tablet in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, in the vaults of which building the celebrated democrat lies buried.

praiseworthy zeal and alacrity. To Mrs. Thrale, Doctor Johnson writes, on the 9th of June: "Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day in my neighbourhood, to seize the publisher of a seditious paper." On the 7th, when an attack was made by the rioters on the Bank of England, we find Alderman Wilkes heading the party which drove them away.

During his latter days, Wilkes not only became a courtier, but was a frequent attendant at the levees of George the Third. On one of these occasions the king happened to inquire after his "old friend," Sergeant Glynn, who had been Wilkes's counsel during his former seditious proceedings. "My friend, Sir?" replied Wilkes; "he is no friend of mine; he was a Wilkite, Sir, which I never was." "In his real politics," writes his friend Butler, the reminiscent, "he was an aristocrat, and would much rather have been a favoured courtier at Versailles than the most commanding orator in St. Stephen's Chapel. His distresses threw him into politics." He once dined with George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, when, overhearing the prince speaking in somewhat disparaging language of his father, with whom he was then notoriously on bad terms, he seized an opportunity of proposing the health of the king. "Why, Wilkes," said the prince, "how long is it since you became so loyal?" "Ever since, Sir," was the reply, "I had the

honour of becoming acquainted with your Royal Highness."

The old age of Wilkes was not an ungraceful one. "His powers of conversation," writes Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "survived his other bodily faculties. I have dined in company with him not long before his decease, when he was extenuated and enfeebled to a great degree; but his tongue retained all its former activity, and seemed to have outlived his other organs. Even in corporeal ruin, and obviously approaching the termination of his career, he formed the charm of the assembly." Wilkes survived till the 26th of December, 1797, when he expired at his house in Grosvenor Square, at the southwest corner of South Audley Street, in his seventy-first year.

From the time of Wilkes's triumph over the House of Commons, till the breaking out of the civil war in America, in 1775, the king and his favourite minister were left in a state of comparative repose. "The king," writes Lord Barrington, on the 10th of January, 1771, "though most shamefully attacked in newspapers, with a licentiousness which his servants are very blamable to suffer, gains ground in the opinion and esteem of his people, and the ministry, though not highly rated, is not disliked." Fortunately for the king and for Lord North, not only, during the interval in question, did few questions of importance come under the notice of Parliament, but there were other cir-

cumstances which combined to produce a grateful lull in the political horizon. Junius had laid down his pen. The inflammatory anathemas of Wilkes had been silenced. Beckford was in his grave. At length, the great families had discovered that the closet of the sovereign was not so easy to be taken by storm. The Grenville party had been broken up, partly by the death of George Grenville and partly by the defection of Lords Suffolk and Hyde. Lord Temple, deprived of the weight and countenance of his brother, George Grenville, could scarcely command a single vote in either House of Parliament. Lord Rockingham and his friends, dispirited by repeated parliamentary defeats, intimated their intention of confining their opposition for the future to resisting any attacks that might be made upon the Constitution, and of deferring till less unpropitious times any systematic onslaught on the present ministers. Lastly Lord Chatham, from the absence of political agitation, had not only become nearly as powerless as Lord Temple, but seems to have almost reconciled himself to the Tory administration of Lord North. "I have long held one opinion," he writes to Lord Shelburne, on the 6th of March, 1774, "as to the stability of Lord North's situation. He serves the Crown more successfully and more efficiently upon the whole, than any other man to be found could do."

The following further letters, addressed by the

king, between the years 1768 and 1770, to his two principal secretaries of state, Lord Weymouth and General Conway, continue to throw a valuable light on the king's character and motives, as well as to illustrate the unceasing and meritorious interest which he took in public affairs. They severally for the first time appear in print.

The King to the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

"RICHMOND LODGE, $\frac{m}{30}$ past one P.M.

"Lieutenant-General Conway is too well acquainted with my sentiments to doubt my desire at all times of saving the lives of my subjects even when they don't perhaps much deserve it; but my duty prevents me, I hope, from yielding to my feelings, when they would carry me too far. Though I own I think the judge's report far from favourable; yet as the general's great humanity has made him afresh recommend the unhappy criminal for my mercy, I do consent to it on condition of transportation for life." [1]

The King to the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Feb. 16, 1768, $\frac{m}{45}$ p^t 10 P.M.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CONWAY: — The entering on fresh instances of corruption, will, I fear,

[1] The originals of this and the next letter are preserved in the British Museum, Egerton MS. 982, fo. 36, and 982, fo. 109.

protract the session, particularly if every gentleman that meets with difficulty in obtaining the seat he wishes in Parliament is to lay the affair before the House of Commons.

"The instruction, moved for the committee on the Bribery Bill, relative to the votes of Custom House, and other officers having places under the Crown, seems very extraordinary, and can have been proposed solely from a motive of showing an inclination to be impertinent, and run after that empty shadow, popularity. I am totally indifferent as to the borough of Aldborough being taken notice of, as I can rely on the delicacy of the Duke of Grafton's conduct on all occasions."

The unpublished letters which follow are addressed exclusively to Lord Weymouth.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"RICHMOND LODGE, May 27, 1768, $\frac{m}{42}$ p^t 8 P.M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The draught to Sir Joseph Yorke so thoroughly places the negotiation of the Westphalian bishoprics on the foundation that alone brought me to enter into it, that I cannot but highly approve of it."

"RICHMOND LODGE, July 8, 1768, $\frac{m}{45}$ p^t 9 P.M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Though adverse in general to signing a respite previous to conviction, yet on so extraordinary an occasion I do it with

pleasure, as I think it my duty, in the most public manner, to show my countenance to those, who with spirit resist the daring spirit that has of late been instilled into the populace." [1]

"RICHMOND LODGE, Sep. 25, 1768, 7 o'clock P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I am extremely glad to find you propose going to-morrow to the Duke of Grafton's, as I hope it may be productive of great good by removing some unhappy delicacies that have delayed bringing a certain affair to a conclusion, that I am quite impatient to see perfected."

"$\frac{m}{4}$ p^t 3 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Nothing can be more just than the ordering the two convicts for the riot at Brentford to be respited for a week, that the judges may have time to report if there be any alleviating circumstances; particularly as some have imagined that the spirit of party, rather than that of justice, influenced the jury." [2]

[1] On the previous day, July 7th, the grand jury for the county of Middlesex had found a bill for wilful murder against Samuel Gillam, Esq., one of the magistrates who had ordered the soldiers to fire on the rioters in St. George's Fields, on the 10th of May. He was tried on the 11th of July, and acquitted.

[2] The persons referred to by the king were evidently Edward Quirk and Lawrence Balf, who, on the 14th of January, had been found guilty at the Old Bailey Sessions of aiding and abetting in the wilful murder of George Clark, an attorney's clerk, who, during the election riots at Brentford, had received a blow on

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Nov. 26, 1769, P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Being this day confined by a severe cold, and imagining that the very agreeable report of the judges may require some conversation on the proper mode of making this known, I desire you will come here at any time most convenient to yourself this day."

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Jan. 23, 1770, $\frac{m}{46}$ p^t 9 A. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I sincerely congratulate you on the safe delivery of Lady Weymouth of a second son.[1] The queen has desired me to express the pleasure she also feels at an event that must give you so much joy."

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 12, 1770, $\frac{m}{5}$ p^t 11.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The real regard I have for you would have inclined me with pleasure to have advanced Mr. Thynne on the present occasion, had I not found that his not taking an active part in debate would have hurt those that stand forward in the House of Commons, and knowing your zeal for my service would not make

his head with a bludgeon, of which he died in a few days. The prisoners were respited from time to time till the 8th of March, when they received the king's pardon.

[1] Lady Weymouth on this day had been brought to bed of her tenth child, George, who, in June, 1826, succeeded his uncle, Henry Frederick, as second Baron Carteret of the Thynne family.

you wish what could be in the least detrimental to it." [1]

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 15, 1770, $\frac{m}{51}$ p^t 9 A. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Having read on Friday, in your draft to Lord Harcourt, that you had received a private letter from him that requires your speaking to me, after which you will give him a speedy answer, I desire you will call here any time after seven to-morrow evening; as I do not choose to talk on business immediately on coming from the chapel on sacrament days."

"RICHMOND LODGE, Sep. 30, 1770, 6 o'clock P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I thoroughly approve of the openness and clearness with which you have, in the enclosed draft, given your ideas to Lord Hillsborough on the necessity of more exactly defining your department, in case war should arise, lest that secrecy and despatch, on which the success of war must so greatly depend, should

[1] The "Mr. Thynne" referred to in this note was clearly Lord Weymouth's only surviving brother, the Hon. Henry Frederick Thynne, at this time master of the household to George III. In a note from the king to Lord North, dated the same day (April 12th), he intimates the "impossibility" of his complying with Lord Weymouth's request for his brother's advancement, and his intention of writing him a "civil note" to that effect. In the month of December following, Mr. Thynne was appointed joint paymaster-general, and, on the 29th of January, 1784, was advanced to the peerage by the title of Baron Carteret. He died on the 18th of June, 1826, at the age of ninety-one.

suffer by extending the business to too many offices.

"Your conduct, during the time you have held the seals, makes me desirous that this affair should be so far accommodated, as to enable you to feel pleasant in your department. On the other hand, I should be sorry Lord Hillsborough felt himself aggrieved. I know your prudence can be relied on, and your wish of no further increase of department than what the good of the service requires. I therefore trust, when you both coolly discuss this matter, that such an expedient may occur as may be satisfactory. I am anxious that this may be previous to my seeing you on Wednesday."

"RICHMOND LODGE, Oct. 15, 1770, $\frac{m}{8}$ p^t 4 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH:—The Spanish ambassador's being confined to a convention explains his not acting agreeably to what the Duke of Choiseul meant to advise him. I hope his instructions, in consequence of the messenger he will send to-night to his court, will be very ample, and such as may enable him to finish this affair in the manner we have a right to expect, as every delay will augment difficulties." [1]

[1] "By an act of the Governor of Buenos Ayres, in seizing by force one of my possessions," runs the speech from the throne on the 13th of November, 1770, "the honour of my Crown and the security of my people's rights were become deeply affected. Under these circumstances I did not fail to make an immediate demand from the court of Spain of such satisfaction as I had

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Nov. 8, 1770, $\frac{m}{26}$ p^t 8 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Your account of Lord Mansfield is very satisfactory, and ensures a very handsome appearance to-morrow. I can, in return, acquaint you that Lord Talbot will certainly act also as he ought. When you have been at the meeting at the Duke of Grafton's, I wish you would call here this evening, that I may hear some particulars with regard to the appearance there, and also of your conversation at Ken Wood."

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Nov. 21, 1770, $\frac{m}{51}$ p^t 6 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The enclosed project of a declaration, which you have only received to assist your memory, is quite inadmissible. I hope the conversation you have had with the ambassador will make him draw up one more calculated to terminate this affair amicably. This one cannot require my adding anything more."[1]

a right to expect for the injury I had received." The king's speech, on the 8th of May following, announces that he has obtained from his Catholic Majesty the satisfaction he had demanded.

[1] This note of course refers, like the preceding one of the 15th of October, to the celebrated dispute with Spain relative to the right of possession to the Falkland Islands.

CHAPTER VII.

Connection of the North American Colonies with England — The Americans, and Especially Massachusetts, Take Their Stand Against Taxation by the Home Government — Arbitrary Behaviour of Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State — Assembly of Massachusetts Abruptly Dissolved by Sir John Bernard, the Governor — "Committees of Correspondence" Established in the Provinces — Infatuation of the English Ministers in Reference to Colonial Affairs — Customs Riots at Boston — Coercion Continued by Government — Organised Resistance in the American Provinces — Public Feeling in England.

At the time when George the Third ascended the throne of these realms, the Americans were a free, prosperous, and happy people. "They are governed," were the words of Benjamin Franklin, in 1766, "at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper. They are led by a thread. They have not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain, for its laws, its customs, and manners; and even a fondness for its fashions."[1] When the Americans spoke of England it was under the endearing appellation of "home." Yet, affectionately attached as they were to the mother

[1] Evidence of Franklin before a committee of the House of Commons, February, 1766.

country, and proud as they were of their connection with the land of Shakespeare, of Bacon, and of Marlborough, they were still more proud of their descent from those virtuous and uncompromising patriots who, having flown to the forest and the prairie, in order to escape from the tyranny of the Old World, had founded that admirable system of political, social, and financial economy, of which, till the middle of the last century, their descendants had been left in the undisturbed enjoyment.

Previously to the separation of the American colonies from Great Britain, the administration of public affairs, in the different provinces, had been vested in a governor whose appointment emanated from the sovereign, assisted by a Council, and controlled by a House of Assembly, the latter consisting of members elected by the freeholders in the rural districts and by the householders in the different towns. The power of levying taxes lay exclusively within the jurisdiction of the House of Assembly, and if there was a privilege of which the colonists were more jealous and sensitive than of any other, it consisted in having the full enjoyment of that hitherto undisputed prerogative. They had ever strenuously denied the right of the British legislature to impose taxes upon them, although, on the other hand, whenever they had been appealed to in a constitutional form, their assemblies had always cheerfully and generously voted pecuniary aid to the Crown. For instance, during the

recent hostilities on American soil between Great Britain and France, the colonists had raised, clothed, and paid, by voluntary aid, nearly twenty-five thousand men, a force equal to that which had been despatched across the Atlantic by the mother country.

Such, then, was the political and financial relationship which existed between the two countries, when, in an evil hour, Grenville conceived the project of relieving the necessities of Great Britain at the expense of her colonies. The consternation and distress which that disastrous project kindled in the minds of the American people have been already cursorily set forth in these pages. They at once perceived the vast importance of the question at issue. The doctrine, they argued, of the Parliament of Great Britain having a right to levy taxes on every part of the empire, might be a sound one so long as the whole dominions were represented in one assembly, but now that those dominions had become so extended as to be represented in several distinct assemblies, the demand was entirely opposed to the spirit of the Constitution. Were the colonists, they said, once to admit the principle of right on the part of the mother country to tax them, the mischiefs which it would produce might be irremediable. Such a concession on their part might lead to the worst of tyrannies; to insolvency, perhaps to ruin. In respect of the Stamp Act itself, they insisted that it was an arbitrary, an

unjust, and a cruel impost. It was arbitrary, they argued, because the colonists were unrepresented in the legislature which claimed the right to tax them; it was unjust, because they had always liberally contributed toward supplying the wants of the empire; and it was cruel because it was calculated to render property insecure, and to fill men's minds with the gloomiest apprehensions for the future. Taxation and representation, they insisted, were, and ought to be, inseparable.

The original founders of American civilisation and power had been men of no ordinary heroism and virtue. Unlike the ordinary class of primitive settlers in distant and savage regions, they had been men of education, sagacity, and incorruptible morals. The Pilgrim Fathers had carried with them from their native land the rigid doctrines of Calvin, those doctrines which, in every country in which they have taken root, have alike engendered an indomitable hatred of tyranny, and encouraged wisdom, bravery, and virtue. They had been driven to the "hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men," not by poverty nor misfortune, nor by the desire of gain, but by a yearning for the free possession of democratic liberty, and of the right of worshipping their Maker in their own fashion, and after their own hearts. Not that they had shaken off, or harboured any wish to shake off, their allegiance to their sovereign. It was no aversion to the kingly office which had impelled

them to fly from the Old World, but dread of the power and jurisdiction of bishops, of tithes, of Acts of Conformity, and of the tyranny of the spiritual courts.[1]

The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers had inherited the principles as well as the prejudices of their Puritan ancestors. They too were loyal; not only because they regarded loyalty as a sacred duty, but also because, in the event of war or other emergency, it assured to them the powerful protection and alliance of Great Britain, and because their general submission to one common lord and master prevented discord among themselves. While, however, they admitted that their interests, as well as their duty, enjoined them to preserve their an-

[1] "They were communities," writes one of the earlier historians of the American Revolution, "of separate independent individuals, for the most part employed in cultivating a fruitful soil, and under no general influence but of their own feelings and opinions. They were not led by powerful families or by great officers in church or state. Luxury had made but very little progress among their contented unaspiring farmers. The large extent of territory gave each man an opportunity of fishing, fowling, and hunting, without injury to his neighbour. Every inhabitant was, or easily might be, a freeholder. Settled on lands of his own, he was both farmer and landlord. Having no superior to whom he was obliged to look up, and producing all the necessaries of life from his own grounds, he soon became independent. His mind was equally free from all the restraints of superstition. No ecclesiastical establishments invaded the rights of conscience, or fettered the free-born mind. At liberty to act and think as his inclination prompted, he disdained the ideas of dependence and subjection."

cient relationship with the mother country, they, on the other hand, insisted upon their immemorial right to frame their own laws, so long as those laws were not inimical to the interests of Great Britain. Let the parent land, they said, content herself with the commercial wealth which she derives from her colonies. Let her refrain from any attempt to coerce them by arbitrary enactments. Let her continue to them their time-honoured privileges as citizens of free and chartered states; and more especially, let her recall her preposterous assertion of right to levy taxes on them against their own free will and consent, and they, on their side, would be ever ready to fly to her assistance in her hour of need, both with their purses and with their swords.

It had been argued, by Franklin, that the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act would fill the Americans with gratitude and joy; that it would revive their former veneration for the wisdom and justice of the British Parliament, and rekindle in their breasts their ancient sentiments of loyalty toward the throne, and their affectionate attachment to the land of their forefathers. Possibly, but for the passing of the famous Declaratory Act, — in which Great Britain had deliberately recorded on the statute book her assertion of abstract right to tax her colonies, — Franklin's prognostications might have been verified. Even as it was, the repeal of the hateful Stamp Act had in a great measure tranquillised the public mind. Massachusetts voted

two addresses of thanks to the mother country; one to the king for having given his assent to the Repeal Bill, and one to the "divers noblemen and gentlemen" whose exertions had been instrumental in carrying it through Parliament. At a great meeting in Philadelphia, it was unanimously resolved that on the king's birthday, the 4th of June, each person should appear in new attire, the manufactures of the mother country. The Assembly of Virginia even went so far as to vote the erection of a statue of the king in acknowledgment of the repeal of the Stamp Act. Such, then, was the improved state of popular feeling in America toward Great Britain, when Charles Townshend had the rashness and infatuation to reopen the difficult question of Colonial Taxation, by introducing into Parliament his famous bill for imposing duties upon articles imported into the American colonies. Little could that mercurial minister have foreseen the mighty and disastrous consequences of which he was destined to be the originator! To please universally, according to Burke, was the paramount end and aim of this "candidate for contradictory honours." But, as Burke further observes: "To tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men." Like many other statesmen of his day, Charles Townshend had taught himself to make a great distinction between external and internal taxation. So long as Great Britain restricted herself to levying duties on arti-

cles of commerce imported into America, — that is to say, so long as she abstained from any attempt to extort a revenue from the internal resources of the colonies, — it was imagined by Townshend and his disciples that the majority of the American people would patiently submit to the provisions of his memorable budget.[1]

To this infatuated assumption on the part of the British government, the conduct of the people of America very speedily gave the lie. Already the fluctuating policy of the British legislature, as well as the haughty and insolent language applied to them in Parliament, had roused their feelings to a high pitch of indignation, when the passing of Charles Townshend's portentous act completed their exasperation and alarm. It was argued by them, and not without sound and sagacious reasons, that if one such act of arbitrary innovation were to be tamely submitted to, other and still more oppressive measures would in all probability be the consequence. "Let me exhort and conjure you," was

[1] It must be admitted, as some palliation for Charles Townshend's untoward policy, that Franklin himself, in his evidence before the House of Commons in February of the preceding year, had made a wide distinction between external and internal taxation. "An external tax," he said, "is a duty laid on commodities imported. That duty is added to the first cost and other charges on the commodity, and when it is offered to sale makes a part of the price. If the people do not like it at that price they refuse it. They are not obliged to pay it. But an internal tax is forced from the people without their consent, if not laid by their own representatives."

the wise advice of Junius to the British nation, "never to suffer an invasion of your political Constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by without a determined, persevering resistance. One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine." [1] Such, also, were the arguments made use of by the American people themselves. The pride and satisfaction with which they had hitherto contemplated their happy state of political freedom, and their exemption from all arbitrary interference in their affairs; the dread which they naturally entertained lest the present odious impost might prove the forerunner of a

[1] "Nothing," prophetically writes the accomplished Gen. Charles Lee, on the 20th of October, to King Stanislaus of Poland, "could make the American colonists cast off their obedience, or even respect, to their mother country, but some attempt on the essence of their liberty, such as undoubtedly the Stamp Act was. If it had remained unrepealed, and admitted as a precedent, they would have been slaves to all intents and purposes, as their whole property would lie at the mercy of the Crown's minister and the minister's ministers, the House of Commons, who would find no end to the necessity of taxing these people, as every additional tax would furnish the means of adding to their respective wages. If the humours, which this accursed attempt has raised, are suffered to subside, the inherent affection which the colonies have for the mother country, and clashings of interest one with another [*sic orig.*], will throw everything back in the old channel, which indeed is the case already. But if another attack of the same nature should be made upon them by a wicked, blundering minister, I will venture to prophesy that this country [England] will be shaken to its foundation in its wealth, credit, naval force, and interior population."

regular system of internal taxation; the melancholy prospect of having their energies cramped, and their resources drained by future imperious demands on the part of the parent country; every feeling, in fact, which self-interest and self-respect were able to dictate, impelled them to oppose the tyranny with which they were threatened. Moreover, they were wounded in their affections, as well as angered and alarmed. Mournfully and solemnly they arraigned the unkindness of the mother country. That their own flesh and blood, they said; that the men, many of whose forefathers had fought side by side with their own in defence of the great cause of liberty, should come forward to rob them of the priceless privileges which their ancestors had carried with them to the haunts of the wild beast and of the wilder Indian, was indeed a wrong which they had little right to expect, and which filled their breasts alike with sorrow and consternation.

Thus was a spirit of resistance lighted up across the Atlantic which was destined to produce one of the fiercest and most momentous struggles in the annals of the human race. Of the different American provinces, that of Massachusetts, whose sons boasted a lineal descent from the Pilgrim Fathers, was decidedly the most active in organising opposition to the ill-judged policy of Great Britain. As the time drew near for the newly appointed revenue officers to commence their hateful duties, the ferment in the province grew more and more general.

The press incessantly thundered forth its invectives against the tyranny of Great Britain. Already a powerful combination, composed of the principal persons in Boston, had been formed against the commercial interests of the mother country. With little hesitation, not only the people of Boston, but other communities in Massachusetts, pledged themselves to abstain from the use of every article of luxury imported from Great Britain; to extend, on the contrary, every possible encouragement to the consumption of goods of American manufacture, and, further, to purchase no British wares or products whatever, except in cases where they might be absolutely indispensable. Lastly, the Assembly of Massachusetts resorted to the bold measure of addressing circular letters to the other provinces of America, in which they urged them to resist, by all constitutional means, the recent oppressive enactments of Great Britain, and to aid them, in the meantime, with their counsel and advice. "Such an universal detestation," writes Governor Wentworth to Lord Rockingham, "has been unwisely excited, that every means will be practised to evade the laws of trade." "Let Britain," exclaimed Otis, in the Assembly of Massachusetts, "rescind her measures, or her authority is lost for ever."

Unfortunately, for some time past, the civil servants of the Crown in America had been chiefly composed of persons many of whom were totally

disqualified either to conciliate others, or to acquire respect for themselves. Generally speaking, the governors of the provinces were men without proper experience or liberal education; while their subordinates, having been in numerous instances chosen from the least moral and least respectable classes of English society, jobbed and plundered wherever they could find an opportunity. "Most of the places in the gift of the Crown," writes General Huske, in 1758, "have been filled with broken members of Parliament of bad, if any principles, pimps, *valets de chambre*, electioneering scoundrels, and even livery servants. In one word, America has for years been made the hospital of England." "Under the British authority," were the words of Chief Justice Drayton to the people of South Carolina, in 1776, "governors were sent over to us who were utterly unacquainted with our local interests, the genius of the people, and our laws. Generally, they were but too much disposed to obey the mandates of an arbitrary minister, and, if the governor behaved ill, we could not by any peaceable means procure redress."

At the period of which we are writing, the governor of the important Province of Massachusetts was a retired barrister, Mr., afterward Sir Francis Bernard, a scion of an ancient family in the county of Northampton, and a person of considerable accomplishments and of no mean abilities. By the ministry at home, and by the people of

Massachusetts, Sir Francis was regarded in a very different light. By the former he was respected and upheld as one of the most zealous and meritorious of public servants, while, according to the latter, he was a mere parsimonious, time-serving, timid, and double-dealing placeman. He was not only, said the colonists, habitually insolent in his individual intercourse with them, but even treated the Council and Assembly of the province with insufferable arrogance. Furthermore, they charged him with unconstitutional conduct in having made attempts to exceed his legitimate authority as governor, and especially with having systematically misrepresented their actions and motives to the government at home. Scarcely an individual in the province but seems to have held him in aversion. In vain the colonists had over and over again petitioned for his recall. The infatuated ministers responded to their complaints by elevating him to a baronetcy.[1]

If there was a man more obstinate and prejudiced than the Governor of Massachusetts it was apparently the secretary of state at home, to whom Bernard's partial despatches were necessarily for-

[1] This unpopular public servant appears to have been a first cousin of William Viscount Barrington, the well-known statesman of the reigns of George II. and George III., to which family connection he was doubtless indebted for having been appointed, in the first instance, Governor of New Jersey, and afterward Governor of Massachusetts. His death took place on the 16th of June, 1779.

warded. Wills, Earl of Hillsborough, to whom the management of American affairs was principally entrusted, was, according to Horace Walpole, a mere "pompous composition of ignorance and want of judgment."[1] Much injustice there doubtless is in this sweeping denunciation, yet, on the other hand, certain it appears to be, that, at so difficult and delicate a political crisis, Lord Hillsborough was not a fit person to be secretary for the colonies. To a mind, alike wanting in judgment and warped by aristocratic prejudices, the great revolution which was dawning in America was nothing but a vulgar democratic movement. The noble peasantry of New England were little better than a rabble. The founders of the American republic were a set of turbulent demagogues, and the spirited conduct of the Assembly of Massachusetts, in transmitting circular letters to the other colonies, an act of unpardonable insolence. Accordingly, in an imperious and ill-advised despatch, Bernard was instructed by him to call upon the Assembly to rescind its former vote, and, in the event of refusal, to declare its dissolution.

A people, boasting to be of the same flesh and blood as the men who had sent Charles the First and Strafford to the block, were little likely to endure with patience the bullying mandate of a

[1] Lord Hillsborough, who had been treasurer of the chamber to George II., was created Marquis of Downshire August 19th, 1789, and died October 13th, 1793.

British minister. Accordingly, the Assembly of Massachusetts not only adhered to their previous resolution, but confirmed it by a larger majority than the first. "If the votes of this house," argued the Assembly, "are to be controlled by the direction of a minister, we have left to us but a vain semblance of liberty." Bernard had now no choice but to obey his instructions, and accordingly he declared the Assembly to be dissolved.

It was no idle charge which was subsequently preferred against Lord Hillsborough, both by the Duke of Grafton and Lord Camden, that his ill-judged and arbitrary conduct at this period completed the exasperation, if not the implacability, of the American people. As a natural consequence of his treatment of the Assembly of Massachusetts, he arrayed against the British government the assemblies of every other province. Throughout the vast continent of America the legislative bodies almost universally voted their approval of the patriotic proceedings of the people of Massachusetts. "Committees of Correspondence" were set on foot to enable the different States to consult and advise with each other with ease and safety. Imitating the example of Massachusetts, thousands of persons, styling themselves the "Sons of Liberty," enrolled themselves in all parts of America into "non-importation" associations. Even the ladies, assuming the name of the "Daughters of Liberty," combined in abstaining from the use

of luxuries imported from Great Britain, not even making an exception on behalf of their favourite beverage, tea. When, at a later period, the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts presented themselves for examination at Harvard University, they were dressed in black cloth, entirely the manufacture of New England. America, it was maintained, had reached her national majority. The parent country had no more right to rob her of her resources than the guardian of a ward, on his coming of age, had a right to pillage him of his estate. As well might the princes of Germany claim authority over the British people, because the ancestors of the latter had emigrated from German soil. "United," said the Americans, "we conquer; divided we die."

Lamentable indeed was the want of information and intelligence displayed by the British ministers in regard to everything that related to the feelings, the interests, and the resources of the American people. "The king," said Otis in the Assembly of Massachusetts, "appoints none but boys for his ministers. They have no education but travelling through France, from whence they return full of the slavish principles of that country. They know nothing of business when they come into their offices, and do not stay long enough in them to acquire that little knowledge which is gained by experience; so that all business is really done by the clerks." With far greater discrimi-

nation, the French minister, the Duke de Choiseul, foresaw all the consequences of the blunders committed by the British government. As early as the month of August, 1767, we find him writing to M. Durand, the French minister in London: "Let England but attempt to establish taxes in her colonies, and those countries, greater than England in extent, and perhaps becoming more populous, having fisheries, forests, shipping, corn, iron, and the like, will easily and fearlessly separate themselves from the mother country." De Choiseul, burning to avenge the losses and disgraces which Great Britain had inflicted upon France during the late war, not only watched with the deepest interest the progress of events across the Atlantic, but is said to have diligently pored over the contents of the American newspapers; forming his opinions, and drawing his conclusions, from the resolutions passed in their Assemblies, from the instructions issued to the different townships, and even consulting the sermons of the Puritan clergy. Actuated by the same eager desire to furnish himself with the best information, he despatched to England for that purpose his confidential friend, the Count du Châtelet, son of the celebrated Marchioness du Châtelet, the attached friend of Voltaire.[1] The

[1] The Count du Châtelet figures as a brave man, and an enlightened statesman. While advocating the policy of establishing a republic in America, he little imagined that he was

result of Du Châtelet's despatches was to leave little or no doubt upon his mind but that Great Britain, by her unwise and irritating policy, was rapidly hurrying on the independence of her colonies. "The ties that bind America to England," writes Du Châtelet to him, in March, "are three-fourths broken. It must soon throw off the yoke. To make themselves independent, the inhabitants want nothing but arms, courage, and a chief. If they had among them a genius equal to Cromwell, this republic would be more easy to establish than the one of which that usurper was the head. Perhaps this man exists. Perhaps nothing is wanting but happy circumstances to place him upon a great theatre." Du Châtelet's surmise, that "some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" might possibly be already in existence, was not an idle one. Even now, in his picturesque retreat on the banks of the Potomac, the immortal Washington was brooding over the wrongs of his country, and discussing the probability of her being ere long plunged in civil war. "Whenever my country," he said, "calls upon me, I shall be ready to shoulder my musket."

paving the way for a revolution and a reign of terror in his own country, of which he himself was destined to be one of the earliest victims. After an ineffectual attempt to commit suicide, he perished by the guillotine on the 13th of December, 1793. His beautiful and indolent wife, for whom De Choiseul is known to have entertained a passion, followed him shortly afterward to the scaffold.

Another step taken by the Duke de Choiseul was to send French agents in disguise through the American States, for the double purpose of gleaning information and fomenting discontent. Of these persons, the most notable was De Kalb, a military officer of valour and enterprise, as well as a devoted partisan of France. His reports probably disappointed De Choiseul. During his progresses, though he listened to many complaints against, and discovered much jealousy of, the British government, he was surprised at finding, interwoven with the dissatisfaction of the people, an ardent and deep-rooted affection for the British nation. What surprised him much more, was the infatuation of the British legislature in doing all they could to obliterate that affection. He himself often complained that his mission was an eminently unsuccessful one. "There is," he writes, "a hundred times more enthusiasm for the American revolution in any of our coffee-houses of Paris, than in all the thirteen provinces of America united."

In the meantime, in the Province of Massachusetts, affairs had been gradually assuming a very alarming aspect. Not many days before the dissolution of the Assembly, a sloop, named the *Liberty*, laden with wine from Madeira, arrived in the harbour of Boston. The owner of the vessel was an influential merchant of the place, John Hancock, under whose presidency

the second American Congress subsequently assumed for their country the title of The United Colonies. As usual on such occasions, a tide-waiter had been placed on board the sloop for the purpose of preventing the landing of the cargo till the commissioners of the customs should have issued the necessary permit. Suddenly, while all was quiet, this person was seized by the captain of the vessel, who, while his crew detained the tide-waiter in one of the cabins, contrived to land a considerable portion of the wine, which, with the object of deceiving the revenue officers, he replaced with oil obtained from the shore. Under these circumstances, the commissioners of the customs not only took possession of the ship in the name of the king, but greatly enraged the people of Boston by causing her to be towed under the guns of the *Romney* man-of-war, which happened to be lying in the harbour. A formidable popular insurrection was the consequence. The custom-house officers were pelted and beat by the populace. The collector's boat was carried off and burned before Hancock's residence. The houses of the commissioners were attacked and they themselves compelled to seek refuge, first of all on board the *Romney*, and afterward in the fortress of Castle William, situated on an island at the mouth of the harbour. To Admiral Hood, the naval commander-in-chief on the coast of America, we find the commissioners writing from

Castle William, on the 15th of June: "The ferment amongst the people has greatly increased since the 10th instant, and we are persuaded that their leaders will urge them to the most violent measures, even to open revolt; for one of their demagogues, in a town meeting yesterday, said if they were called on to defend their liberties and privileges, he hoped and believed they would one and all resist, even unto blood. What steps the governor and his Council may take, we cannot tell, but having applied to them, we have not received any assurances of protection; and we are persuaded the governor will not apply for troops without the advice of his Council, which measure we do not imagine they will recommend." The commissioners proved to be correct in their conjectures. "Governor Bernard," writes Admiral Hood, "has pressed his Council to advise him to demand troops. All but three opposed the measure, so that his Excellency is now left to act upon his own judgment. Colonel Dalrymple holds two regiments in constant readiness to embark."

The affair of the *Liberty* proved to be a most untoward event. Forthwith Governor Bernard wrote to Lord Hillsborough, that the revenue laws in Massachusetts needed the support of a considerable military force, and Hillsborough, only too ready to listen to the suggestion, recommended its adoption to his colleagues. Al-

ready, in fact, orders had been despatched from Whitehall, for four ships-of-war and two regiments to proceed from Halifax to Boston. A greater mistake it was scarcely possible to have made. However reprehensible might have been the conduct of the people of Boston, ministers, while there was yet time, should have done their best, by the adoption of a conciliatory policy, to repair the blunders and mischiefs of which they and their predecessors were the authors. Instead, however, of listening to reason and justice, they adopted the very measure which was most calculated, not only to drive the people of Massachusetts to the verge of desperation, but to exasperate the entire population of America. Great, indeed, was the rage and grief of the inhabitants of Boston, on learning that not only was Castle William to be immediately put into a state of repair, but that a large military force, escorted by a squadron of vessels-of-war, was on its way to occupy their noble city, and to dragoon them out of the liberties for which their ancestors had paid so dear. In vain had Franklin forewarned the British government that, in the event of their despatching troops to America, "they would not find, but would easily create a rebellion."

It was to no purpose that the citizens implored the governor to convene an Assembly. The late Assembly, he answered, "had been dissolved by

the king's commands, and, without instructions from home, it was not in his power to convene a new one." When this reply was announced to the principal inhabitants of the province, who were awaiting the governor's decision in solemn conclave, it was received by them with a burst of irrepressible indignation. "Alas!" writes Thomas Hollis, the philanthropist, on the 24th of July, "that matters should seem tending to extremities between Britain and her North American colonies, and that the people of Boston, the most sensible, worthy of them all, and best affectioned to revolution principles, and the settlement in the house of Hanover, should now prove most uneasy and disgusted!" And again, on the 27th of the same month, Hollis writes to a friend: "The people of Boston and of Massachusetts Bay are, I suppose, take them as a body, the soberest, most knowing, virtuous people, at this time upon earth. All of them hold revolution principles, and were to a man, till disgusted by the Stamp Act, the stanchest friends to the house of Hanover."

From this time, the people of Boston set themselves heartily to work to devise and carry out the most energetic measures for the preservation of their liberties. The different towns of Massachusetts were urgently and eloquently invited to send representatives to a general convention. Language of the most exciting and inflammatory character was everywhere vented against tyranny

and oppression. By their laws, they said, no money could be levied, nor a standing army kept in the province, except by their own consent. On the plea of the probability of a war between England and France, it was voted that every inhabitant of Massachusetts should provide himself with arms and ammunition. "There are the arms," exclaimed Otis, pointing to the chests in which the arms belonging to the town were kept. "When an attempt is made against your liberties, they will be delivered." Lastly, in imitation of the example of their Puritan forefathers, it was voted that a day should be set apart, to be devoted to humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

The scene of this, and of many other memorable passages associated with the birth of the great Republic, was the celebrated Faneuil Hall, the Town Hall of Boston, now affectionately designated by the modern American the "Cradle of Liberty."

Outside the walls of Faneuil Hall, Samuel Adams[1] and James Otis[2] — who, more than any

[1] This illustrious patriot — distinguished alike for his eloquence, his literary abilities, his integrity, his disinterestedness, his fearlessness, his domestic virtues, and charming social qualities — was born at Boston, September 27, 1722, and died October 2, 1803, in the eighty-second year of his age. Governor Hutchinson, in a letter to Lord Dartmouth, dated October 9, 1773, mentions Samuel Adams as "the first person who openly, and in any public assembly," declared himself in favour of "total" independence.

[2] James Otis was also a native of Massachusetts, in which province he was born at Barnstable, February 25, 1725.

other two men, may be said to have been the founders of the American Republic — seized every opportunity of exciting a spirit of resistance in the minds of their fellow countrymen. "We will submit to no tax," said Adams; "neither will we become slaves. Before the king and Parliament shall impose upon us, or settle Crown officers independent of the colonial legislature, we will take up arms and shed the last drop of our blood. Was it reverence for kings which brought the ancestors of New England to America? They fled from kings and bishops, and looked up to the King of Kings."

This learned and courageous statesman, and fiery orator, may be regarded as the first and foremost of the champions of American freedom. So early as the year 1761 he had distinguished himself in defending the rights of his native colony; especially by his eloquent opposition to the "Writs of Assistance" in the State House of Boston, a service which, in the opinion of John Adams, laid the foundation of American independence. "Otis," he writes, "was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. The seeds of patriots and heroes, to defend the *non sine Diis animosus infans*, to defend the vigorous youth, were then and there sown. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born." Otis was struck dead by lightning, while leaning on his walking-cane at the door of a friend at Andover, Massachusetts, May 23, 1783.

Of the ninety-six towns and eight districts which had been invited to send representatives to the proposed convention at Boston, Hatfield alone declined to comply with the requisition. The remainder met, on the appointed day, in Faneuil Hall, where they united in drawing up a petition, in which, in very temperate language, they recapitulated their grievances, disclaimed all legislative authority, declared their aversion to popular tumults, and their warm devotion to the king, at the same time earnestly entreating the governor to revoke his former decision, and convene the Assembly of the province. The governor, however, not only declined to receive the members who brought up the petition, but refused even to attach his signature to the document which contained his refusal. On the following day, a further attempt was made to induce him to listen to their grievances, but with the same ill success, and accordingly, contenting themselves with drawing up a respectful petition to the king, and with passing a resolution expressive of their earnest desire to preserve peace and order, the convention declared itself dissolved, and its members, with wounded and sorrowful hearts, dispersed to their several homes.

It was on the same day which terminated the sittings of the convention that the inhabitants of Boston beheld with consternation the disheartening sight of a British squadron sailing into their

noble harbour, and taking up its position with its cannon pointed menacingly toward the town. The naval force consisted of eight ships-of-war. The military force which it escorted was composed of two regiments, of a detachment of a third, and of a train of artillery. The memorable landing of the troops took place on the 1st of October. As they marched through the crowded streets with their bayonets fixed, their drums beating, their fifes playing, and their colours flying, the inhabitants of Boston regarded the novel spectacle in no other light than as an insolent display of power, and as an arbitrary invasion of their liberties and rights. With the soldiers individually, however, they had no cause of quarrel, and consequently they received them with a kindness and a hospitality which were rendered interesting by subsequent unhappy events. According to an accomplished Englishman, General Wentworth,[1] who arrived soon afterward on the spot, "The troops landed under very strict discipline, and the officers conducted themselves with discreet firmness and moderation. Whence it happened that no mischief ensued. On the contrary, at night, the soldiers being under arms, waiting a determination for barracks, had victuals and drink brought plentifully and given them by the inhabitants, very differently

[1] John Wentworth, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of New Hampshire. His son, Sir John Wentworth, was created a baronet, May 16, 1795.

Benning Wentworth.

Photo-etching after the painting by Blackburne.

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from any hatred to them. The next day the soldiers were in every street, saying aloud: 'God preserve the commissioners of customs, who have brought us into such a blessed country!'"[1]

It was insisted upon by the Americans, and apparently on good grounds, that the quartering of a military force at Boston was not only an arbitrary and irritating measure, but that it was neither rendered necessary by the state of affairs in the surrounding province, nor had the recent riots been of so serious a character as to justify the proceeding. "The king," said Samuel Adams, "has no right to send troops here to invade the country. They come as foreign enemies." What blame, in fact, there was, lay chiefly in the government and its servants. When Governor Wentworth quitted Boston, it was with the full conviction that "more obstructions had arisen in the country from the servants of government," than from any other

[1] "It was with no small indignation," according to an American writer of that day, "that the people beheld the Representatives' Chamber, Court House, and Faneuil Hall — seats of freedom and justice — occupied by troops, and guards placed at the doors, and the Council passing through the guards in going to their own Chamber. They resented also the Common being covered with tents and alive with soldiers; their marchings and countermarchings to relieve the guards; the town's being a perfect garrison, and the inhabitants being challenged by the sentinels as they passed and repassed. Persons, devoutly inclined, complained much of being disturbed at public worship on the Sabbaths with drums beating and fifes playing, to which they had never been accustomed in the Massachusetts."

cause. "The officers," he writes, "appeared not a little surprised to find the town quiet and orderly to a remarkable degree. I am at a loss to inform your lordship of any real use or necessity for this armament. It cannot be advantageous to the revenue, which will not suffice to pay half the expense. If it is intended to secure the dependence of the colonies, I fear it will exceedingly operate the other way."

Great indeed had been the infatuation of the ministers of George the Third, when they arrived at the conclusion that the people of Massachusetts were to be awed into submission by the sight of a British squadron sailing into their waters, or of three or four British regiments landing upon their shores. Far more sagacious were the views which the two French ministers, De Choiseul and Du Châtelet, continued to entertain. The cause of Massachusetts, they perceived, must sooner or later become the common cause of America. Let the two countries, they said, severally appeal to the God of Battles, and what chance had Great Britain of subduing a vast continent inhabited by a brave, enthusiastic, and united people? Great Britain, they argued, had only ten thousand soldiers in America, whereas the American militia numbered four hundred thousand men. Moreover, the American people, as Du Châtelet pointed out, were actuated by the same love of freedom and spirit of republicanism which had animated their

forefathers. They had also become conscious of their own resources and strength. "Of what avail," asked Du Châtelet of De Choiseul, "will an army be in so vast a country? The Americans have made these reflections, and they will not give way."

In the meantime, public feeling in England was unhappily running high against the people of Massachusetts, not only in ministerial and Tory circles, but throughout the country. Accordingly, so soon as Parliament assembled, not only were votes of censure passed on the conduct of the American people, but addresses were presented to the king, assuring him of the determination of his faithful Lords and Commons to support him in carrying out such measures as would in future maintain the authority of the civil magistrates in the colonies, and preclude a repetition of popular outrages. Of the measures subsequently submitted to Parliament, the first — as odious a one as can well be imagined — was proposed and carried by the Duke of Bedford. On the ground that the Boston juries were likely to be biassed by national prejudices when trying political offences, an obsolete statute of the reign of Henry the Eighth was raked up, which allowed offenders to be brought over from beyond the seas, and tried by special commission in England. That such a proposition should have created a storm of indignation, not only in the Province of Massa-

chusetts but throughout America, only the most short-sighted persons could have failed to foresee. Even in England it excited resentment and horror. Among those who, on this side of the Atlantic, raised their voices the loudest and most eloquently against the atrocious enactment was Constantine Phipps, member of Parliament for Newark.[1] The statute, he said, though passed in the reign of a tyrant, was, as regarded the specific purpose for which it was enacted, an unexceptionable one. It had been passed in order to extend the inestimable advantages of a trial by jury to the transmarine subjects of Henry the Eighth residing at Boulogne and at other parts; whereas, if applied to America it would most tyrannically deprive the people of that country of those very advantages which it had been expressly framed to confer. For instance, supposing one of the Boston rioters was to be brought over to England for trial, what possible advantage would accrue to him by being able to challenge jurors of whose characters and connections he was most profoundly ignorant? What knowledge could he possibly possess to guide him in the selection of counsel; and again, by what process, or by means of what funds,

[1] A captain in the royal navy; afterward second Baron Mulgrave. He held, at different times, the appointments of joint paymaster of the forces, a lord of trade, and a commissioner of the East India Board. Lord Mulgrave died on the 10th of October, 1792.

was he to enforce the appearance of witnesses from the other side of the Atlantic? But, added the speaker, supposing that, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he should be acquitted, what reparation could be made to an ingenuous mind, for having been arraigned on so foul an imputation as disloyalty? "What reparation," he asked, "can be made to men dragged from the endearments of domestic life; brought from the land of liberty flowing with milk and honey, to drink at the bitter fountain of oppression? Will they return less possessed of the confidence of their fellow subjects, and less inclined to abuse it? Will they return less convinced of the inconveniences of a dependent state, or less solicitous to shake off the yoke, from this new outrage?"

Burke addressed the House of Commons in the same strain. "If your remedy," he said, "is such as is not likely to appease the Americans, but to exasperate them, you fire a cannon upon your enemy which will recoil upon yourselves. And why? Because you cannot trust a jury of that country? Sir, that word must convey horror to every feeling mind. If you have not a party among two millions of people, you must either change your plan of government, or renounce your colonies for ever." Still more eloquent was the language of Colonel Barré. During the passing of Grenville's famous Stamp Act, as he reminded the House, he had predicted the troubles

which had since ensued. He now solemnly warned the same assembly that they were preparing the way for far more serious and alarming commotions. The people of America, he said, looked to them to find a remedy for their wrongs, and if that remedy was withheld, desperation might follow. The day might arrive when the vast continent would arise in arms, and America be lost to them for ever. "Consider well," he exclaimed, addressing himself to the ministerial bench, "what you are doing! Why will you deceive yourselves and us? You know that it is not this place, nor that place, that disputes your right but every part. They tell you with one voice, from one part of the continent to the other, that you have no right to tax America."

At this period, one of the most enlightened, experienced, and best-informed statesmen, on all subjects connected with America, was Thomas Pownall, member of Parliament for Tregony, more familiarly known in his day as Governor Pownall.[1] Session after session, the warning voice of this sagacious person was raised in deprecation of the present fatal policy of the government, but to little purpose. The course, he told them, which

[1] This meritorious public servant had successively held the appointments of Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey, Governor of Massachusetts, and Governor of South Carolina. He was the author of several works, chiefly of an antiquarian character. His death took place at Bath, February 25, 1805, either in his eighty-fourth or eighty-fifth year.

they were pursuing would inevitably convert loyal subjects into political fanatics, and wealthy merchants and sturdy husbandmen into desperate rebels. The people of America, he said, were inspired by the same spirit of freedom which had animated their Puritan forefathers, that same indomitable spirit which had induced the founders of American liberty to banish themselves from all that was near and dear to them in their native land, and, in exchange for its comforts, its venerable associations, its civilisation, its security, and its endearments, to encounter the hardships and the perils of the wilderness, and the neighbourhood of the treacherous and merciless savage. Not only, proceeded the prophetic though disregarded orator, are the descendants of those men actuated by the same yearning after freedom and the same loathing of oppression, but the sacrifices which they may be required to make, and the difficulties with which they might have to contend, would be far less severe than those over which their ancestors had achieved their memorable triumph. They had not, he said, a country to leave, but a country to defend. They had not to forsake their friends and relations, but to unite with and to stand by them in one common union. "The only sacrifice," he continued, "they have to make is that of a few follies and a few luxuries. Necessity is not the ground of their commerce with you. It is merely the affectation of your modes and customs; the

love for home, as they call England, that makes them like everything that comes from thence. But passion may be conquered by passion. They will abominate, as sincerely as they now love you; and if they do, they have within themselves everything requisite to the food, raiment, or the dwelling of mankind, and have no need of your commerce." But the orator might just as profitably have preached to the winds. As for himself, was the injudicious exclamation of Lord North, he would never yield "till he had seen America at his feet."

Although the session closed without any attempt having been made to conciliate the people of America, there was, nevertheless, one at least of the ministers, the Duke of Grafton, who had begun to perceive how suicidal was the policy which he and his colleagues had been pursuing toward the colonists. Accordingly, at a Cabinet Council, which was held on the 1st of May, he proposed to them that, on the reassembling of Parliament, they should bring in a bill for the entire repeal of the obnoxious import duties. Unfortunately, however, the concession was considered to be too humiliating a one, and consequently, on Lord North proposing that the duty on tea should still be retained, chiefly as an assertion of right on the part of the mother country, the Duke of Grafton found himself in a minority by a casting vote of one. "But for that unhappy

event," he writes, "I think the separation from America might have been avoided." "We can grant nothing to the Americans," were the words of the wrong-headed Hillsborough, "except what they may ask with a halter around their necks."

CHAPTER VIII.

Recall of Governor Bernard — Conflict in Boston, with Loss of Life — Repeal of Colonial Import Duties, except on Tea — Publication of Secret Correspondence of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts with Friends of Ministers in England — Proceedings against Franklin Thereon — Scene before the Privy Council — Tax on Tea Entering the Ports of the American Provinces — The First Cargoes Thrown into Boston Harbour — Boston Port Bill and Massachusetts Government Bill Passed through Parliament.

THE intention of government, to propose in the next session of Parliament a repeal of the duties on glass, paper, and colours, was communicated by Lord Hillsborough, in a rude and ill-judged circular letter, to the governors of the different American colonies. For several reasons the proposed concessions afforded little satisfaction on the other side of the Atlantic. "We should be glad," are the words of the people of Massachusetts, in their "Appeal to the World," "that the ancient and happy union between Great Britain and this country might be restored. The taking off the duties on paper, glass, and painters' colours, upon commercial principles only, will not give satisfaction. Discontent runs through the continent upon much

higher principles. Our rights are invaded by the Revenue Acts; therefore, until they are all repealed, and the troops recalled, the cause of our just complaints cannot be removed." Much greater was the satisfaction afforded to the colonists by the recall of Governor Bernard. The day on which he quitted Boston for Europe was kept as a day of ovation. The bells of the city were rung; cannon were fired; flags waved from the tree of Liberty, and at night a bonfire blazed on Fort Hill. "He was to have sent home to England whom he pleased," said the people of Boston; "but he himself is the rogue to go first." Some person having put the question to Bernard, whether he had not been afraid to walk abroad among a people by whom he was so much detested, "No," was his reply, "they are not a bloodthirsty people."[1] Thomas Hutchinson, a native of New England, was appointed Governor of Massachusetts in Bernard's room.

It was on the 5th of March that Lord North, now first minister of the Crown, moved in the

[1] According to a contemporary letter, dated London, June 5, 1770: "The people of England now curse Governor Bernard as bitterly as those of America. Bernard was drove out of the Smyrna Coffee House, not many days since, by General Oglethorpe, who told him that he was a dirty, factious scoundrel, and smelled cursed strong of the hangman; that he had better leave the room, as unworthy to mix with gentlemen of character, but that he would give him the satisfaction of following him to the door had he anything to reply. The governor left the house like a guilty coward."

House of Commons for a repeal of the duties on all articles imported into America, with the single exception of tea. The bad policy of retaining this special impost was recognised in England as well as in America. According to Franklin, it not only had the effect of depriving of their accustomed luxury a million of people in America, who had been in the habit of drinking tea twice a day, but the revenue derived from it amounted to less than three hundred pounds. "And all this," as Alderman Beckford pertinently observed, "with a great army to collect it!" Under these circumstances, Governor Pownall, in a speech full of wise warnings and admonitions, moved as an amendment to the premier's motion, that the repeal should extend to all duties, but unhappily, though very ably supported by Sir William Meredith and Colonel Barré, government succeeded in defeating him by 204 votes against 142.

In the meantime, a bitter feeling of hostility had grown up between the inhabitants of Boston and the British soldiers quartered in their town. The military, it is said, were in the habit of treating the townspeople with contempt, which the latter resented by insulting the military. Thus was Boston ripe for a riot when, on the 5th of March, the same day on which Lord North was moving his repeal measure in the British Parliament, a sanguinary collision unhappily took place between the redcoats and the citizens. In con-

sequence, it seems, of some of the soldiers having, a few days previously, been worsted in a street broil, either they, or their comrades, had sworn to seize the first opportunity of avenging themselves on the townspeople. Accordingly, on the night of the 5th, parties of soldiers are said to have suddenly made their appearance; threatening, insulting, and even, if the American accounts be correct, striking with their cudgels, persons whom they met in the streets. No time was lost by the lower class of citizens in opposing force to force, and accordingly a fierce conflict seemed on the point of commencing, when, in consequence of a rumour having reached the commanding officer, Captain Preston, that the treasury chest was threatened with attack, he made his appearance on the ground with the guard of the night, consisting of a non-commissioned officer and twelve private soldiers. In regard to the unfortunate incidents which rapidly followed, each party, as is usual on such occasions, endeavoured to throw the blame upon the other. According to the American accounts, the soldiers pushed their way insolently and violently through the crowd, sneering at and cursing the people as they passed along; while, on the other hand, the British versions of the affair not only represent the behaviour of the military as having been singularly forbearing, but insist that Captain Preston did his utmost to conciliate the Americans, by repeatedly assuring them

that he came there with no hostile intentions. Whichever party, however, may have been the most to blame, it seems to be certain that, so soon as the soldiers were drawn up in line, all the blame of provocation lay with the civilians, who not only increased the irritation of the adverse party by calling them "bloody backs" [1] and "lobster scoundrels," but even went so far as to endeavour to strike their muskets from their hands. Still the men kept their tempers, till one of them, having been struck with a stick, lifted his piece and fired. Almost at the same moment, the word "fire" was given, but from whose lips it proceeded has never, we believe, been proved. The effect, however, was instantaneous. A murderous volley sent the rabble flying in all directions; leaving, weltering in their blood on the snow, and in the brilliant moonlight, no fewer than three of their companions dead, and eight wounded, of whom two afterward died of the injuries which they had received.

Considering how exasperated the people of Massachusetts already were against the British government, it was perhaps no more than was to be expected that they should seek to convert the late catastrophe into political account, by employing it to enlist on their behalf the sympathies

[1] This expression, having reference to the custom of flogging in the British army, was probably a very galling one to the soldiers.

of their fellow countrymen. Accordingly, not only was it represented as an act of cold-blooded butchery, but, for many years to come, the anniversary of the "Boston Massacre" was kept in the Province of Massachusetts as a day for national lamentation and sorrow. Nevertheless, Captain Preston received a fair trial, thus giving the lie to the assertions of the British ministers, that it was not in the nature of a Boston jury to judge with impartiality. The jury which tried him returned a verdict of not guilty. Only two of the soldiers were convicted of manslaughter, having been proved to have discharged their muskets before the word "fire" had been given.

According to the most recent historian of America, "at the cry of innocent blood shed by the soldiery the continent heaved like a troubled ocean." Undoubtedly the news of the catastrophe which had taken place in Massachusetts excited a vast amount of indignation in the other provinces, yet it was not so excessive as to render them altogether ungrateful for the repeal of the import duties. Over the American mind in general, that act of grace, insufficient though it was, certainly produced a tranquillising effect. So irksome, indeed, had become the isolating policy by which the colonists had bound themselves to abstain from the consumption of articles of British manufacture, that the majority were only too

glad to be afforded an honourable opportunity of recalling their pledges. Accordingly, contenting themselves with self-denial only in the instance of one single article, tea, they seceded, with the exception of Massachusetts, from the non-importation confederacy, and resumed their former commercial relations with the mother-country.

Massachusetts, indeed, remained sullen and implacable. Loudly and bitterly the people of Boston continued to proclaim their grievances to the world. Great Britain, they said, had asserted her absolute power over their liberties and fortunes. She had even claimed a right to saddle them with a bishop and Episcopal courts.[1] She had not only attempted to extort a revenue from them without their consent, but she had also appointed persons to collect that revenue, of whose functions and authority there was no recognition in their charter, and whose powers therefore were unconstitutional. A most tyrannical law, they said, had been passed, which rendered them liable at any moment to be

[1] For some time past, as it would seem, the Bench of Bishops in England had been perseveringly endeavouring to prevail upon the British government to establish an Episcopal hierarchy in America. According to one of her historians: "These applications, of which intelligence was procured by the provincial agents, excited the general disgust of the Americans, who beheld in the project only a measure instrumental to the aggrandisement of British prerogative, and the multiplication of royal functionaries whose emoluments were to be derived from the American civil list."

seized and sent to Great Britain for trial. Neither, in their own country, were they any longer secure of that inestimable privilege, a fair and impartial trial. Out of the hateful tribute, which it was attempted to wring from them, the British ministry had expressed their intention of paying the salaries of the judges, instead of, as heretofore, permitting them to be defrayed by the free vote and annual grant of their own Assembly. Great Britain, said the colonists, having failed in her attempt to dragoon them out of their liberties, was now intent upon corrupting the source of justice. Even the judges, whose decisions affected their lives and liberties, would henceforth be dependent on the Crown.

Such were among the topics which were still occasionally agitating the minds of the people of America, when the famous affront, offered in the Council-chamber of the King of England, to their illustrious fellow countryman, Benjamin Franklin, unhappily added fresh fuel to the flame. The circumstances of that indignity are well known. It had been confidentially communicated to Franklin, by one whom he styles "a gentleman of character and distinction," that not only had a clandestine and traitorous correspondence been carried on for some years by certain influential inhabitants of Massachusetts with the friends of ministers in England, but that many of those harsh and arbitrary measures, of which the people of Boston so

bitterly complained, had, in fact, been suggested by native Americans. Franklin, startled and incredulous, desired to see the documents which were said to corroborate so great a villainy; a request which was readily complied with. They consisted of private letters addressed by Thomas Hutchinson, the governor, and by his brother-in-law, Andrew Oliver, the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, to Thomas Whately, formerly private secretary to George Grenville, and afterward under-secretary of state to the Earl of Suffolk. These letters, it is true, had not been written till after Whately had quitted office; but as they were indisputably intended to be shown to Grenville and to other persons of political influence in England, the fact would seem to be an unimportant one. Franklin read the papers with an avidity, and with an indignation, which may be readily imagined. In those documents, among other "severe and destructive measures," was advocated — not by the oppressors of America, but by two of her own sons — the arbitrary procedure of quartering British troops in Boston, and enforcing the hateful revenue laws at the point of the bayonet. At Franklin's earnest solicitation, and on his solemn promise of secrecy, permission was given him to forward these obnoxious documents to the committee of correspondence at Boston; it being distinctly guaranteed by him that the source from whence he had received the

letters should never be divulged; that they should be shown only to a few influential persons in the colonies; that copies should on no account be taken of them, and lastly that they should be returned in due time to their mysterious owner. Yet, notwithstanding these promises and precautions, no long time was suffered to elapse before the letters were formally laid before the Assembly of Massachusetts, and, as a certain consequence, appeared in print. The indignation which their publication excited in America was equalled only by the confusion of the two individuals who had written them. "Cool, thinking, deliberate villains!" said Samuel Adams of Hutchinson and Oliver. "Malicious and vindictive as well as ambitious and avaricious!" "Bone of our bone!" said the Assembly of Massachusetts, "Flesh of our flesh! born and educated among us, what punishment would be too severe for them?" "We are commanded to forgive our enemies," became a current saying in America, "but we are nowhere enjoined to pardon our friends." On this side of the Atlantic, men judged differently of Hutchinson's conduct. On the same day — the 4th of July, 1776 — on which the American Congress announced to the world the independence of their country, and the dismemberment of the British empire, the University of Oxford honoured him with the dignity of Master of Arts. To borrow Franklin's words, they were at least masters

of the "art of reducing a great empire to a small one." [1]

In England, the publication of Hutchinson's and Oliver's letters created almost as great a sensation as in America. That they had been obtained possession of by clandestine, if not dishonourable means, was sufficiently manifest. Who, then, it was eagerly asked, was the individual who had been base enough to publish letters at once so confidential, and so seriously perilling the interests of others? Eventually suspicion fell on a Mr. John Temple, an active partisan in the cause of American freedom, and a friend of the Whately family. Thomas Whately, to whom the letters were addressed, was no more. His papers had come into the possession of his brother and executor, William Whately, who had more than once trusted Temple with files of his brother's correspondence. Undoubtedly these were suspicious circumstances; yet Temple not only strenuously and haughtily repudiated the charge, but in consequence of certain strictures of William Whately, which appeared in the newspapers, challenged him to single combat. A duel was the result, in which Whately was wounded; the approach of strangers happily averting the possible occurrence of a more disastrous issue.[2]

[1] The same honour, on the same occasion, was conferred upon Peter Oliver, late chief justice of Massachusetts, brother to Andrew Oliver.

[2] "He [Doctor Williamson] had learned that Governor Hutch-

Hitherto, notwithstanding the intimacy which was known to exist between Franklin and Temple, no suspicion had rested upon the former. No sooner, however, was it intimated to Franklin that a second duel was likely to take place between William Whately and Temple, than, foreseeing the probability of having the blood of one or perhaps of both of them upon his head, he at once took upon himself the whole odium and responsibility of the transaction. "I alone," he said, "am the person who obtained and transmitted to Boston the letters in question." At once a furious storm of public indignation was hurled at the illustrious

inson's letters were deposited in an office different from that in which they ought regularly to have been placed; and having understood that there was little exactness in the transaction of the business of that office (it is believed it was the office of a particular department of the treasury), he immediately repaired to it, addressed himself to the chief clerk, not finding the principal within. Assuming the demeanour of official importance, he peremptorily stated that he had come for the last letters that had been received from Governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, noticing the office in which they ought regularly to have been placed. Without a question being asked, the letters were delivered. The clerk, doubtless, supposed him to be an authorised person from some other public office. Doctor Williamson immediately carried them to Doctor Franklin, and the next day left London for Holland." In refutation, however, of these circumstantial particulars, see "Sparks's Edition of Franklin's Works," where it is satisfactorily shown that Doctor Williamson was in the West Indies at the time when the letters came into Franklin's possession, and, further, that he did not arrive in England till near the end of January, 1774, fourteen months after Franklin had despatched the documents to Massachusetts.

American. It became the *ton*, to use his own words, to abuse him in "every company and in every newspaper." According to his enemies, not only was he guilty of the offence of publishing private letters, — an act, it was said, which no honourable man would commit, and which no sophistries could justify, — but, inasmuch as the letters had indisputably been stolen from their rightful owner, he had not only committed a mean action, but was also an accomplice in theft. Certainly, if tried in a court of honour, Franklin might have found it difficult to obtain a verdict of acquittal. Yet his conduct has been frequently and warmly defended. It has been argued, and not without reason, that, when he acted as he did, it was not as a private individual, but in his public capacity as an agent for the American colonies; that, while so employed, it was his bounden duty to let pass no opportunity of furnishing his clients with the exactest information which he could obtain; that here was a case in which it was of the most vital importance to them to be put upon their guard against their secret enemies and maligners; and lastly, that by disclosing to them the names of the real authors of their wrongs, there was the hope of diverting the resentment of the people of America from the government of Great Britain, and thus preparing the way for a happy reconciliation between the two countries. Such, at least, were the arguments used by Franklin in defending his con-

duct and satisfying his doubts; "and I think," he writes to a friend, "they must have the same effect with you."

In the meantime, the people of Massachusetts, justly incensed against their governor and lieutenant-governor, not only voted them guilty of attempting to establish arbitrary power within their province, and to subvert their ancient constitution, but forwarded to the king, through the secretary of state, a memorial praying him to dismiss them from their present employment, on account of their being personally obnoxious to themselves, as well as obstacles to the reëstablishment of a kindlier understanding between them and their sovereign. The memorial was referred by the king to the consideration of his Privy Council, and accordingly, on the 29th of January, — the anniversary of the day on which the Puritans of old signed the death-warrant of Charles the First, — the hearing took place in the cockpit at Whitehall, almost opposite to the beautiful banqueting-hall, from the broken wall of which Charles had stepped upon the scaffold. The anxiety on the part of the public to be present was intense. "The Council," writes Burke, who was there, "was the fullest of any in our memory; thirty-five attended." While Burke, on his way to Whitehall, was passing up Parliament Street, he accidentally encountered the celebrated Doctor Priestley, whom he good-naturedly engaged to carry with him into the Council-chamber. Doc-

tor Priestley has himself described the difficulties which they met with. "'We shall never get through the crowd,' I said to him. Mr. Burke said, 'Give me your arm;' and locking it fast in his, he soon made his way to the door of the Privy Council. I then said, 'Mr. Burke, you are an excellent leader.' He replied, 'I wish other persons thought so too.'"

The interior of the Council-chamber presented a remarkable scene. The tribunal, if not a packed, was at least a prejudiced one. In the midst of a crowded and excited audience sat around the Council-table the lord president of the Council, the prime minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the present and the late secretary of state for the colonies, the first lord of the admiralty, the president of the Board of Trade, the chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, the treasurer of the navy, the paymaster general of the forces, one of the joint postmasters general, and other individuals holding office, including two lords of the bedchamber, and a junior lord of the treasury. So large an attendance of persons, notoriously opposed to the claims of the people of Massachusetts, augured, of course, no very favourable reception for their memorial. Calm and erect, in a conspicuous part of the room near the fireplace, stood Franklin, the "observed of all observers." Not far from him stood his chief accuser, the solicitor-general, Alexander Wedderburn, whose brilliant eloquence, and withering abuse of Frank-

lin on this occasion, were never forgotten by those who were present. Assuredly, Wedderburn, as counsel for Governors Hutchinson and Oliver, had a right to put as unfavourable a construction as he could on Franklin's conduct in regard to the stolen letters; but, on the other hand, the gross insults which he put upon him, and, in his person, upon the four important colonies of which Franklin was the representative, were such as it seems impossible to excuse. Moreover, Wedderburn's address to the Privy Council had all the appearance of being prompted by the bitterest personal aversion. It was the object of the "hoary-headed traitor," he exclaimed, to embroil Great Britain with America. Either Franklin, he argued, had obtained the letters by "fraudulent or corrupt means" or he had "stolen them from the person who stole them." "I hope, my lords," he said, "that you will mark and brand the man for the honour of this country, of Europe, and of mankind. Private correspondence has hitherto been held sacred in times of the greatest party-rage, not only in politics but religion." This man, however, he continued, "has forfeited all the respect of societies and men." In such language as this did the insolent lawyer speak of the profound philosopher, of the noble-hearted patriot, of the delightful social companion, of the tolerant politician, of the most illustrious, next to Washington, of the founders of the great American Republic, of the "new Prometheus,"

who, in the words of a beautiful modern Latin verse, —

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."[1]

"From Heaven snatched lightning, and from kings their sceptres."

But, still more reprehensible than the language of Wedderburn, still more calculated to complete the exasperation of the people of America, was the conduct of the members of the Privy Council themselves. Forgetting the solemnity of the occasion which had brought them together, they not only hounded on the king's solicitor-general to fresh vituperations, by greeting him with cries of, "Hear him! Hear him!" and other indecent expressions of applause, but several of them, including the president, Earl Gower, were observed to laugh outright. The countenance of the prime minister alone is said to have worn an expression of becoming gravity. Thus encouraged, Wedderburn launched forth into still more disgraceful scurrili-

[1] The famous inscription on a medal subsequently struck in France in honour of Franklin, when ambassador from the United States to the Court of Versailles.

"While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to Heaven,
Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven;
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth."
— *Lord Byron, The Age of Bronze.*

These passages of course allude to Franklin's discoveries and experiments in electricity.

ties. Into what companies, he asked, will Doctor Franklin in future enter with an unembarrassed face? Men will watch him with a jealous eye. They will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escritoires. He even went to the cruel length of charging Franklin with having foreknowingly permitted the duel to take place between Temple and Whately. "Here is a man," he exclaimed, "who, with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all. I can compare him only to Zanga, in Doctor Young's 'Revenge':

> "'Know then 'twas I —
> I forged the letter, I disposed the picture,
> I hated, I despised, and I destroy.'

I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper, attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody African, is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of this wily American?"

"While peers enraptured hail the unmanly wrong
See Ribaldry, vile prostitute of shame,
Stretch the bribed hand and prompt the venal tongue,
To blast the laurels of a Franklin's fame.
But will the sage — whose philosophic soul
Controlled the lightning in its fierce career,
Heard unappalled the aerial thunders roll,
And taught the bolts of vengeance where to steer —
Will he — while, echoing to his just renown,
The voice of kingdoms joins the loud applause —

Heed the weak malice of a courtier's frown,
Or dread the coward insolence of laws?"[1]

For a season the high-prerogative party enjoyed their triumph. But the day of retribution was not far off. "I remember," said Charles Fox, many years afterward, in the House of Commons, "the prodigious effect produced by that splendid invective. So great was it, that when the Privy Council went away they were almost ready to throw up their hats for joy, as if by the vehement and eloquent philippic they had obtained a triumph. Yet we paid a pretty dear price for it." Franklin listened to that "splendid invective" to all appearance unabashed and unconcerned. "I should think myself," he said, to a friend who was standing near him, "meaner than I have been described, if anything coming from such a quarter could vex me." "He stood," writes another bystander and friend, Doctor Bancroft, "close to the fireplace, on that side which was at the right hand of those who were looking toward the fire; in the front of which, though at some distance, the members of the Privy Council were seated at a table. I obtained a place on the opposite side of the fireplace, a little further from the fire; but Doctor Franklin's face was directed toward me, and I had a full and uninterrupted view of it and

[1] Extract from a poem, entitled "An Elegy on the Times," printed in the *Massachusetts Spy* newspaper, for September 22, 1774.

his person, during the whole time in which Mr. Wedderburn spoke. The doctor was dressed in a full-dress suit of spotted Manchester velvet, and stood conspicuously erect, without the smallest movement of any part of his body. The muscles of his face had been previously composed, so as to afford a placid, tranquil expression of countenance, and he did not suffer the slightest alteration of it to appear during the continuance of the speech in which he was so harshly and improperly treated."

> "Sarcastic Sawney, swoll'n with pride and prate,
> On silent Franklin poured his venal hate;
> The mute philosopher without reply
> Withdrew — and gave his country liberty."

Yet, notwithstanding Franklin's outward placidity of demeanour, there is evidence that he both deeply felt, and highly resented, the gross indignity to which he had been exposed. "It required," writes his friend Burke, "all his philosophy, natural and acquired, to support him against it." As Franklin, on the breaking up of the Council, passed into an adjoining apartment, in which Wedderburn was standing, the cynosure of a circle of admiring and congratulating friends, the significant manner in which the philosopher held out his hand to, and pressed that of, Doctor Priestley, seems to have spoken more eloquently than words could have done the true state of his feelings. Happily, in his own conscience he was able to find full justifi-

cation for his conduct. When, on the following morning, Doctor Priestley breakfasted with him in Craven Street, the conversation naturally turned upon the memorable scene of the preceding day. "I never before," said Franklin, to his brother philosopher, "was so sensible of the power of a good conscience. If I had not considered the thing for which I was so insulted as one of the best actions of my life, and what I should certainly do again in the same circumstances, I could not have supported it." Within twenty-four hours after he had quitted the Council-chamber, two other affronts, as provoking as they were injudicious, were put upon him, and upon the American people. In the first place, the memorial from Massachusetts was represented to the king by his Council as "groundless, vexatious, scandalous, and calculated only for the seditious purpose of keeping up a spirit of clamour and discontent;" [1] and

[1] MS. entry in the Privy Council book, 29 January. The same entry furnishes the names of the "thirty-five" members who were present at this council, viz., the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Queensberry, Earl Gower, the Earls of Suffolk, Denbigh, Sandwich, Rochford, Marchmont, Dartmouth, Buckinghamshire, Harcourt, Hillsborough, Viscounts Townshend and Falmouth, Lords North, Le Despencer, Cathcart, Hyde, Lord George Sackville, the Bishop of London, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Sir Lawrence Dundas, Sir Thomas Parker, Lord Chief Justice De Grey, General Conway, James Stuart Mackenzie, Welbore Ellis, Hans Stanley, Richard Rigby, Thomas Townshend, Jr. George Onslow, George Rice, and Charles Jenkinson, afterward Earl of Liverpool.

Benjamin Franklin.

[Photo-etching from a rare old engraving.

A. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Docteur en Medecine.
Ne a Boston Capitale de la Province de
Massachuset en Amerique le 17 Janvier 1706

UNIV. OF ILL.

secondly, Franklin received his dismissal from his situation as deputy postmaster-general for America.[1]

In connection with the treatment of Franklin by the Privy Council, a remarkable anecdote has been recorded. In anticipation of the anxiously looked-for day, which was destined alike to secure independence to America and to complete the humiliation of his patrician deriders, Franklin laid carefully by the "full-dress suit of Manchester velvet" which he had worn when laughed to scorn by the lords of the Council at Whitehall. Only on one more occasion, according to his friends, he wore it, when, four years afterward, as commissioner from the United States to the court of Versailles, he signed the famous treaties of commerce and alliance with France.[2]

[1] This situation is said to have been barren of revenue till Franklin was appointed to it, and to have ceased to yield any receipts so soon as he was dismissed.

[2] There is even reason for believing that Franklin wore the "full-dress suit of Manchester velvet" on a second and still more important occasion; namely, when, in 1782, he signed the preliminaries of the treaty by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of America. This latter presumption, according to the late Mr. Allen, "rests on authority not slightly to be rejected. It was related to Lord Holland by Lord St. Helens, one of the plenipotentiaries employed in negotiating the treaty, and the lasting impression it made on Lord St. Helens leaves little doubt of the accuracy of his recollection. He could not speak without indignation of the triumphant air with which Franklin told them he had laid by and preserved his coat for such an occasion."

In the meantime, another change, introduced by Lord North into the revenue code, was about to give birth to fresh discontents and fresh disturbances in the Province of Massachusetts. In consequence of the trade of the East India Company having fallen into an almost stagnant condition, it was resolved by ministers, among other remedial measures, to allow the company to carry their tea direct to the American ports, and there land it, subject to a trifling duty of threepence a pound to be paid by the colonists. At the same time, it was proposed to take off the customs duty in England, amounting to one shilling in the pound, a concession which — inasmuch as it would diminish the cost of tea in the colonies — would, it was hoped, not only afford gratification to the Americans, and induce them to break up their non-importation societies, but would produce the further effect of putting an end to the smuggling trade with Holland, which, in the article of tea, was being carried on to a very injurious extent. The measure, although its judiciousness as a commercial expedient was afterward called in question, was nevertheless accepted with gratitude by the East India Company, and in due course passed into law without opposition, and almost without comment.

Very different, however, from what had been anticipated was the effect which this well-intentioned measure produced upon the minds of the

colonists. The word "tax" still grated as harshly as ever on American ears. Great Britain, they insisted, had evidently some sinister object in view. If they accepted the measure, they said, the consequences might prove fatal to their liberties. A window-tax, a hearth-tax, a land-tax, even a poll-tax, would in all probability follow. Accordingly, for some time previously to the company's ships making their appearance off the American coast, it was evident that a violent opposition would be offered to the landing of their cargoes. In many places the consignees of tea were compelled to fling up their agencies; at Philadelphia the pilots were warned not to conduct the tea-ships into port; at New York it was given out that they were freighted — not with tea, but with fetters.

Such was the excited state of public feeling in America when the first tea-ship made its appearance in the port of Boston. A project for destroying its cargo was speedily organised and matured. At a time when the town was to all appearance in a state of perfect tranquillity, a vast concourse of people were all at once to be seen wending their way in the direction of the quay. Interspersed with the crowd were a number of individuals disguised and painted as Mohawk Indians, who, suddenly separating themselves from their companions, flung themselves on board the tea-ships, mastered the crews, and took possession of the cargoes.

Within the space of two hours, three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were broken open, and their contents, valued at £18,000, flung into the sea. The authors of the outrage then quietly dispersed to their homes, leaving Boston to the enjoyment of its accustomed tranquillity. "Last evening, between 6 and 7 o'clock," writes Rear-Admiral Montagu [1] from Boston to the secretary of the admiralty, "a large mob assembled with axes, etc., encouraged by Mr. John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and others, and marched in a body to the wharf where the tea-ships lay, and there destroyed the whole by starting it into the sea. During the whole of this transaction neither the governor, magistrates, owner, nor the revenue officers of this place, ever called for my assistance. If they had, I could easily have prevented the execution of this plan, but must have endangered the lives of many innocent people by firing upon the town."

The same dogged determination to prevent the purchase and landing of tea prevailed in other States. At New York it was only under the protection of the fort guns that the tea-ships could land their cargoes. At Charleston a large quantity of the obnoxious article perished in damp cellars for want of purchasers; while in many places, in con-

[1] Rear-Admiral John Montagu, commander-in-chief on the north coast of America. He died an Admiral of the White in 1795.

sequence of the want of consignees, the masters of the tea-ships were compelled to put to sea again with their valuable cargoes.

That the news of the outrage committed by the people of Boston should have excited considerable indignation in the mother country was only to be expected. Even their stanchest friends and well-wishers were unable to defend their conduct. "The violence committed upon the tea cargo," writes Chatham to Shelburne, "is certainly criminal; nor would it be real kindness to the Americans to adopt their passions and wild pretensions, when they manifestly violate the most indispensable ties of society." On the people of Boston themselves fell the worst consequences of their recent lawless proceedings. It was absolutely necessary, was the language of ministers in Parliament, that more rigorous measures should be resorted to, in order to secure the proper execution of the laws in the colonies, and their dependence upon the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain. Accordingly, in due time, Lord North brought forward his famous Boston Port Bill, one of the ordinances of which was the removal of the Custom House of Boston to the seaport town of Salem, about sixteen miles distant, and the closing of the former flourishing port against all commerce, until such time as compensation should be made to the East India Company for the destruction of their tea, and the Crown be satisfied that for the future

full and dutiful obedience to the laws would be rendered by the refractory colonists. A certain amount of opposition was offered to the bill in the Lords as well as Commons, but eventually it passed through both Houses without a division in either House.

However reprehensible may have been the conduct of the rioters at Boston, it seems to be pretty generally admitted that the Boston Port Bill was both an ill-advised and a tyrannical measure. It was obviously ill-advised, because it created a precedent which was calculated to spread universal alarm and anger over America; and it was tyrannical, not only because it condemned the accused without affording them a hearing, but because it punished the innocent in common with the guilty. "Reparation," writes Chatham to Shelburne, "ought first to be demanded in a solemn manner and refused by the town and magistracy of Boston, before such a bill of pains and penalties can be called just." The illustrious Washington was of the same opinion. "The conduct of the Boston people," he wrote, "could not justify the rigour of the measure, unless there had been a requisition of payment and refusal of it."

While the Boston Port Bill was still under consideration in the House of Lords, Lord North was engaged in bringing forward another important and no less arbitrary measure, the Massachusetts

Government Bill. The governor of the province, he insisted, had no power to uphold the authority with which he was invested. "There must be something radically wrong," he said, "in that constitution in which no magistrate for a series of years had done his duty in such a manner as to enforce obedience to the laws." Under these circumstances, he not only proposed that the Council of the province, instead of being elected by the people as heretofore, should be appointed by the Crown, but also that the governor should have the nomination of the judges, the magistrates, and sheriffs. So gross a violation of the liberty of the subject — so unscrupulous an invasion of constitutional rights — had not been attempted by a British minister since the day when Massachusetts had received its charter from the hands of William of Orange. At once, every right-minded American resident in England, without waiting to learn the sentiments of his countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic, raised his voice against so infamous a proposal to render justice subservient to the Crown. In Parliament also it met with violent opposition. The people of Massachusetts, said Governor Pownall, instead of being a set of thankless, discontented, and turbulent rioters, such as their enemies had represented them, were, as a community, as religious, conscientious, and peaceable a people, as any in his Majesty's dominions. Lord North, however, was not to be diverted from

his purpose. "The Americans have tarred and feathered your subjects," he said, "have plundered your merchants, burned your ships, denied all obedience to your laws and authority; yet so clement, and so long-forbearing has our conduct been, that it is incumbent on us now to take a different course. Whatever may be the consequence, we must risk something. If we do not, all is over." Once more the experienced ex-governor endeavoured to induce ministers to listen to reason, but again with little effect. If they persisted, he told them, in their present arbitrary policy, then indeed "all was over." "I tell you," he exclaimed, emphatically, "that the Americans will oppose the measures now proposed by you in a more vigorous way than before. The committees of correspondence in the different provinces are in constant communication. They trust not in the conveyance of the post-office. They have set up a constitutional courier, who will soon grow up and supersede your post-office. As soon as intelligence of these affairs reaches them, they will judge it necessary to communicate with each other. It will be found inconvenient and ineffectual to do so by letters. They must confer. They will hold a conference; and to what these committees, thus met in congress, will grow up, I will not say. Should recourse be had to arms, you will hear of other officers than those appointed by your governor. Should matters once come to

that, it will be, as it was in the late civil wars of this country, of little consequence to dispute who were the aggressors. That will be merely matter of opinion." Pownall's prophetic words shared the fate of many similar warnings. Ministers not only triumphed in both Houses of Parliament, but were enabled, in the course of the session, to carry another tyrannical measure, which empowered the Governor of Massachusetts, in cases of murder or any other capital offence, to send the accused for trial, either to Great Britain or to one of her colonies, on his own individual authority, To this measure also, considerable opposition was offered in each House of Parliament, yet it was carried into law by large majorities.

CHAPTER IX.

Excitement in the American Colonies — Strenuous Resistance to the Coercive Measures of Parliament — Closing of Boston Port — Severe Distress in Consequence — Sympathy in the Provinces and in England — General Congress Held at Philadelphia — Military Preparations — Lord Chatham's Speech on Moving an Address to the Crown to Remove the Troops from Boston — His Speech on Proposing Conciliatory Measures — Rejection of His Motion — Defeat of the Motion to Hear Franklin, and Two Other American Agents, at the Bar of the House of Commons — State of Opinion in the Provinces.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the grief and consternation which pervaded the population of Massachusetts, so soon as the intelligence reached them that their ancient charter had been violated, and that the noble port of Boston, of whose rising commerce they were justly proud, was about to be closed. Nor was the consternation confined to the people of Massachusetts. The tidings flew with an electric effect over the length and breadth of the land. Before a month had elapsed, the people of America from Lake Huron to the Gulf of Mexico had made the cause of Massachusetts their own. In many places the Boston Port Bill was printed with a black border

around it, and cried in the streets as "a barbarous, cruel, bloody, and inhuman murder." If, said the Americans, they permitted one province to be robbed of its charter without remonstrance and opposition, who would guarantee that the charter of his own province would not be the next violated? The inhabitants of Baltimore were the first to encourage their brethren in Massachusetts, by advocating a suspension of trade with Great Britain, and by declaring in favour of sending delegates to a general Continental Congress. New Hampshire, though still affectionately attached to the mother country; New Jersey, destined to be the scene of more than one hard-fought struggle in the impending contest; and even South Carolina, though scarcely strong enough to defend herself against the fierce Creek and Cherokee Indians who hovered in formidable numbers along her frontiers, nevertheless declared themselves, through their several Assemblies, prepared to stand by Massachusetts and by one another even unto death. Not less ardent was the spirit which animated the people of Virginia, that romantic region which had given birth to Washington, to Patrick Henry, and to Jefferson, and which was destined to be the scene of the crowning success which gave America her independence. There, the majority of the House of Burgesses, averse as they were to sever the ties which bound them to the land of their forefathers, nevertheless passed

a resolution that, rather than surrender their liberties, they would take up arms and leave their cause to be decided by the God of Battles. That resolution Washington hesitated not to forward to his constituents. Let us, said the men of Williamsburg, implore the Almighty to inspire the people of America with one heart and soul in resisting, by all just and legitimate means, the invasion of our rights! North Carolina spoke the same language, and adopted the principles of Virginia. Even in Pennsylvania, the most peaceful, and in New York, the most loyal, of the colonies, it was resolved that all constitutional expedients should be resorted to for the defence of their civil rights; and further that the proper means of defending those rights lay in sending delegates to a Continental Congress.

It was on the 1st of June, 1774, as the different belfries of Boston struck twelve, that its inhabitants witnessed the mournful spectacle of their port being closed, their custom house shut up, and their city placed in a state of blockade. Thus arbitrarily and irrationally was the most prosperous commercial city in America reduced to a state of want and dependence, if not of despair! From this time, month after month passed away, and not a sail was allowed to be unfurled in its lately cheerful and busy harbour. Not a ship was to be seen discharging its cargo on its noble wharves. The warehouses of the merchants were closed. Their

merchandise had been rendered valueless. The cheerful voice of the sailor, and the hammer of the shipwright, were to be heard no more. Their figures, as they scowled upon the quays, or wandered listlessly along the streets, told too plainly that their occupation was at an end. As for their fellow citizens, they had little but sympathy to offer them. They themselves were threatened with want. The miseries of an inclement winter were at hand.

"Oh Boston! late with every pleasure crowned,
Where Commerce triumphed on the favouring gales,
And each pleased eye that roved in prospect round
Hailed thy bright spires and blessed thy opening sails;
Thy plenteous marts with rich profusion smiled,
The gay throng crowded in thy spacious streets;
From either Ind thy cheerful stores were filled,
Thy ports were gladdened with unnumbered fleets;
Forests, more fair than in their native vales,
Tall groves of masts, arose in beauteous pride;
The waves were whitened by the swelling sails,
And plenty waited on the neighbouring tide.
Alas, how changed! the swelling sails no more
Catch the fair winds, and wanton in the sky,
But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,
And pointed thunders all access deny.
No more the merchant greets his promised gains;
No busy throngs obstruct the mournful way;
O'er the sad marts a gloomy silence reigns,
And through the streets the sons of rapine stray."[1]

[1] Extract from a poem, entitled "An Elegy on the Times," printed in the *Massachusetts Spy* for 22 September, 1774.

Neither were the desolating consequences of British legislation confined to the town of Boston alone. The whole Province of Massachusetts groaned under the effects of oppression and misrule. The provisions of the "Massachusetts Government Bill" had been carried into operation no less effectually than those of the "Boston Port Bill." Never since, a hundred years previously, the wild Indians had ravaged its corn fields and destroyed its towns, had the Blue Hills — the Massachusetts of the Indian — looked down upon a more disheartened population. Suddenly a peaceful and enlightened people, without having been guilty of any "definitive legal offence," and without having been allowed a hearing in their defence, found themselves not only robbed of the charter which they had enjoyed since the great Revolution in 1688, but placed at the mercy of a hostile governor, to whom were entrusted powers far in excess of those which the British Constitution vests in the sovereign and his Privy Council. The nominations to the Council of the colony, the selection of the judges, and the dispensation of justice, were made subservient to the will or caprice of a mere nominee of the Crown. Even the right of selecting jurymen was transferred from the inhabitants to the sheriff, and the sheriff was made dependent for his office upon the will of the governor.

In the meantime, in order to carry out with

greater vigour the measures of the British legislature, General Gage, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, had been appointed Governor of Massachusetts in Hutchinson's room. Notwithstanding, however, his having under his command six regiments of British infantry, with a corresponding force of artillery, he found his power and authority confined to the town of Boston. He had been formerly popular, almost beloved, in the province, but his popularity had sunk under the weight of aversion entertained by the colonists, alike for his office and for his employers. It was to no purpose that he looked for aid and advice to his Council. Its members, having been elected in pursuance of the recent arbitrary act of Parliament, had been denounced by their fellow citizens as enemies of their country. Of the thirty-six individuals, of whom it ought to have been composed, only twenty-four could be induced to take the oaths of office, and of these one-half had since resigned their posts, leaving the remainder in constant apprehension of popular violence. The sheriffs and magistrates felt themselves in safety only when they were within hail of a British sentinel. Not only were the judges prevented holding their sittings from the want of jurymen, but no single individual could be found bold enough to come forward to act in the latter capacity. Throughout the fair Province of Massachusetts anarchy was the order of the day. To

the secretary of the admiralty, we find the naval commander-in-chief on the station, Vice-Admiral Graves, writing, on the 31st of August: "Disguised mobs have lately in the night-time surrounded the houses of the newly made councillors of this province, and endeavoured, by threatening their lives and properties, to compel them to resign the king's appointment. One of those councillors called on me this morning, who is obliged to quit his house and for safety come with his family to Boston. There are more in the same situation, and there is great reason to apprehend every extravagance of behaviour from these misled, violent people." Again the admiral writes, on the 3d of September: "Since I closed my last letter, affairs here have suddenly taken a more serious turn than I believe was generally apprehended. The mob yesterday assembled in great numbers at Cambridge, a place eight miles from Boston, some with arms, others with clubs. They seized the high sheriff of the county and obliged him, to save his life, to sign an obligation to desist entirely from any execution of his duties under the new laws. They pursued a commissioner of the customs within sight of the picket of the guard at the Town Neck, and it was with the utmost difficulty he got safe to Boston, now become the only place of safety for people in employment under the Crown. Their infatuation seems to be such, that an effectual interposition of the military power is, I am afraid,

the only means left to restore these deluded people to a right use of their reason." [1]

In the meantime, sympathy with the wrongs of the people of Massachusetts, and admiration of the spirited front which they opposed to British tyranny, were daily taking deeper root in the hearts of their fellow countrymen. "I have now,"

[1] Enclosed in Admiral Graves's letter is a small placard, printed in large type, a copy of which he states was "stuck up at the office doors of all the lawyers in Boston." It is as follows:

"THURSDAY, September 1, 1774.

"Any one and every one of the bar, that shall presume after this day to appear in court, or otherwise to do any business with the judges, shall assuredly suffer the pains of death."

The following ballad, copied from the *Massachusetts Spy* newspaper, of September 1st, may be taken as a fair specimen of the inflammatory poetry which was circulated throughout America at this exciting time:

THE GLORIOUS SEVENTY-FOUR.

A NEW SONG.

Tune — Hearts of Oak.

1.

"Come, come, my brave boys, from my song you shall hear
That we'll crown Seventy-Four, a most glorious year,
We'll convince Bute and Mansfield and North, though they rave,
Britons still, like themselves, spurn the chains of a slave.

Chorus.

"Hearts of oak were our sires,
Hearts of oak are their sons,
Like them we are ready, as firm and as steady,
To fight for our freedom with swords and with guns.

writes General Lee to a friend, "lately run through the colonies, and can assure you, by all that is solemn and sacred, that there is not a man on the whole continent, placemen and some high churchmen excepted, who is not determined to sacrifice his property, his life, his wife, family, children, in the cause of Boston, which he justly considers as his own." In many of the States, the day on which Boston Port was closed was kept as a day of

2.

"Foolish elves! to conjecture, by crossing of mains,
That the true blood of freemen would change in our veins;
Let us scorch, let us freeze, from the line to the pole
Britain's sons still retain all their freedom of soul.
Hearts of oak were our sires, etc.

3.

"See, our rights to invade, Britain's dastardly foes,
Sending Hysons and Congoes, did vainly suppose
That poor shallow pates like themselves we were grown,
And our hearts were as servile and base as their own.
Hearts of oak were our sires, etc.

4.

"Their tea still is driven away from our shores,
Or presented to Neptune, or rots in our stores;
But to awe, to divide, till we crouch to their sway,
On brave Boston their vengeance they fiercely display.
Hearts of oak were our sires, etc.

5.

"Now, unasked we unite, we agree to a man,
See our stores flow to Boston from rear and from van:
Hark, the shout how it flies! freedom's voice how it sounds!
From each country, each clime, hark the echo rebounds!
Hearts of oak were our sires, etc.

humiliation and fast. In Virginia, on that memorable day, the sad and thoughtful countenance of George Washington might be seen devoutly raised to Heaven as he joined his fellow citizens in prayer to the Supreme Being to avert from their happy country the horrors of civil war, and the destruction of their civil rights. On that day also, the true patriot and profound thinker, George Mason,[1] exhorted his sons and daughters, not only to devote it to religious mortification, but to appear in their accustomed places in church, habited in mourning. At Philadelphia the inhabitants closed their houses. "A stillness reigned over the city, which exhibited an appearance of the

6.

"Across the Atlantic, so thundering its roar,
It has roused Britain's genius who dozed on his shore;
'Who has injured my sons, my brave boys, o'er the main?
Whose spirit to vigour renews me again.'
Hearts of oak were our sires, etc.

7.

"'With sons, whom I fostered and cherished of yore,
Fair freedom shall flourish till time is no more;
No tyrant shall rule them, 'tis Heaven's decree;
They shall never be slaves while they dare to be free.'
Hearts of oak were our sires, etc."

[1] The name of this eminent statesman deserves to be recorded, were it for no other reason than that, attached as he was to a union of all the American States, he sought to exclude the Southern States from the Confederacy unless they agreed to discontinue slave traffic. He died at his seat, Gunston Hall, Virginia, in 1792, at the age of sixty-seven.

deepest distress. The colours of the ships were hoisted half-mast high. The bells of the churches tolled as if for the dead. Thus encouraged by the sympathy of their fellow countrymen, the people of Massachusetts resolved to resist to the last. Their leaders, though hourly in danger of being arrested and sent for trial in a foreign land, set them an example which they nobly followed. "We have a post to maintain," were the eloquent words of Samuel Adams; "to desert which would entail on us the curses of posterity. The virtue of our ancestors inspires us. They were contented with clams and mussels. For my own part, I have been wont to converse with poverty; and, however disagreeable a companion she may be thought to be by the affluent and luxurious, who never were acquainted with her, I can live happily with her the remainder of my days, if I can thereby contribute to the redemption of my country."

But it was the increasing sufferings of the inhabitants of Boston, and the distress and want to which that once flourishing and populous city was reduced, which naturally excited the deepest sympathy. No sooner, therefore, did their unhappy condition become generally known, than, even in the most distant and wildest regions of the great continent, the heart warmed for them, and the purse-strings were drawn, to relieve their necessities. In Massachusetts every village, almost every farmhouse, had already subscribed its tithe

to lighten the calamity which bore so heavily on the poor of Boston. In Fairfax County, Virginia, Washington headed a subscription with a contribution of fifty pounds. "The crisis," he said, "is arrived when we must assert our rights, or submit to every imposition that can be heaped upon us, till custom and use shall make us tame and abject slaves." From South and North Carolina; from Connecticut; from the backwoodsmen of Augusta county high up the valley of Virginia; from the German settlers on the banks of the Shenandoah; and even from the French inhabitants of Quebec, came speedy and generous aid in the form of dollars, of flocks of sheep, of barrels of rice, and sacks of wheat. Lastly, from Great Britain came, not only expressions of encouragement and sympathy, but much more substantial proofs of kindness.

In many a heart-stirring appeal, the inhabitants of Massachusetts exhorted the sufferers in Boston to remain true and strong in heart. "Be not disheartened nor dismayed in this day of great trials," wrote to them the northern borderers of the province. "We heartily sympathise with you, and are always ready to do all in our power for your support, comfort, and relief; knowing that Providence has placed you where you must stand the first shock. We consider that we are all embarked in one bottom, and must sink or swim together. We think if we submit to these regula-

tions all is gone. Our forefathers passed the vast Atlantic, and spent their blood and treasure, that they might enjoy their liberties, both civil and religious, and transmit them to their posterity. Their children have waded through seas of difficulty, to leave us free and happy in the enjoyment of English privileges. Now, if we should give them up, can our children rise and call us blessed?" In the same eloquent language, and undaunted spirit, spoke out the people of Concord. "Our fathers," they said, "left us a fair inheritance, purchased by blood and treasure. This we are resolved to transmit equally fair to our children. No danger shall affright, no difficulties intimidate us; and if, in support of our rights, we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted; sensible that he can never die too soon, who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country." Similar encouragement reached the ears of the inhabitants of Boston from the wisest and the best of the community. If the pulses of our fellow countrymen, exclaimed Jefferson, should beat calmly, other experiments will be tried subversive of our liberties, till the measure of despotism be filled up. Washington even offered to raise and support at his own expense a thousand men, and to march them, if necessary, to the relief of the inhabitants of Boston.

In the meantime, a measure, no less important to the interests of the colonists than menacing to

the maintenance of British authority in America, had, under many difficulties, been successfully accomplished beyond the Atlantic. For some time past, the united voice of the people of America had called for a General Continental Congress, for the purpose of freely discussing and devising remedies for their wrongs. At length, principally owing to the exertions of the "committees of correspondence" in the different States, that much needed synod had been called into existence. The first meeting — at which there were present fifty-five members selected by the inhabitants of the twelve colonies — took place on the 5th of September, in the Carpenters' Hall at Philadelphia. More solemn, or more difficult duties than those which were imposed upon them, it would not be easy to imagine. It must be remembered that they represented the interests, not only of the Anglo-Saxon and dominant race, but those of men of various nations, of various political views, and of many creeds. Their constituents, besides those who spoke the mother tongue, consisted of French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes; of Calvinists, who deemed it a virtue to defend their liberties with the sword, and of Quakers, who shrunk from war with abhorrence; of political enthusiasts who were willing at once to rush into a contest with the mother country, and of wealthy and cautious landowners and merchants, to whom war might possibly prove ruin. "Whom did they represent?" asks

the eminent historian of the United States, "and what were their functions? They were committees from twelve colonies, deputed to consult on measures of conciliation, with no means of resistance to oppression beyond a voluntary agreement for the suspension of importations from Great Britain. They formed no confederacy. They were not an executive government. They were not even a legislative body. They owed the use of a hall for their sessions to the courtesy of the carpenters of the city. There was not a foot of land on which they had a right to execute their decisions, and they had not one civil officer to carry out their commands, nor the power to appoint one. Nor was one soldier enlisted, nor one officer commissioned in their name. They had no treasury; and neither authority to lay a tax, nor to borrow money." In the words of another American historian: "The most eminent and respected citizens of the various colonies were now for the first time assembled together. Known to each other by reputation and correspondence, but personally unacquainted; conscious that the eyes of their agitated countrymen, together with the rising attention and interest of Europe, were earnestly fixed upon them, and that the liberties of three millions of people, and the destiny of the greatest commonwealth in the world, were staked on the wisdom and vigour of their conduct, they were deeply and even painfully impressed with the

solemn responsibility that attached to the functions they had undertaken."

Nevertheless, the Congress discharged its duties with extraordinary discretion and energy. The Congress, observed Lord Chatham to Franklin, was, in his opinion, "the most honourable assembly of statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the most virtuous times." Its sitting lasted only from the 5th of September to the 26th of October; yet, short as was the session, measures of the boldest and most decisive character were agreed upon by the uncompromising provincialists. While, on the one hand, they acknowledged the sovereignty of Great Britain, and disclaimed all intention of aiming at independence, they, at the same time, unanimously expressed their determination to maintain the rights and liberties which had descended to them from their ancestors. One of their boldest resolutions had reference to the state of affairs in Massachusetts. The Congress not only declared the late acts of Parliament, affecting that province, to be unconstitutional and oppressive, but intimated that, in the event of any coercive attempts being made to carry them into effect, the whole force of America should be arrayed on her side. An important document was next approved of by the Congress, in which — after having set forth the constitutional and natural rights and privileges to which they believed themselves entitled, and the grievances for which they required

redress — they recommended to their fellow citizens the adoption of a "non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation agreement" till such time as the British legislature should think proper to abandon her arbitrary designs upon their liberties, their property, and their lives. To the king they addressed a respectful petition; and lastly, they drew up an eloquent appeal to their fellow subjects in Great Britain, in which they set forth their grievances, and entreated sympathy for their cause. "To your justice," they wrote to the people of England, "we appeal. You have been told that we are impatient of government and desirous of independency. These are calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness. But, if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind; if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of law, the principles of the Constitution, or the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause, we must then tell you that we will never submit to any ministry or nation in the world." The proceedings of Congress met with the almost entire approval of Lord Chatham. To Mr. Sayre, for instance, he writes on the 24th of December, 1774: "I have not words to express my satisfaction that the Congress has conducted this most arduous and delicate business with such

manly wisdom and calm resolution. Very few are the things, contained in their resolves, that I could wish had been otherwise. Upon the whole, I think it must be evident to every unprejudiced man in England, who feels for the rights of mankind, that America, under all her oppressions and provocations, holds forth to us the most fair and just opening, for restoring harmony and affectionate intercourse as heretofore."

Congress, having discharged its important duties, and having declared itself adjourned till the 10th of May, the several delegates dispersed to their respective homes. It was not, however, to spend their time in idleness that they separated, but to prepare for the worst that might possibly happen. The militia in the different provinces were called out and carefully drilled. Premiums were offered for the production of saltpetre. Measures were taken for the home manufacture of arms, gunpowder, and other warlike stores, which had hitherto been obtained from the mother country. On Rhode Island forty pieces of artillery were seized by the people in order to prevent their being hereafter turned against them by the military, and in New Hampshire a small fort was surprised, and the military stores which it contained were taken possession of by the provincialists.

Good reason, indeed, had the Americans for preparing for evil times. For years, as has been already stated, their petitions and remonstrances

had been thrown on one side and forgotten, by successive secretaries of state. "For the most trifling reasons," said Jefferson, "and sometimes for no conceivable reason at all, his Majesty has rejected laws of the most salutary tendency." Fortunately for America, she was internally rich in all those resources which, in the event of her being compelled to resist oppression by force of arms, were calculated to render her formidable. She was rich in her productive soil; in mines which furnished her with materials for arms; in forests which supplied her with ships; and lastly, she was rich in the enterprise, the spirit, and in the intelligence of her sons, which enabled them to convert those resources to the best advantage. Of these, and of other significant facts, which ought to have been duly weighed by the British legislature, no one was more fully aware than one of the ministers themselves, the secretary at war, William, Lord Barrington. A written remonstrance on the subject of American affairs, addressed by this nobleman, on the 24th of December, to the secretary for the colonies, Lord Dartmouth, is well worth perusal. Among other arguments, he insists that the contest with the colonies will cost Great Britain more than she can ever gain; that no ministry will ever again attempt to impose an internal tax upon them; that it was merely for a point of honour that it was still continued; that, in the event of the colonies taking up arms, the most sig-

nal success must necessarily be attended by the horrors and sufferings of civil war; that, owing to the vast extent of America, and to the fact of her population being accustomed to firearms, success was extremely problematical, and further that, if subdued, they could be only kept in subjection by maintaining large armies and fortresses, the expense of which would be endless and enormous. "It is true," adds Lord Barrington, "they have not hitherto been thought brave; but enthusiasm gives vigour of mind and body, unknown before."

The British Parliament again assembled on the 29th of November, and, after the transaction of some important business, adjourned to the middle of January. During that interim ample intelligence had reached England of the state of affairs in America; intelligence only too well calculated to create uneasiness and apprehension in the minds of the far-sighted and the thoughtful. To no one was the painful imminence of the peril more obvious than to Lord Chatham, who at once perceived that immediate action, and a truly conciliatory policy, could alone preserve the integrity of the empire. Accordingly, on the 20th of January, having previously given notice of his intention to move a resolution on American affairs, he appeared in his accustomed place in the House of Lords. The bar of the House was crowded with strangers, the great majority of whom were Americans. Among

them was the illustrious Franklin, whom Lord Chatham had met by appointment in the lobby, and with whom he walked arm in arm into the House. "His appearance in the House," writes Franklin, "I observed caused a kind of bustle among the officers, who were hurried in sending messengers for members, — I suppose those in connection with the ministry, — something of importance being expected when that great man appears, it being seldom that his infirmities permit his attendance."

It was the opinion, both of Franklin and of Lord Chatham, that the first step, which it was the duty and policy of the legislature to take, was to order at once the removal of the British troops from Boston, and thus relieve a free and jealous people of the provoking spectacle of a hostile military force parading their streets and, by their presence, menacing them with the gibbet and the sword. A mere accident, argued Franklin, a casual squabble between a drunken porter and a hot-headed soldier, might at any moment kindle the flames of civil war over the whole continent of America. The army at Boston, he said, could by no possibility answer any good purpose; neither could terms of accommodation be entered upon by the Americans so long as the bayonet was at their breasts. It was with these convictions, therefore, that Lord Chatham moved an address to the throne for the removal of his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston, as soon as the rigour of the season, and

other circumstances indispensable to their safety and accommodation, would permit.

This proposition Lord Chatham followed up by one of his most splendid orations. "I wish, my lords," he said, "not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis. An hour, now lost in allaying ferments in America, may produce years of calamity. For my own part, I will not desert for a moment the conduct of this weighty business from the first to the last. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will rouse them to a sense of their important danger."

In this famous speech Lord Chatham, as if by inspiration, foreshadowed the certain consequences of the impending contest; dwelling more especially on the dogged determination of the American people to yield up their liberties only with their lives; on the impossibility of reducing so vast a continent to obedience by force of arms; on the inevitable interference of France and Spain in the unnatural contest, and lastly on the no less inevitable dismemberment of the empire, in the event of such interference. The army at Boston he spoke of as an army of impotence; an army of irritation and vexation, penned up and pining in inglorious inactivity. What chance, he asked, had so small a force against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands and courage in their

hearts? What chance had Great Britain against three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry driven to the deserts of the New World by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny? But even supposing, he argued, that the military power of the mother country should for a time achieve an inglorious triumph, such a success must necessarily be but a temporary and local one. Town after town might be occupied by British troops, and province after province might possibly be reduced; but still a vast territory would be left behind, which the advancing army would have no means of occupying, and much less of retaining in subjection. With only a few regiments in America, and at home with a peace complement of merely seventeen or eighteen thousand men, the idea of grasping a dominion over eighteen hundred miles of continent, containing a population sufficiently formidable in numbers, and possessing valour, liberty, and the means of existence, was too ridiculous to be thought of for a moment. You may destroy their towns, he said; you may cut them off from the superfluities, even the conveniences of life, but so long as they retain their forests and their liberties, they are prepared to despise your power. "Is the spirit of persecution," he exclaimed, "never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the

infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond the accounts of history, or description of poetry?"

To the moderation of Congress, and of the American people in general, Lord Chatham paid a high compliment. He had previously, in a private conversation with Franklin, commended the petition of Congress to the king as "decent, manly, and properly expressed;" and he now stood forth to proclaim his admiration of it to the world. "When your lordships," he said, "look at the papers transmitted to us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow that in all my reading and observation of history, and it has been my favourite study, — I have read Thucydides, and have admired the master-states of the world, — that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts. They

must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed. And then this humiliating necessity! With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness; for that is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice."

Among those who listened to this famous oration, and who shared with Franklin the pleasure and admiration which it produced, was William Pitt, the second son of the great statesman, at this period in his sixteenth year. "Nothing," he writes to his mother, Lady Chatham, on the following morning, "prevented his speech from being the most forcible that can be imagined, and administration fully felt it. The matter and manner both were striking; far beyond what I can express. It was everything that was superior; and though it had not the desired effect on an obdurate House of Lords, it must have an infinite effect without doors, the bar being crowded with Americans."

The House of Lords, however, continued obdurate. Ministers, utterly incapable of appreciating the character and feelings of a proud, enlightened, and indomitable race, still clung to the fatal delusion that America was to be frightened and bullied into submission; and thus the great statesman had the mortification to find himself defeated by a

majority of forty. Doubtless, if Lords Rockingham and Chatham had been agreed upon the subject of American affairs, the result might have been different. The latter, however, still clung to his original convictions that the Constitution conferred no power upon the British legislature to impose a single tax upon the colonies against their will; while Lord Rockingham, on the other hand, no less resolutely upheld the wisdom and justice of his famous "Declaratory Act," which had asserted the supreme power of the mother country. Accordingly, a meeting which during the recess, had taken place between the two lords, terminated without affording satisfaction to either party. "I look back," writes Lord Rockingham, "with very great satisfaction and content to the line which I — indeed emphatically I — took in the year 1766. The Stamp Act was repealed, and the doubt of the right of this country was fairly fixed." Unfortunately, Burke, whose influence over Lord Rockingham was considerable, shared the views of his leader. Lords Camden and Shelburne, on the other hand, warmly supported the opinions of Lord Chatham. "King, Lords, and Commons," exclaimed Lord Camden, "are grand-sounding names, but king, Lords, and Commons may become tyrants as well as others. Tyranny in one, or in more, is the same. It is as lawful to resist the tyranny of many as of one. This has been a doctrine known and acted upon in

this country for ages. When the famous Selden was asked by what statute resistance to tyranny could be justified, his reply was: 'It is to be justified by the custom of England, which is a part of the law of the land!' I will affirm, my lords, not only as a statesman, a politician, and a philosopher, but as a common lawyer, that you have no right to tax America. No man, agreeably to the principles of natural or civic liberty, can be divested of any part of his property without his consent; and whenever oppression begins, resistance becomes lawful and right."

Lord Chatham, though disheartened, remained undaunted, and accordingly he resolved to make one more effort to avert the impending disruption of the empire, and the shedding of blood. Severally to Lords Shelburne and Stanhope, we find him writing, on the 31st of January, that if civil war can yet be prevented, it can only be done by an immediate recourse to further endeavours. During the recent debate he had been taunted, by more than one of his brother peers, with finding fault with measures, without suggesting remedies. To that reproach he had replied that America was a subject on which he had thought long and deeply, and that in a few days he hoped to lay before their lordships a general plan of conciliation, which he trusted might restore peace to the empire.

Eleven days only were allowed to elapse before

the illustrious Chatham laid his plan of conciliation before the House of Peers. During that interval he had anxiously consulted with Lord Camden touching the "law part" of his scheme, and with Franklin as regarded the general views, expectations, and interests of the American people. Twice Franklin had waited on the great statesman at Hayes, and once Lord Chatham had visited Franklin in Craven Street. The latter interview took place in that once famous bay-windowed house, facing the east, to which no passer-by, who held in his heart any esteem for philosophy, patriotism, or virtue, could lift his eyes without emotion and reverence.[1] "He stayed with me two hours," writes Franklin; "his equipage waiting at the door. And being there while people were coming from church, it was much taken notice of and talked of, as, at that time, was every little circumstance that men thought might possibly any way affect American affairs. Such a visit from so great a man, on so important a business, flattered not a little my vanity; and the honour of it gave me the more pleasure, as it happened on the very day twelvemonths, that the ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the Privy Council."

It was on the 1st of February that Lord Chatham, surrounded by a mixed audience of careless

[1] Since this passage was written Franklin's residence in Craven Street, Strand, has disappeared. Number 7 now occupies its site.

lords and eager Americans, rose in his place in the House of Peers, and proposed that admirable conciliatory measure which, if the legislature had had the wisdom to adopt it, would in all probability have saved an amount of bloodshed, of treasure, of national degradation, and human misery, such as it is painful to contemplate. "Lord Chatham," writes Franklin, "in a most excellent speech introduced, explained, and supported his plan." That plan was mainly and wisely founded on the temperate demands of the Americans themselves. It proposed to repeal, not only the Boston Port Act, but every other oppressive act relating to America which had been passed by Parliament since the year 1764; to renounce on the part of Great Britain her assumption of a sovereign right to tax her colonial dependencies without the consent of their Assemblies; and lastly, to guarantee to the several provinces the future and free enjoyment of their immemorial charters and constitutions. In fact, with the single exception of demanding the erasure of the unlucky declaratory clause from the statute-book, all that Lord Chatham demanded for the Americans, and all that the Americans asked for themselves, was simply a return to the peaceful and happy state of relationship which had existed between the two countries, previously to George Grenville having mooted his fatal Stamp Bill. In return for the concessions which Lord Chatham proposed should be made by Great Brit-

manly wisdom and calm resolution. Very few are the things, contained in their resolves, that I could wish had been otherwise. Upon the whole, I think it must be evident to every unprejudiced man in England, who feels for the rights of mankind, that America, under all her oppressions and provocations, holds forth to us the most fair and just opening, for restoring harmony and affectionate intercourse as heretofore."

Congress, having discharged its important duties, and having declared itself adjourned till the 10th of May, the several delegates dispersed to their respective homes. It was not, however, to spend their time in idleness that they separated, but to prepare for the worst that might possibly happen. The militia in the different provinces were called out and carefully drilled. Premiums were offered for the production of saltpetre. Measures were taken for the home manufacture of arms, gunpowder, and other warlike stores, which had hitherto been obtained from the mother country. On Rhode Island forty pieces of artillery were seized by the people in order to prevent their being hereafter turned against them by the military, and in New Hampshire a small fort was surprised, and the military stores which it contained were taken possession of by the provincialists.

Good reason, indeed, had the Americans for preparing for evil times. For years, as has been already stated, their petitions and remonstrances

portrait of Sir Charles Grandison, "Yes," he is reported to have answered, it would apply to Lord Dartmouth, "if he were not a Methodist." But, however admirable may have been the private character of Lord Dartmouth, he was as little qualified to be trusted at a momentous crisis with the destinies of an empire, as he was capable of contending in eloquence and argument with the illustrious Chatham.[1] Accordingly, bewildered and confounded, if not convinced by the brilliant speech to which he had been a listener, the timid statesman, after having faltered out a few irresolute expressions, left the responsibility of reply to his colleague, Lord Sandwich, who, with great warmth of manner and language, took up the cudgels for ministers. As the sentiments of this latter nobleman were known to be the same as those of the

[1] No man could have been more wisely or eloquently warned of the perilous path which he was pursuing, than Lord Dartmouth had long been warned by his American correspondent, Joseph Reed, afterward secretary to, and adjutant-general under Washington. "Your lordship," Reed writes to the well-meaning earl in June, 1774, "may regard it as a fixed truth, that all the dreadful consequences of civil war will ensue before the Americans will submit to taxation by Parliament." And again he writes: "This country will be deluged with blood before it will submit to taxation by any other power than its own legislature." The British peer, unfortunately, was not to be diverted from his purpose. "I have had," writes Reed to a relative, "a long letter of two sheets from Lord Dartmouth with his political creed respecting America: bad enough, God knows! But if *he* thinks thus, what may we expect from Hillsborough and the rest?"

powerful house of Russell, additional importance naturally attached itself to his words. The American people, said the excited earl, had not only manifested the most hostile and traitorous designs, but, by the seizure of the king's forts and ammunition, were guilty of actual rebellion. The bill ought to be immediately rejected with the contempt it deserved. He could never believe it to be the production of any British peer. It seemed to him to be rather the work of some American. He then fixed his gaze upon Franklin, who was standing at the bar. "I fancy I have in my eye," he said, "the person who drew it up; one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country has ever known." This, as Franklin informs us, drew the eyes of many of the peers upon him; nor was he less the object of attention when Lord Chatham subsequently rose to defend the originality of his own measure, and at the same time the character of the maligned philosopher.[1] The plan, he said, was entirely his own. "Yet," he added, "I make no scruple to declare that, were I the first minister of this country, and had the

[1] "Though many people," writes Franklin, "were pleased to do me the honour of supposing I had a considerable share in composing it, I assure you that the addition of a single word only was made at my instance, viz., 'Constitution' after 'Charters'; for my filling up at his request a blank with the title of acts proper to be repealed, which I took from the proceedings of Congress, was no more than might have been done by any copying clerk."

them was the illustrious Franklin, whom Lord Chatham had met by appointment in the lobby, and with whom he walked arm in arm into the House. "His appearance in the House," writes Franklin, "I observed caused a kind of bustle among the officers, who were hurried in sending messengers for members, — I suppose those in connection with the ministry, — something of importance being expected when that great man appears, it being seldom that his infirmities permit his attendance."

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for among old parchments and musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power. Civil liberty cannot be wrested from any people without the most manifold violation of justice, and the most aggravated guilt. The nations — Turkey, Russia, France, Spain, and all other despotic kingdoms in the world — have an inherent right, whenever they please, to shake off the yoke of servitude, though sanctioned by immemorial usage, and to model their government upon the principles of civil liberty." Happily the sentiments of the House of Lords at this time were not altogether the sentiments of the people of England. "The common people," writes Lord Camden, "hold the war in abhorrence, and the merchants and tradesmen, for obvious reasons, are against it." "But I am grieved," he adds, "to observe, that the landed interest is almost altogether anti-American."

In the House of Commons, whenever American affairs came under discussion, prejudice ran no less high than in the House of Lords. It was to no purpose that the same powerful arguments were

in the campaign which led to Lord Cornwallis's surrender, and afterward became the first Secretary of the Treasury to the new United States. He was wounded in a duel at Hoboken on the 11th of July, 1804, of the effects of which he died on the following day, at the age of forty-seven. His son had a few years previously been killed in a duel on precisely the same spot.

repeated, which had been urged in the Upper House. It was to no purpose that, during the debate on the address to the throne, more than one eloquent and prophetic voice denounced the folly and rashness of the government. "A fit and proper resistance," said Wilkes, "is not a revolution. Who can tell whether, in consequence of this day's mad and violent address, the scabbard may not be thrown away by the Americans as well as by us; and, should success attend them, whether, in a few years, the Americans may not celebrate the glorious era of the Revolution of 1775, as we do that of 1688. Success crowned the generous effort of our forefathers for freedom, else they had died on the scaffold as traitors and rebels, and the period of our history which does us the most honour would have been deemed a rebellion against lawful authority, not a resistance sanctioned by all the laws of God and man." [1] It was to no purpose that petitions from the American merchants, and from the West India sugar-planters resident in London, were laid on the table of the

[1] "Rebellion! foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath the withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame!"

— *Lalla Rookh.*

redress — they recommended to their fellow citizens the adoption of a "non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation agreement" till such time as the British legislature should think proper to abandon her arbitrary designs upon their liberties, their property, and their lives. To the king they addressed a respectful petition; and lastly, they drew up an eloquent appeal to their fellow subjects in Great Britain, in which they set forth their grievances, and entreated sympathy for their cause. "To your justice," they wrote to the people of England, "we appeal. You have been told that we are impatient of government and desirous of independency. These are calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness. But, if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind; if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of law, the principles of the Constitution, or the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause, we must then tell you that we will never submit to any ministry or nation in the world." The proceedings of Congress met with the almost entire approval of Lord Chatham. To Mr. Sayre, for instance, he writes on the 24th of December, 1774: "I have not words to express my satisfaction that the Congress has conducted this most arduous and delicate business with such

majority of forty. Doubtless, if Lords Rockingham and Chatham had been agreed upon the subject of American affairs, the result might have been different. The latter, however, still clung to his original convictions that the Constitution conferred no power upon the British legislature to impose a single tax upon the colonies against their will; while Lord Rockingham, on the other hand, no less resolutely upheld the wisdom and justice of his famous "Declaratory Act," which had asserted the supreme power of the mother country. Accordingly, a meeting which during the recess, had taken place between the two lords, terminated without affording satisfaction to either party. "I look back," writes Lord Rockingham, "with very great satisfaction and content to the line which I — indeed emphatically I — took in the year 1766. The Stamp Act was repealed, and the doubt of the right of this country was fairly fixed." Unfortunately, Burke, whose influence over Lord Rockingham was considerable, shared the views of his leader. Lords Camden and Shelburne, on the other hand, warmly supported the opinions of Lord Chatham. "King, Lords, and Commons," exclaimed Lord Camden, "are grand-sounding names, but king, Lords, and Commons may become tyrants as well as others. Tyranny in one, or in more, is the same. It is as lawful to resist the tyranny of many as of one. This has been a doctrine known and acted upon in

"the colonies to abound in men, of what importance is the fact? They are raw, undisciplined, and cowardly. I wish, instead of forty or fifty thousand of these brave fellows, they would produce at least two hundred thousand. The more the better. The easier would be the conquest. At the siege of Louisburg, Sir Peter Warren found what egregious cowards they were. Believe me, my lords, the very sound of a cannon would send them off as fast as their feet could carry them."[1] Such was the language made use

[1] The siege of Louisburg in 1745 — which was carried on conjointly by an American land force commanded by one of their own countrymen, Gen. William Pepperell, and a naval force commanded by Commodore, afterward Vice-Admiral, Sir Peter Warren — is known to have been one of the most brilliant exploits performed during the last century. What authority Lord Sandwich may have had for asserting that Sir Peter found the Americans "egregious cowards," it would apparently not be very easy to ascertain. Unfortunately, the British commodore's despatch, giving an account of the capture of Louisburg, cannot be discovered at the admiralty. In a subsequent despatch, however, dated in October, 1745, he expresses his gratification at certain honours and other rewards having been conferred by George II. upon General Pepperell and the American troops engaged on the occasion. Happily, in the House of Commons their conduct was spoken of in very different language than in the House of Lords. "In that war," said Mr. Hartley, in his speech on American affairs, March 27, 1775, "they took Louisburg from the French single-handed, without any European assistance; as mettled an enterprise as any in our history; an everlasting memorial of the zeal, courage, and perseverance of the troops of New England. The men themselves dragged the cannon over a morass which had always been thought impassable, where neither horses nor oxen could go, and they carried

of by the great-great-grandson of that sturdy earl, who, in the same noble cause which was now the cause of the American people, had led the storming-party at the siege of Lincoln, who had fought under the republican banner at the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby, and who had been the colleague and associate of the men who dyed the scaffold with the blood of Charles the First. But if Lord Sandwich was descended from Edward Montagu, so also was he the lineal descendant, by a generation the fewer, of the libertine Rochester. Very different from his language was that in which it was responded to by the virtuous and unsophisticated sons of America. "Independence of Great Britain," said the eloquent and amiable Joseph Warren[1] to his countrymen, "is not our aim. No! our wish is that Great Britain and the colonies, like the oak and the ivy, may grow and increase together. But if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and if it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will undauntedly press forward until tyranny is trodden

the shot upon their backs." For the great service which General Pepperell rendered to England by the capture of Louisburg, he was created a baronet of the kingdom of Great Britain. He died at his seat, Kittery, Maine, July 6, 1759.

[1] This gallant soldier, descended from an early settler in Boston, was killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17, 1775, at the early age of thirty-five, whilst serving in the trenches as a volunteer.

lords and eager Americans, rose in his place in the House of Peers, and proposed that admirable conciliatory measure which, if the legislature had had the wisdom to adopt it, would in all probability have saved an amount of bloodshed, of treasure, of national degradation, and human misery, such as it is painful to contemplate. "Lord Chatham," writes Franklin, "in a most excellent speech introduced, explained, and supported his plan." That plan was mainly and wisely founded on the temperate demands of the Americans themselves. It proposed to repeal, not only the Boston Port Act, but every other oppressive act relating to America which had been passed by Parliament since the year 1764; to renounce on the part of Great Britain her assumption of a sovereign right to tax her colonial dependencies without the consent of their Assemblies; and lastly, to guarantee to the several provinces the future and free enjoyment of their immemorial charters and constitutions. In fact, with the single exception of demanding the erasure of the unlucky declaratory clause from the statute-book, all that Lord Chatham demanded for the Americans, and all that the Americans asked for themselves, was simply a return to the peaceful and happy state of relationship which had existed between the two countries, previously to George Grenville having mooted his fatal Stamp Bill. In return for the concessions which Lord Chatham proposed should be made by Great Brit-

other circumstances indispensable to their safety and accommodation, would permit.

This proposition Lord Chatham followed up by one of his most splendid orations. "I wish, my lords," he said, "not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis. An hour, now lost in allaying ferments in America, may produce years of calamity. For my own part, I will not desert for a moment the conduct of this weighty business from the first to the last. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will rouse them to a sense of their important danger."

In this famous speech Lord Chatham, as if by inspiration, foreshadowed the certain consequences of the impending contest; dwelling more especially on the dogged determination of the American people to yield up their liberties only with their lives; on the impossibility of reducing so vast a continent to obedience by force of arms; on the inevitable interference of France and Spain in the unnatural contest, and lastly on the no less inevitable dismemberment of the empire, in the event of such interference. The army at Boston he spoke of as an army of impotence; an army of irritation and vexation, penned up and pining in inglorious inactivity. What chance, he asked, had so small a force against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands and courage in their

dially loves a union with Great Britain than I do. But, by the Power that made me! I will cease to exist before I yield to a connection on such terms as the British Parliament propose. And in this, I think, I speak the sentiments of America."

CHAPTER X.

Birth of the Princess Elizabeth, and of Prince Ernest Augustus — Discreditable Conduct of the King's Brother, Henry, Duke of Cumberland — His Marriage — His Death — Clandestine Marriage of the Duke of Gloucester — The King Afterward Reconciled to the Duke and Duchess — Princess Caroline Matilda, Wife of Christian VII. of Denmark — Dissolute Character of the Danish King — Domestic Infelicities — *Coup d'État* at the Danish Court — Banishment of the Queen — Her Residence in Zell Castle — Her Death — Decease of the Princess Dowager of Wales.

We have now to record a few events, of a personal and domestic character, which occurred in the lives of George the Third and his queen, since we last intruded upon their privacy at Buckingham House and Windsor. On the 17th of June, 1770, Queen Charlotte gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, afterward Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, and on the 5th of June, the following year, was born her fifth son, Ernest Augustus, afterward successively Duke of Cumberland, and King of Hanover. Surrounded by a young and beautiful family, and formed, as George the Third was, by nature, for the enjoyment of home endearments and home pleasures, his life at this period might be presumed to have

must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed. And then this humiliating necessity! With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness; for that is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice."

Among those who listened to this famous oration, and who shared with Franklin the pleasure and admiration which it produced, was William Pitt, the second son of the great statesman, at this period in his sixteenth year. "Nothing," he writes to his mother, Lady Chatham, on the following morning, "prevented his speech from being the most forcible that can be imagined, and administration fully felt it. The matter and manner both were striking; far beyond what I can express. It was everything that was superior; and though it had not the desired effect on an obdurate House of Lords, it must have an infinite effect without doors, the bar being crowded with Americans."

The House of Lords, however, continued obdurate. Ministers, utterly incapable of appreciating the character and feelings of a proud, enlightened, and indomitable race, still clung to the fatal delusion that America was to be frightened and bullied into submission; and thus the great statesman had the mortification to find himself defeated by a

itself little with either his vices or his follies. When, however, his name became mixed up, under peculiarly scandalous circumstances, with that of a young and beautiful woman of high rank, and Norman race, — when, for the first time in England, a prince of the blood was dragged into a court of justice to defend himself in an action for adultery, — the case became a very different one. His victim, a daughter of the house of Vernon, was wife of Richard, first Earl Grosvenor.[1] Following her from London, on her departure to her husband's seat, Eaton Hall, in Cheshire, the duke took up his abode at a small public-house in the neighbourhood of the Hall, met her in disguise, and effected her ruin. The earl — himself a notorious libertine — subsequently recovered ten thousand pounds damages from the duke, a sum which it will be perceived his Royal Highness found some difficulty in paying.

The King to Lord North.

"5 Nov., 1770.

"My brothers have this day applied about the means of paying the Duke of Cumberland's damages and costs, which, if not paid this day se'nnight,

[1] Henrietta, daughter of Henry Vernon, Esq., of Hilton, in the County of Stafford, by Lady Henrietta Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Strafford. By her marriage with Lord Grosvenor, which took place on the 19th of July, 1764, she became the mother of Robert, second Earl Grosvenor, and of three other children, who died young. In September, 1802, nearly thirty

the proctors will certainly force the house, which at this licentious time will occasion reflections on the rest of the family. Whatever can be done, ought to be done."[1]

Scarcely less discreditable than the profligate details which were elicited at the trial, was the evidence which it afforded of the grossly imperfect state of his Royal Highness's education. Several letters, addressed by him to his paramour, were read in open court, the spelling, style, and grammar of which were so lamentably contemptible, as to provoke frequent bursts of laughter from the audience. For instance, in one of these precious effusions he writes: "I got to supper about nine o'clock, but I could not eat, and so got to bed about ten." "His Royal Highness's diction and learning," writes Walpole, "scarce exceeded that of a cabin boy, as those eloquent epistles, existing in print, may testify. Some, being penned on board ship, were literal versifications of Lord Dorset's ballad:

"'To all ye ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How *hard* it is to write.'"

years after her separation from her husband, the countess remarried Gen. George Porter, member of Parliament for Stockbridge.

[1] In another note, dated the same day, the king calculates the sum of money likely to be required as £13,000.

Lady Grosvenor, in the duke's letters, is addressed by him as his "ever dearest little angel." He "kisses her dearest little hair." "I have your heart," he writes to her on one occasion, "and it lies warm in my breast. I hope mine feels as easy to you."

Neither did the duke's libertinism and shallowness of mind complete his offences. Not content with having entailed upon himself the scorn and derision of the world, the frivolous prince, by abandoning to solitude and shame the unhappy partner of his guilt, proved that his heart was as faulty as his understanding. So short-lived was his passion, that scarcely had a verdict been pronounced upon him in a court of justice, before he commenced another disreputable intrigue with a married woman of great personal beauty, with whom he made no scruple of publicly parading himself, whenever she appeared at the theatre or at similar places of diversion. Fortunately, her husband, a wealthy and obsequious timber merchant, was still more vulgarly devoted to royalty than the giddy woman herself, and consequently the royal family were spared the public scandal and disgrace which must necessarily have attended a second judicial investigation.

While these unhappy proceedings were still furnishing the public with food for gossip, the world was suddenly startled by an announcement in the public journals that his Majesty's brother,

the Duke of Cumberland, had given his hand at the altar to Anne, widow of Christopher Horton, Esquire, of Catton, in Derbyshire, and daughter of Simon, Lord Irnham, afterward Earl of Carhampton.[1] This event, which, under any circumstances whatever, would have been a severe blow to the king, was rendered the more distressing in consequence of the princess dowager, at the time, being supposed to be at the point of death, and also from the circumstance that the first intelligence which the king received of his brother's marriage was through no less heartless and disrespectful a channel than an offhand letter addressed to him by the duke from a hotel at Calais. The king, publicly and at once, manifested his marked displeasure at his brother's conduct. To the foreign ministers he caused it to be privately intimated that their abstaining from exchanging further civilities with Cumberland House would be regarded as an acceptable concession by the king; while the fashionable world received notice, through the me-

[1] The marriage took place on the night of the 2d of October, 1771, at the lady's residence in Hertford Street, May Fair. The proofs of the marriage, obtained by order of the king in May, 1773, are preserved in the Privy Council office, where the author had the opportunity of inspecting them. The only document of any interest is their joint declaration that they were man and wife, signed by the duke and duchess on the night of their nuptials, and attested by the clergyman who united them. The signature of the duke, "Henry Frederick," is traced in singularly tremulous characters, while nothing can be neater or steadier than that of the duchess.

dium of the lord chamberlain, that such persons as might choose to wait upon the duke and duchess must no longer expect to be received at St. James's.[1] On the other hand, the king not only allowed his brother to retain his equerries and the other appanages of a prince of the blood, but even permitted him to keep his rangership of Windsor Great Park, notwithstanding the near vicinity of the Ranger's Lodge to Windsor Castle must entail the constant chance of his encountering the duke or duchess in his rides.

As for the new duchess, although a finished coquette, and having more the appearance of a woman of pleasure than of a lady of distinguished position, her conduct as a wife and a mother appears to have been unexceptionable. "The new princess of the blood," writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on the 7th of November, 1771, "is a young widow of twenty-four, extremely pretty, not handsome, very well made, with the most amorous eyes in the world, and eyelashes a yard long; coquette beyond measure, artful as Cleopatra, and completely mistress of all her passions and projects. Indeed, eyelashes three-quarters of a yard shorter would have served to conquer such a head as she has turned." Again, Walpole thus describes the duchess in his memoirs of the reign

[1] At a chapter of the Order of the Garter, held on the 18th of June, the following year, we find that the duke was the only knight who received no summons to be present.

of George the Third: "There was something so bewitching in her languishing eyes, which she could animate to enchantment if she pleased, and her coquetry was so active, so varied, and yet so habitual, that it was difficult not to see through it, and yet as difficult to resist it. She danced divinely, and had a great deal of wit, but of the satiric kind; and as she had haughtiness before her rise, no wonder she claimed all the observance due to her rank, after she became Duchess of Cumberland."

What remains to be told of the Duke of Cumberland may be very briefly related. His married life was not a happy one. Avoided by his royal relatives and neglected by the world, his society, during the later years of his life, seems to have been almost entirely confined to the kinspeople of his duchess, and a few associates whose tastes and habits were congenial to his own. No single individual of high rank and character appears to have countenanced him. Even the most violent members of the opposition shunned rather than courted his acquaintance.[1] The duke expired on the 18th

[1] "Here are two anecdotes," writes a contemporary, "of the wise Duke of Cumberland, which most likely you have never heard. One came from Sir Joshua Reynolds himself. The Duchess of Cumberland was sitting for her picture. The duke came in; tumbled about the room in his awkward manner, without speaking to Sir Joshua. The duchess thought it too bad, and whispered to him her opinion; upon which he came, and, leaning on Sir Joshua's chair while he was painting, said, 'What! you always begin with the head first, do you?' And once when, at his own public day, he was told he ought to say

of September, 1790, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

A second clandestine marriage in the royal family, which also occasioned great distress to the king, was that of another of his younger brothers, the Duke of Gloucester, with Maria, an illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and widow of James, second Earl of Waldegrave.[1]

William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was born at Leicester House on the 25th of November, 1743. As he was one of the least intelligent and promising of the numerous offspring of the princess dowager, so also was he the one least beloved and the least tenderly treated by his mother. According to Walpole, she used to cause him great distress at times, by jeering him on account of his dullness, in the presence of his brothers and sisters; on one particular occasion telling them "to laugh at the fool." The sensitive child held down his head and said nothing; on which the princess changed her tone and accused him of sulkiness. "No," he

something to Mr. Gibbon, the author, 'So,' says he, 'I suppose you are at the old trade again, — scribble, scribble, scribble?' I should think, with such pretty witty sayings, his Royal Highness must be very entertaining."

[1] Sir Edward Walpole, K. B., was the second son of the celebrated minister. He was the father of two other illegitimate daughters, of whom one became the wife of Lionel, fifth Earl of Dysart, and the other married the Honourable Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, fifth son of William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle.

said, "he was not sulky; he was only thinking." "And, pray, what are you thinking of?" inquired the princess with increasing scorn in her manner. "I was thinking," said the poor child, "what I should feel if I had a son as unhappy as you make me."

George the Third and the Duke of Gloucester had not only been firm allies and friends in childhood and in boyhood, but, up to the time that the latter allowed the fact of his ill-assorted union with Lady Waldegrave to transpire, the king had loved him more than any other of his brothers. Between their several characters there were striking resemblances. In their boyhood each had manifested that serious, reserved, and pious disposition which happily preserved them from plunging into those youthful irregularities which subsequently disgraced the careers of their brothers, the Dukes of York and Cumberland. Each had suffered from the effects of a faulty education; each, on reaching manhood, had happily had the sagacity to appreciate the grievous disadvantage which it imposed upon them, and each, by diligent study, had endeavoured to make up for the faults and deficiencies of the past.

It should be remembered that, at the time when the Duke of Gloucester first conceived his violent passion for the beautiful widow whom he made his wife, he had not only the excuse of having but just emerged from boyhood, but that the remarkable woman who had enslaved him was, in point of per-

sonal charms and grace and dignity, perhaps the most captivating and commanding beauty of her day. Many worshippers, at the time, were at her feet, and among them the Duke of Portland, the best match in England with the exception of the princes of the blood. Ambitious, she is said to have been, and also haughty; especially in her intercourse with her own sex. This latter imperfection, however, was in all probability induced by the false position in which she stood as the daughter of a milliner on the one hand, and, on the other hand, as the widow of an earl and the granddaughter of a great minister. In other respects Lady Waldegrave seems to have possessed all those endearing and engaging qualities which were calculated to fix the admiration and affections of a husband, and to render her idolised by her children. Lord Waldegrave, whom she had married in her girlhood, had been distinguished by many of the highest qualities of the head and heart; but was unprepossessing in person, and old enough to be her father. When he left her a widow she was not only still young and beautiful, but her face is said to have retained all the bloom and freshness of early youth. Unhesitatingly rejecting the hand of the Duke of Portland, we find her carrying on a long and unsatisfactory dalliance with the Duke of Gloucester, a course of conduct which was alike calculated to give birth to the sneers of the envious and the prudish, and to create uneasiness in the

minds of her relatives and friends. Unlikely, indeed, it appeared to be, that the widow of an earl, and a woman of great virtue and pride, should stoop to form a dishonourable connection; yet, on the other hand, the chances of the milliner's daughter becoming the sister-in-law of the reigning sovereign seemed to be quite as improbable and remote.

It was at this juncture that, at the recommendation of her uncle, Horace Walpole, and with the approbation of her father, Lady Waldegrave addressed a letter to her royal lover, in which, after having pointed out the indifferent repute which his attentions were calculated to entail upon her, she renounced his friendship on the double plea that she was too considerable a person to become his mistress, and of too little consideration to become his wife. Whatever may have been the result of this communication, it was not only kept a secret from her relatives, but even the entreaties of a father failed in eliciting any information from her on the subject. "A short fortnight," writes Horace Walpole, "baffled all my prudence. The prince renewed his visits, with more assiduity, after that little interval, and Lady Waldegrave received him without disguise. My part was taken. I had done my duty. A second attempt had been hopeless folly."

From this time, year after year passed away, yet the duke was still ever at the side of the beau-

tiful widow; nor does she seem to have made any further objections to his attentions. Whether they were married was a question on which the world was divided in opinion; but at all events it was evident that they mutually wished that it should be thought they were man and wife. The duke's manner toward her was marked by the most respectful attention. The livery worn by her servants was a compromise between that of the royal family and her own. When she appeared in public the gentlemen of the duke's household escorted her to her carriage or her chair; and, moreover, at a magnificent masquerade which took place in Mrs. Cornellys's rooms in Soho Square, on the 26th of February, 1770, they seemed desirous of proclaiming the nature of their connection to the world, by the duke appearing in the character of Edward the Fourth, and Lady Waldegrave as Elizabeth Woodville; the latter being habited in gray and pearls, with a black veil. "Methinks," writes Horace Walpole, "it was not very difficult to find out the meaning of these masks."

The fact is, that although the union between the duke and Lady Waldegrave was not communicated by her to her family till the month of June, 1772, their marriage had taken place so far back as the 6th of September, 1766.[1] The king, as

[1] The birth of the Princess Sophia Matilda took place on the 29th of May, 1773. The earliest notice which we discover of

we have seen, was greatly grieved and annoyed at his brother's conduct. Nevertheless, as the issue of the marriage must necessarily come within the line of succession to the throne, his Majesty deputed the Archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, and the Bishop of London, to inquire into the validity of the ceremony, and to cause such corroborative evidence as they could procure to be entered on the books of the Privy Council. True it was that no witnesses had been present at the marriage of the duke and Lady Waldegrave, and accordingly the envious of her sex, when they clamorously denied her right to be regarded as a wedded wife, had some excuse for their scepticism. In the last century, however, the solemn affirmation of two persons, made before credible witnesses, was considered as sufficient evidence that a marriage had taken place. In the present instance, the duke, when believing himself to be on his death-bed, at Florence, had devoutly entrusted the secret of his marriage

the duke's passion for Lady Waldegrave occurs in the winter of 1764, when he was only nineteen; consequently it was not till after a dalliance of nearly two years that she became his wife. "The Duke of Gloucester," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, in December, 1764, "has professed a passion for the Dowager Waldegrave. He is never from her elbow. This flatters Horry Walpole not a little, though he pretends to dislike it." It was not till late in the year 1772 that the duke thought proper to make a formal communication of his marriage to the royal family. "*Sept.* 16. The Duke of Gloucester notified to the king his marriage with my niece Lady Waldegrave."

to the two grooms of his bedchamber, Colonels Rainsford and Heywood; while the duchess, on her part, had formerly made a similar disclosure, though under less solemn circumstances, to her brother-in-law, Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter. Attestations on oath to this effect were made by the several persons referred to, but, as Walpole observes, envy is no lawyer. "The duke," writes Walpole to Mann, "was advised to be married again with the king's consent, but he had too much sense to take such silly counsel, though the king would have allowed it. The duke, however, submitted to the king's pleasure, if it should be thought necessary, though fully satisfied himself with the validity. The king sent him word by the archbishop, that as his Royal Highness was satisfied, and as his Majesty had heard no objection to the validity, he did not think any further steps necessary. In fact, the noise of those who repine at the duchess's exaltation is a proof that they are convinced her marriage is indissoluble."

But though the king was convinced of the legality of the marriage, it was long before he could be induced to extend his thorough forgiveness to his favourite brother. Certainly, so late as the month of January, 1774, no reconciliation had taken place between them, inasmuch as, in that month, we find Walpole suggesting to the duchess the means which he considered most

likely to effect so desirable a result. Still later, in 1775, we find the king positively refusing to make any provision for his brother's children. To Lord North he writes, on the 15th of January:

"I cannot deny that on the subject of this duke my heart is wounded: I have ever loved him with the fondness one bears to a child." In the same letter, the king speaks of his brother's marriage as a "highly disgraceful step," and of the duchess with much acrimony. "I never can," he writes, "think of placing her in a situation to answer her extreme pride and vanity." Again, we find him observing to Lord Hertford that he could not receive her at court "without affronting all the sovereigns of Europe by countenancing a *mésalliance*." [1] Time, however, produced the desired effect. The conduct of the duke and duchess, as well as that of their two children, Prince William and the Princess Sophia, proved so eminently irreproachable, that the king was at last

[1] To the last, the king seems to have been convinced that his weak though amiable brother had been entrapped into marriage by Lord Waldegrave's ambitious widow; indeed, the fact that at the time of their union she was already the mother of three children, and was several years older than the duke, renders the king's prejudices very far from being unreasonable ones. To Lord North the king writes, on the 29th of November, 1777: "I should have thought the handsome proposal delivered by you to the Duke of Gloucester would have deserved at least the civility of not applying for a public provision for a person who must always be odious to me."

induced to relent, and from that time behaved with the greatest kindness and generosity toward his brother's family.[1]

One of the most remarkable events which distinguished the year 1772 — affecting, as it did, the singular fortunes of the youngest and fairest of the king's sisters, the Queen of Denmark — was the memorable revolution which then took place in that country. Caroline Matilda, the posthumous child of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was born on the 11th of July, 1751, and on the 1st of October, 1766, at the age of fifteen, had the misfortune to become the wife of Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark. Her contemporaries describe her as a tall, fair, graceful creature; amiable and charitable in her disposition, refined in her manners, and possessed of a vivacity which rendered her society eminently agreeable. Her abilities and accomplishments, moreover, were far above the ordinary average. She conversed with facility in the French, German, Italian, and Danish languages; she delighted in music and books; her horsemanship was the admiration of the ladies of Denmark, and, lastly, we are assured that she

[1] A bill was subsequently passed (Act 12, George III., c. 11), which precluded any member of the royal family from contracting marriage under the age of twenty-five without the permission of the sovereign, nor after that age, until twelve months' notice should have been given to the Privy Council, and provided that both houses of Parliament should not have expressly declared their disapprobation within the twelve months.

danced the "finest minuet" at her husband's court.

Such was the charming princess who, while still almost a child, was torn from a circle that idolised her, to become the wife of a selfish and dissolute tyrant! The people of England watched her departure from their shores not only with an affectionate interest, but with apprehensions which unhappily turned out to be only too well founded. "The poor Queen of Denmark," writes Miss Talbot to Mrs. Carter, on the 4th of October, 1766, "is gone out alone into the wide world; not a creature she knows to attend her any farther than Altona. It is worse than dying; for die she must to all she has ever seen or known; but then it is only dying out of one bad world into another just like it, and where she is to have cares and fears, and dangers and sorrows, that will all yet be new to her. May it please God to protect, and instruct, and comfort her, poor child as she is! and make her as good, as beloved, and as happy, as I believe her Aunt Louisa[1] was! They have just been

[1] Louisa, fifth and youngest daughter of George II. In addition to strong sense and considerable personal beauty, she possessed many endearing qualities, which rendered her almost as great a favourite with the nation, as she was beloved in her own family. From her childhood, it is said to have been her ambition to become Queen of Denmark; a desire which she lived to have gratified. On the 30th of November, 1743, she was united to Frederick, Prince Royal of Denmark, and three years afterward was elevated to the throne which she had sighed for in the nursery. Before quitting England, she had observed to her

telling me how bitterly she cried in the coach, as far as anybody saw her." It was a complaint of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted her portrait before her departure from England, that in consequence of her being constantly in tears whenever she sat to him, he found it difficult to do justice either to his original or to himself.

A stranger in a foreign land, and linked to a man who had conceived an aversion for her almost from the hour of their marriage, the situation of the young queen was indeed little to be envied. The low amours in which her husband indulged — either with a "Katherine of the beautiful feet," or some other pretty demirep who infatuated him for the hour — added greatly to the discomfort and degradation which became her lot. She had continued in this isolated state for nearly two years, and, in the meantime, had given birth to an heir to the throne of Denmark, when her unworthy consort thought proper to quit his dominions, for the purpose of paying a prolonged and unprofitable visit

brother, the Duke of Cumberland, "If I am unhappy, my relations shall never know it." Her married life, owing to the infidelities of her husband, was not a happy one, and her end was terrible. Her death, like that of her mother, Queen Caroline, was occasioned by a rupture, which, from mistaken feelings of delicacy, she had long concealed. Her mother, on her deathbed, had observed to her: "Louisa, remember, I die by being giddy and obstinate, and keeping my disorder a secret." After undergoing an operation which lasted an hour, and enduring excruciating agonies, she expired on the 8th December, 1751, the day after she had completed her twenty-seventh year.

to England and other countries. Relieved from his unwelcome society, the young queen devoted herself to a life of retirement; employing her time in attending to her maternal duties; in visiting the cottages of the poor, and, at the same time, winning the hearts of thousands by the charm of her manner, her kindness, and her affability. The return, however, of the king to Denmark appears to have wrought a complete revolution in the character and habits of Caroline Matilda. He returned, not only more confirmed than ever in his addiction to low society and loose amours, but, unhappily, he also rendered his queen a sufferer from the effects of his incontinency, in a manner which no woman of ordinary spirit could be expected to forget, nor, perhaps, even to forgive. From this time her manners not only gradually grew forward, but even bold. She began to indulge in levities which, if not criminal, were in the highest degree imprudent. Public opinion seems to have been set recklessly by her at defiance. In habits, in temper, and in principles she became entirely changed. Among other acts of rashness and folly, she gave great offence to the graver Danish matrons by not only appearing frequently in public in male attire, but by riding in that costume astride like a man. "An abominable riding-habit," writes Sir Robert Keith, "with a black slouched hat has been almost universally introduced here, which gives every woman the air of an awkward postilion. In all

the time I have been in Denmark I never saw the queen out in any other garb." [1]

In the meantime, in consequence of Christian the Seventh having reduced himself by his continued irregularities to the most miserable state of prostration both of mind and body, it was only to be expected that his young and high-spirited consort should alike take an interest in and seek to acquire an influence over the affairs of her husband's kingdom. In this attempt, however, she was stealthily and doggedly opposed by her bitter enemy, Juliana Maria, Queen Dowager of Denmark, whose object it was to secure the succession to the throne for her younger son, Prince Frederick, and who consequently seized every opportunity of prejudicing the enervated Christian, as well as the Danish people in general, against the rival whom she was bent upon ruining. Already the mental imbecility of Christian, and the increasing unpopularity of the aspiring favourites to whose hands he had confided the reins of government, had gone far to assist the designs of that scheming and relentless woman. It wanted but some plausible evidence of conjugal unfaithfulness on the part of Caroline Matilda, in order to complete her destruction, and such evidence, as we shall presently see, the unhappy princess appeared to be bent upon affording.

[1] Sir Robert, then Colonel Keith, was at this time British minister at Copenhagen.

The Danish monarch, during his recent travels, had encountered at Ahrensburg, near Hamburg, a physician of plebeian parentage of the name of John Frederick Struensee, a young man possessed of considerable personal beauty, of insinuating manners and engaging address, and of abilities almost of a high order. Struensee had risen rapidly in royal favour, and in due time had raised himself to be Prime Minister of Denmark. Unhappily, from the accident of Struensee having been formerly professionally consulted by Caroline Matilda under circumstances of peculiar delicacy, he had been afforded the means of gaining the confidence of a young and warm-blooded queen, who, on account of the brutal treatment which she had experienced from a worthless husband, was only too well disposed to listen to words of sympathy and devotion from the lips of another. Accordingly she conceived a passion for the insinuating adventurer which seems to have been reciprocal, and which neither of the reckless couple apparently took much pains to conceal. How complete was the infatuation of the youthful queen may be gleaned from the following curious extract from the memoirs of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The scene which he describes took place in Gottorp Castle, in the town of Schleswig. "The king's dinner was dull. The queen afterward played at quinze. I was placed on her right; Struensee on her left. Brandt, a new arrival, and

Warnstedt, a chamberlain, completed the party. I hardly like to describe Struensee's behaviour and the remarks he openly dared to address to the queen while leaning his arm on the table close to her. 'Well! why don't you play?' 'Can't you hear?' '*Nun spielen Sie doch, haben Sie nicht gehört?*' I confess my heart was broken to see this princess, endowed with so much sense and good qualities, fallen to such a point and into such bad hands."

The rapid and unmerited rise of the plebeian Struensee naturally gave great offence to the Danish nobles, and consequently tended to strengthen the party of the queen dowager. Moreover, the flagrant gallantries of an obscure foreigner with the consort of their sovereign, and a belief which had gained ground that he was equally dear both to the king and queen, had given rise to many scandalous reports. Prints were publicly exposed for sale in the shop windows of the streets of Copenhagen, representing the queen and her presumed paramour in attitudes of the grossest impropriety. Under these and other circumstances, a conspiracy was formed, under the auspices of Juliana Maria, for seizing the persons of the queen and Struensee, as well as that of his friend and confederate, Enevold Brandt, a young man of pleasure, of good birth, and of chivalrous courage. Accordingly, on a dark winter morning, after a magnificent masked ball in the palace of Copen-

hagen, at which friend and foe had intermingled with apparently more than ordinary gaiety, the conspirators proceeded to carry their daring project into execution. The guests had dispersed in their motley costumes to their respective homes. The ballroom lights had been for some time extinguished. The young queen, whose high spirits during the evening had been the subject of remark, had danced the last dance in which she was destined to press the hand of Struensee. Each had sunk to rest in the several apartments occupied by them in the palace, when suddenly Caroline Matilda was awoke by one of the ladies of her bedchamber, who came to communicate to her the king's commands that she should instantly depart for one of his palaces in the country. Any attempt to escape, either by flight or resistance, had been rendered of no avail. Every outlet from the palace had been carefully sentinelled by the royal guards. The vehicle which was to convey the queen to durance, perhaps to the scaffold, was in attendance almost beneath her windows. In the meantime, a revolution, as sudden as it proved to be successful, had been boldly and artfully accomplished. Struensee and Brandt, after having been seized by detachments of the guards, and loaded hand and foot with fetters, were flung into different prison-rooms in the citadel. To obtain access to the king, and to endeavour, by her tears and entreaties, to induce him to revoke

his edict, appeared to be the only hope for the unhappy queen. Accordingly, she rushed in her nightdress to the apartment of her half-idiotic consort, but meeting her enemy, Count Rantzau, President of the War Office, in the antechamber, a sense of decorum induced her to return to her closet, where she hurried on the first garment which she found at hand. When she again entered the antechamber of her husband, it was too late. She succeeded, indeed, in spite of the opposition of an officer and two soldiers who crossed their firearms at the doors, in forcing her way into the apartment, but, in the meantime, the king had been induced by the conspirators to retire to a distant part of the palace. On her return to her sleeping-room, she was encountered by Count Rantzau, Count Eichstadt, and other officers, from whom she received neither pity nor consideration. If anything, indeed, could have strengthened their resolution, it must have been the sight of Struensee's white bearskin cloak, which lay in her apartment, and which clearly indicated that he must have followed her thither after the ball. Bearing in her arms her second child, an infant daughter of only six months old,[1] the unhappy queen was hurried into the travelling-carriage which awaited her, and in which an officer, with a drawn sword, took his seat by her side.

[1] Louisa Augusta, born 7 July, 1771, became the mother of Christian Augustus, Duke of Augustenberg.

Her destination was the castle of Cronenburg, or Kronborg, a palatial fortress about twenty-four miles distant from Copenhagen, in which, for the next four months, she was left to bewail her misfortunes, and to speculate on the fate which her enemies might have in store for her. In the meantime, under circumstances of the most disgusting and horrifying barbarity, Struensee and Brandt had ended their lives upon the scaffold. The former, before having been brought to trial, had made a formal confession of the criminal nature of his intercourse with the queen; a confession to which Caroline Matilda herself was subsequently induced to subscribe.

In England, the Danish revolution, associated as it was with the misfortunes and misconduct of a British princess, created an extraordinary sensation. On the 28th February, 1772, Mrs. Carter writes to Mrs. Vesey: "I have very little intelligence to send you from Denmark, as there is a profound silence at St. James's on that subject. You know that the unhappy young queen is imprisoned in a castle dashed by the waves, where she is kept in very strict confinement. I am persuaded you would think it an alleviation of her misfortunes, if I could tell you it is the very castle once haunted by Hamlet's ghost, but of this I have no positive assurance; though, as it is at Elsineur, I think such an imagination as yours and mine may fairly enough make out the rest. In

the letter, which the King of Denmark wrote to ours, he only mentioned, in general terms, that the queen had behaved in a manner which obliged him to imprison her, but that from regard to his Majesty her life should be safe." We learn from Archdeacon Coxe, that, during the imprisonment of Caroline Matilda at Cronenburg, she occupied the apartments of the governor of the castle, with permission to walk on the side batteries, and on the leads of the tower.

But for the spirited interposition of the British government, and the prompt orders issued for the sailing of a powerful British squadron to the Baltic, the young queen in all probability might have shared the fate of Struensee and Brandt. Articles had already been framed against her, with a view to bastardising her children, and possibly of bringing her to the scaffold, when the British minister at the court of Denmark, Sir Robert Keith, entered her apartment, and informed her that she was not only free, but that a vessel was waiting to carry her from the shores of Denmark. So overcome was she by the joyful intelligence, as to burst into a flood of tears; at the same time embracing Sir Robert Keith and blessing him as her deliverer. When informed, however, that she must part with the infant, which had been her sole comfort during her misery, and which she had herself nursed at her breast, her anguish knew no bounds. "For some time," writes Arch-

deacon Coxe, "she could not be prevailed upon to bid a final adieu. At length, after bestowing repeated caresses upon this darling object of affection, she retired to the vessel in an agony of despair. She remained on deck, her eyes immovably directed toward the palace of Cronenburg, which contained the child that had been so long her only comfort, until darkness intercepted the view. The vessel having made but little way during the night, at daybreak she observed with fond satisfaction that the palace was still visible, and could not be persuaded to enter the cabin so long as she could discover the faintest glimpse of the battlements."

From Cronenburg the young queen was escorted, by a British squadron, to Stade, in Hanover, from whence she was afterward removed to the castle of Zell, or Celle, not far from the moated ducal seat of Alden, which, half a century before, had been the scene of the captivity and death of another beautiful and injured princess, her great-grandmother, the ill-fated Princess Sophia Dorothea, consort of George the First. In the castle of Zell, provided with a suitable household, and surrounded by a small court of which she was the idol, Caroline Matilda passed the remainder of her brief and unhappy existence. Her heart is said to have been a prey to the deepest despondency, although in society she assumed a cheerfulness to which she had long been

a stranger. Overwhelming, however, as were her misfortunes, and painful as had been the circumstances of indignity under which she had been driven from the court of Denmark, she ever spoke of her enemies without resentment, and, without regret, of the crown which she had lost. The great grief which embittered her existence was her separation from her offspring. "She retained," continues Coxe, "to her last moments, the most unaffected attachment to her children in Denmark. With all the anxiety of a parent, she made repeated inquiries after them, and was delighted with receiving the minutest accounts of their health, amusements, and education. Having obtained their portraits from Copenhagen, she placed them in her most retired apartment; often apostrophised them as if they were present, and addressed them in the tenderest manner."[1]

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall — who was deeply engaged in a plot to restore Caroline Matilda to her husband's throne, and who, in consequence, was admitted to more than one clandestine interview with her — has left us an interesting account both of Zell and of its unhappy occupant. "There was," he writes, "in the aspect of the castle of Zell, its towers, moats, drawbridge, long galleries, and Gothic features, all the scenery realising the

[1] "I received this anecdote," writes Archdeacon Coxe, "from a person at Zell who had more than once overheard this affecting scene."

descriptions of fortresses where imprisoned princesses were detained in bondage." It was in one of the apartments of this gloomy fortress that Wraxall, through the instrumentality of the Baron de Seckendorf, one of the chamberlains of the young queen, and with the agency of her confidential *valet de chambre*, Mantel, was admitted to his first secret interview with the royal exile. On the night of the 17th of February, 1775, he privately took up his abode in an obscure inn in the suburbs of Zell, where he anxiously awaited a reply to certain secret despatches, which he had found means to have conveyed into the hands of the young queen. "On the ensuing morning," he writes, "I acquainted Seckendorf that I was returned to my concealment at the inn in the suburbs. He received me with testimonies of joy, and assured me that the queen's impatience to converse with me, on the subject of my mission to England, would not allow her to postpone it beyond the same afternoon." "According to the directions," adds Wraxall, "given me by Seckendorf, I quitted the 'Sand Krug,' on hearing the castle clock strike the hour of four, wrapped in my greatcoat, and walked to the drawbridge. In the great quadrangle I found Mantel. He led me nearly round the castle, through private passages; and, opening the door of a room into which he admitted me, he left me alone. It was a spacious apartment, the windows of which commanded a

view over the gardens of the castle; and I had scarcely leisure to cast my eye around, when the queen entered without any attendant. My interview with her lasted till near a quarter past six, during all which time we stood in the embrasure of one of the windows. As I had then an opportunity of closely examining her countenance and person, it being broad daylight, I shall add a few words on that subject. Her charms consisted principally in her youth and *embonpoint*. Like the king, her brother, she betrayed a hurry in her articulation, when agitated or eager; but which peculiarity rather augmented, than diminished, her attractions. Her manners were very ingratiating, — noble, yet calculated to win those who approached her. Indeed, toward me, who was engaged, at the hazard of my life, in endeavours to replace her on the throne, it was natural that she should express much good-will and condescension."

On the 22d of March, 1775, Wraxall, furnished with fresh credentials, paid another and last visit to Zell. On this occasion he was smuggled into the castle at night. "I set out," he writes, "before eight, at which hour Mantel engaged to meet me. The weather was most tempestuous, accompanied with rain, and such darkness as rendered it difficult to discern any object. When I got to the drawbridge, no valet appeared; and a few moments afterward the guard, being relieved, passed

close to me. Wrapped in my greatcoat, I waited, not without considerable anxiety. At length Mantel arrived. He said not a word, but, covering me all over with his large German cloak, and holding an umbrella over our heads, he led me in silence through the arch, into the area of the castle, from whence he conducted me to the queen's library. There he left me, exhorting me to patience, it being uncertain at what hour her Majesty would quit her company. The room was lighted up, and the bookcases opened. In about thirty minutes the queen entered the apartment. She was elegantly dressed in crimson satin, and either had, or impressed me as having, an air of majesty, mingled with condescension, altogether unlike an ordinary woman of condition. Our interview lasted nearly two hours." "When ready to leave me," adds Wraxall, "she opened the door, but retained it a minute in her hand, as if willing to protract her stay. She never, perhaps, looked more engaging than on that night, in that attitude, and in that dress. Her countenance, animated with the prospect of her approaching emancipation from Zell — which was, in fact, only a refuge and an exile — and anticipating her restoration to the throne of Denmark, was lighted up with smiles, and she appeared to be in the highest health. Yet, if futurity could have been unveiled to us, we should have seen behind the door, which she held in her hands, the 'fell anatomy,' as 'Constance' calls

him, already raising his dart to strike her. Within seven weeks from that day she yielded her last breath." [1]

Charitable as Caroline Matilda was to the poor, and kind, considerate, and affable as she was to every one who approached her person, it was only natural that her unexpected and alarming illness should create a deep sensation at the small court of which she was the idolised mistress. In the earlier stages, however, of her malady, she alone appears to have entertained a presentiment that her end was approaching. "Since the month of October," she observed to her physician, Leyser, "you have twice extricated me from very dangerous indispositions, but this exceeds your skill. I know I am not within the help of medicine." So great became the violence of her disorder, that her pulse beat one hundred and thirty-one strokes to the minute, and before she expired it was found impossible to count them. Yet, notwithstanding her sufferings, which were excruciating, she manifested a patience, and a solicitude for the ladies who tended her, which endeared her still more to those who survived her. She preserved her senses and speech to the last; expressing, almost with her dying breath, her complete forgiveness of those by whom she had been persecuted and calumniated.

[1] "Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy."
— *King John*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

Thus, on the 10th of May, 1775, at the early age of twenty-three, died Queen Caroline Matilda, the fair and high-spirited sister of George the Third. Her remains rest in the great church at Zell, in the same vault, and side by side, with those of the no less accomplished and unfortunate princess, her ancestress, Sophia Dorothea.

A few words only remain to be said, in regard to the nature of the intercourse which existed between Caroline Matilda and Struensee. Notwithstanding the powerful evidence of criminality which exists, there have been persons who strenuously and chivalrously maintain the innocence of the ill-fated wife of Christian the Seventh. For instance, conclusive as the confession of Struensee would seem to be, it has been argued that his nature was notoriously pusillanimous, and consequently that, in all probability, his asseveration of the queen's guilt had been wrung from him, either by the fear of torture, or in the expectation of saving his life. But the admission, made by Struensee in his prison-room, he had afterward ample opportunity of retracting on the scaffold, and of that opportunity he failed to avail himself. He died, be it remembered, a penitent and self-abasing Christian, and, accordingly, when the awful moment arrived, in which persistence in a hideous lie could avail him nothing in this world, and threatened him with eternal punishment in the next, it seems inconceivable that he should

have allowed himself to pass to the presence of his Maker, without having made some atonement to an innocent woman whom he had cruelly and basely maligned, and whom his continued reserve would in all probability involve in his fate. On the contrary, to the excellent clergyman, Doctor Munter, who attended him to the last, he more than once solemnly insisted upon the truth of his former statements.[1]

But, though we may be unwilling to give credence to most of the pleas adduced by the apologists of Caroline Matilda, there is one, it must be admitted, which, resting as it does on the authority of M. Roques, who, as pastor of the French Protestant church at Zell, attended the queen on her death-bed, is certainly deserving of respectful

[1] Doctor Munter, shortly after Struensee's execution, published an account of his conversion to Christianity, in a "Narrative," to which Sir James Mackintosh awards high praise, as "a perfect model of the manner in which a person circumstanced like Struensee ought to be treated by a kind and considerate minister of religion." The "Narrative" was reprinted by the learned and Rev. Thomas Rennell, B. D., F. R. S., in 1824. It has been suggested by Sir James Mackintosh, that "as Doctor Munter's narrative was published under the eye of the queen's oppressors, they might have caused the confessions of Struensee to be inserted in it by their own agents, without the consent, perhaps without the knowledge, of Munter." Immediately afterward, however, the charitable assumption is half demolished. "It must be confessed," adds Sir James, "that internal evidence does not favour this hypothesis, for the passages of the 'Narrative', which contain the avowals of Struensee, have a striking appearance of genuineness."

consideration. "Almost every day," said M. Roques, "Queen Matilda used to send for me to read, or converse with her, or still oftener to consult me respecting the poor of my district, whom she desired to relieve. During the last days of her life, I became still more assiduous in my visits, and I was with her till just before she drew her last breath. Though very feeble in body, she had preserved all her presence of mind. After I had recited to her the prayer for the dying, 'M. Roques,' said she, in a voice that seemed to recover strength in the effort, 'I am going to appear before God. I now protest that I am innocent of the guilt imputed to me, and that I never was unfaithful to my husband.' In all my conversations with the queen, she had never, until that moment, alluded in the most distant manner to the charges brought against her."[1] In addition to this remarkable statement, no slight interest was excited, a year or two since, by the publication of a letter, purporting to have been written by Caroline Matilda, in her dying hours, to her brother, King George the Third, containing the most solemn asseverations of her innocence. "Oh!" the letter proceeds, "that it might please the Almighty to convince the world, after my death, that I did not deserve

[1] Falckenskiold, who was involved in the ruin of Struensee, and who in consequence suffered four years' imprisonment in the fortress of Munkholm, on a rock opposite Drontheim, died at Lausanne in September, 1820, in the eighty-third year of his age.

any of the frightful accusations by which the calumnies of my enemies stained my character, wounded my heart, traduced my honour, and trampled on my dignity. Sire! believe your dying sister, — a queen, and even more, a Christian, — who would gaze with terror on the other world if her last confession were a falsehood. I die willingly; for the unhappy bless the tomb."

This "conclusive" document — as we are told by the most recent biographer of Queen Caroline Matilda, Sir Lascelles Wraxall — was placed at his disposal by the Duchess of Augustenburg, who was permitted, by the late King of Hanover, to transcribe it from the original document, preserved among the royal archives in that kingdom. Nevertheless, high as this authority appears to be, the document would seem to be of most questionable authority. Having some reason to doubt its verity, the author applied for information on the subject to his Excellency Count Kielmansegge, through whose kindness he has been favoured with the following communication, derived from the most credible official authority in Hanover. "In the royal Hanoverian archives there is not the letter alluded to of the late Queen Caroline Mathilde of Danemark. Solely, the Royal Museum contains a printed copy of a letter, pretending to be written by the said late queen on her death-bed to her royal brother, King George the Third of Great Britain, and it is presumed that the Duchess of

Augustenburg was permitted, by the late King Ernest Augustus's Majesty, to take a copy of this printed copy, now in the Family Museum. Forwarding to you another copy of this printed letter, I feel it my duty to acquaint you further, that the well-informed officers of the royal archives are strongly impressed of the opinion, that the said late queen did never write, nor could write, on her death-bed, such a letter, and that the pretended letter of her Majesty is nothing but the work of one of her friends in England, written after her death and then translated. The history of her Majesty's last illness and of her death is here well known, and excludes almost the possibility of her writing and forwarding such a letter to her royal brother."[1]

The year 1772 was rife with domestic calamities to George the Third. He was still enduring the pain and mortification, occasioned by the misfortunes and tainted reputation of his sister, the Queen of Denmark, when death robbed him of his last surviving parent, the much-abused Princess of

[1] To the Baron Von Malortie, Minister and Chamberlain to H. M. the King of Hanover, the author begs to return his best thanks for his kindness and courtesy in causing him to be supplied with a copy of the disputed letter of the Queen of Denmark as well as with the information given in the text. Sir Lascelles Wraxall seems not to have been aware that the letter referred to had already appeared in print, in the *Times* newspaper of January 27, 1852, from whence it was transferred to the pages of *Notes and Queries*.

Wales. "The news of the death of the Princess of Wales," writes Sir Robert M. Keith, then British minister at Copenhagen, "affected me sincerely. You all know how much I thought myself honoured by the good opinion of that princess, who, I am firmly persuaded, possessed as many intrinsic good qualities, and as much affability of temper, as any lady in Europe. The distresses of our worthy sovereign are indeed manifold; and if ever king deserved the tender affections of his subjects, as well as their obedience, we may safely say without flattery that he is that king."

The death of the princess took place at Carlton House on the 8th of February, 1772, in the fifty-third year of her age. She had suffered deep distress from the misconduct and foolish marriage of her son, the Duke of Cumberland; and, more recently, the disgrace and deposition of her youngest daughter not only plunged her into still severer affliction, but are said to have hastened her end. Even her arch-maligner, Walpole, admits that her fortitude during her long and agonising illness was "invincible." "She could swallow," he writes, "but with great difficulty, and not enough to maintain life long. At times, her sufferings, and her struggles to hide them, were so much beyond her strength that she frequently fainted and was thought dead: yet would she not allow she was ill, even to her children; nor would she suffer a single physician or surgeon to inspect her throat,

trusting herself solely to a German page who had some medical knowledge; and going out to take the air long after it was expected that she would die in her coach." Almost up to the hour of her dissolution, not one of her children — not even her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Brunswick, who was constantly with her — could perceive that she entertained any apprehension of her danger. Yet she could scarcely have been in ignorance of her real condition. "She had existed," writes Walpole, "on cordials alone for ten days, from the time she had received the fatal news from Denmark, and died before she could hear again from her daughter." The king appears to have been unremitting in his attentions to his mother during her last illness; attending her every evening with the queen at eight o'clock; and, on the night before she died, when her end was evidently drawing near, anticipating his visit by an hour, on pretence that he had mistaken the time. Feeble, however, as she was, and excruciating as was her disorder, a cancer in the breast; notwithstanding, moreover, that she had been seized with convulsions in the course of the day, she not only arose and dressed herself to receive the king and queen, but detained them in conversation with her for four hours. On parting with them, she even expressed an opinion that she should pass a tranquil night. Before morning, however, it became evident, not only to her attendants but to herself, that her end was rapidly

approaching. A short time before she expired, she inquired of her physician how long he considered she might live. Perceiving that he hesitated to answer the question, "It is no matter," she added, "for I have nothing to say, nothing to do, and nothing to leave." At six o'clock in the morning she expired without a groan. "The calmness and composure of her death," writes Bishop Newton, "were further proofs and attestations of the goodness of her life; and she died, as she had lived, beloved and lamented most by those who knew her best."

Detested as the princess was by the English nation, on account of her political conduct, and blamable as were the narrow-minded principles on which she educated her children, there can be little doubt that the praise of Bishop Newton was not undeserved. It was much to her credit that, after the death of her husband, Prince Frederick, the large debts which he left were discharged by her out of her annual income, without any application for aid to Parliament, or even to the king, her son. Still more creditable to her were her munificent acts of private charity. No less a sum than ten thousand a year was expended by her, in pensions to meritorious individuals and in the support of indigent families, few of whom, it is said, were made aware, till after her death, of the name of their benefactress. It may be mentioned, as a pleasing instance of her kindness of heart, that

she rented a house on Kew Green, for the express purpose of sheltering such aged and infirm servants as had served her long and faithfully. Thus munificently did she expend the liberal income bestowed upon her by the people of England! Thus, too, is explained the expression, which she made use of in her dying moments, that she had "nothing to leave;" a statement which would seem to have been literally true.

On the 1st of July, 1774, died at Holland House, Kensington, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, Henry Fox, Lord Holland. "Lord Holland," writes Walpole to Mann, on the 15th of May, "drags on a wretched life, and Lady Holland is dying of a cancer." Yet, though labouring under many afflictions, his genial humour sparkled to the last. He was on his death-bed, it is said, when he was told that George Selwyn — "whose passion," to use the words of his friend Walpole, was "to see coffins, and corpses, and executions" — had called to inquire after his health. "The next time," he said, "that Mr. Selwyn calls, show him up: if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; if I am dead, he will be glad to see me." Lady Holland survived her husband only twenty-three days.

CHAPTER XI.

Children of George III. — Domestic Life of the Royal Family at Kew — The King's Habits of Business — Temperance — Personal Courage — Moral Qualities — Mistakes in Political Policy — Pleasantry of His Manner — Sense of His Religious Obligations — Respect for Dissenters — The Primate Rebuked — Lancaster and Popular Education — The King's Protection of Agriculture and Literature — His Intercourse with Eminent Literary Men — Wilkes and Franklin on the Character of George III.

In the affections of his queen, and in the society of his young and rapidly increasing family, the king found no slight compensation for the loss of his remaining parent and the misconduct of his brothers and sister. Before the spring of 1774, Queen Charlotte, though only in her thirtieth year, had given birth to no fewer than ten children; including, in addition to those whose births have already been recorded, Augustus Frederick, afterward Duke of Sussex, born on the 27th of January, 1773, and Adolphus Frederick, afterward Duke of Cambridge, born on the 24th of February, 1774. The children whom, subsequently to that date, she bore her husband were the Princess Mary, afterward Duchess of Gloucester, born 25th April, 1776; the Princess Sophia, born 3d November,

1777; Prince Octavius, born 23d February, 1779; Prince Alfred, born 22d September, 1780; and the Princess Amelia, born 7th August, 1783.

From the pen of one who was professedly connected with the court, we have an interesting picture, sketched in the summer of 1775, of the domestic life and habits of George the Third and his queen, when resident at Kew. "Their majesties rise at six in the morning, and enjoy the two succeeding hours in a manner which they call their own. At eight, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburg,[1] the Princess Royal, and the Princes William and Edward, are brought from their respective apartments, to breakfast with their illustrious parents. At nine, the younger children attend, to lisp or smile their good morrows; and whilst the five eldest are closely applying to their tasks, the little ones and their nurses pass the whole morning in Richmond gardens. The king and queen frequently amuse themselves with sitting in the room while the children dine, and, once a week, attended by the whole offspring in pairs, make the little delightful tour of Richmond gardens. In the afternoon, while the queen works, the king reads to her. In the evening all the children again pay their duty at Kew House before

[1] The king's second son, Frederick, had not yet been created Duke of York. He was therefore called after his title of Bishop of Osnaburg, to which see he had been elected on the 27th February, 1764, when only six months old.

they retire to bed, and the same order is observed through each returning day. The sovereign is the father of his family. Not a grievance reaches his knowledge that remains unredressed, nor a character of merit or ingenuity disregarded, so that his private conduct must be allowed to be no less exemplary than it is truly amiable. Exercise, air, and light diet, are the grand fundamentals in the king's idea of health. His Majesty feeds chiefly on vegetables, and drinks but little wine. The queen is what many private gentlewomen would call whimsically abstemious; for, at a table covered with dainties, she prefers the plainest and simplest dish, and seldom eats of more than two things at a meal. Her wardrobe is changed every three months: and while the nobility are eager to supply themselves with foreign trifles, her care is that nothing but what is English shall be provided for her wear."

Among those who, about this period, were afforded favourable opportunities of passing judgment on the character and conduct of the court, was Doctor Newton, Bishop of Bristol, who, in consequence of almost uninterrupted ill health, had been compelled to take up his residence at Kew, in preference to the unwholesome atmosphere which surrounded his deanery residence at St. Paul's. "It was an additional pleasure," he writes, "to see and hear so much more of the king and queen in their privacies; of their conjugal happiness and of

their domestic virtues, which, the nearer they are beheld, appear greater and more amiable, and are a shining pattern to the very best of their subjects." Rarely during the winter months was the venerable prelate well enough to risk quitting the house, yet once, he tells us, on "a fine warm day in December, when the wind was south," he availed himself of the opportunity which it gave him of paying his respects to his sovereign. "Ah!" said the king to him; "a visit from you in December! I did not expect to see you till May."

The old palace of Kew — with its delightful gardens and its crowd of agreeable local associations — is still an object of interest and curiosity to thousands. It should be borne in mind, however, that the present palace is not the same structure which, in the days of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was known as Kew House, and which, after the death of his widow, when it had become the residence of George the Third, was distinguished as the Queen's Lodge. The "Queen's Lodge," no vestige of which now remains, stood opposite to the present red-brick mansion; the two edifices having in former days been separated by a public carriage-road which ran from Kew Green to Brentford Ferry. Then, and long after the divergence of the ferry-road, the present palace was known indifferently as the Prince's House and the Royal Nursery; names which it successively derived from the Prince of Wales and other children of George

the Third having been reared within its walls. After the demolition of the Queen's Lodge, which commenced in 1802, the present mansion became the occasional residence of George the Third and his consort.[1]

As we have already observed, the gardens of Kew House are replete with interesting associations. It was in the cool shade of its shrubberies that the frivolous Frederick, Prince of Wales, listened to the brilliant wit of Chesterfield and Pulteney. Here he might be seen exhibiting his flower-beds to Pope, or listening to the scandal and gossip of Bubb Dodington; and, lastly it was along these walks that he was induced to hearken to the insidious reasonings of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham, by whom he was only too easily persuaded that Sir Robert Walpole was the wickedest of ministers and his own father the weakest of kings. Here, at other times, the prince might be

[1] A view of "Kew House," or rather of the "Queen's Lodge," forms a vignette to the "Works and Correspondence" of the Rev. James Bradley. The building had been many years in the possession of the Capel family when, about the year 1730, a long lease of it was taken by Frederick, Prince of Wales, the fee of which was afterward purchased by George the Third of Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Essex. It was not till the year 1781 that the present palace was bought by the king in trust for Queen Charlotte. The Acts of Parliament, 6 George III., cap. 72, and 25 George III., cap. 41, contain some curious information relating to the important alterations which have been made in this interesting neighbourhood, consequent on the king carrying out his favourite project of uniting the pleasure-grounds of Richmond Lodge with those of Kew.

seen retiring into the more "gloomy alleys" with Lady Middlesex; while, in the more frequented walks, and at a respectful distance from them, strolled side by side his neglected princess and Lord Bute, the former listening with satisfaction to the pompous compliments paid her by the favourite, and occasionally glancing, with perhaps too much complacency, on the proportions of his exquisitely turned leg. In these walks it was, that Bute first infused into the youthful mind of George the Third those Utopian and pernicious doctrines which subsequently proved so detrimental to the well-being of his subjects, as well as to his own. Here, the young prince was residing when he received the unexpected intelligence of the death of his grandfather. Here, at a later period, his queen might be seen watering her exotic plants, or feeding her favourite animals in her menagerie. These glades are the same that witnessed the youthful gambols, and resounded to the merry laughter, of that promising and beautiful race of which George the Third was the sire. Within these pleasure-grounds it was that he himself had spent most of the happiest hours of his life; and, lastly, here, on a site now covered with the gayest of flower-beds, he was prostrated by ten of those dreadful weeks of insanity which visited him in the winter of 1788 and 1789.

But, though the palace which witnessed the earlier joys and sorrows of George the Third

has passed away for ever, the present palatial residence is not without many interesting associations. When, many years since, the author wandered through the forsaken apartments of the old palace at Kew, he found it apparently in precisely the same condition as when George the Third made it his summer-residence and when Queen Charlotte expired within its walls. There were still to be seen, distinguished by their simple furniture and bed-curtains of white dimity, the different sleeping-rooms of the unmarried princesses, with their several names inscribed over the doors of each. There were still pointed out to him the easy chair in which Queen Charlotte had breathed her last; the old harpsichord which had once belonged to Handel, and on which George the Third occasionally amused himself with playing; his walking-stick; his accustomed chair; the backgammon-board on which he used to play with his equerries, and, lastly, the small apartment, in which the pious monarch was accustomed to offer up his prayers and thanksgivings. In that apartment was formerly to be seen a relic of no small interest, — the private prayer-book of George the Third. In the prayer which is used during the session of Parliament, the king with his own hand had obliterated the words "our most religious and gracious king," and had substituted for them "a most miserable sinner."

The sons and daughters of George the Third

seem, without an exception, to have taken a lively and lasting interest in the home of their childhood; a circumstance to which it is probably owing that, till the death of King William the Fourth, and the passing away of the generation to which he belonged, the interior of the old palace continued to retain so many of the distinctive features of the past. When, however, some time after the death of that monarch, the author again made a pilgrimage to the spot, the *genius loci* had taken its flight for ever. The apartments had been stripped of their old-fashioned furniture; the walls of their pictures, and the library of its books. With the exception of Handel's harpsichord, the chair in which Queen Charlotte had expired, and some ill-painted portraits, which had been consigned to the garrets, of forgotten equerries and other royal favourites, the old edifice presented as denuded and comfortless an aspect as can well be imagined. The library alone, once a favourite apartment with George the Third, indicated, by its vacant book-shelves, the uses to which it had been formerly put. With this small apartment a trifling, yet not uninteresting story is connected. The king was one day sitting in it alone, when, the fire getting low, he summoned the page in waiting, and desired him to fetch some coals. The attendant, it seems, instead of promptly obeying the king's commands, rang the bell for the footman whose province it was to perform this menial office, and who happened

to be a man advanced in years. The king's rebuke to the page was characteristic of the right-minded monarch. Desiring the attendant to conduct him to the place where the coals were kept, he took up the scuttle, and carrying it himself to the library, threw some of its contents on the fire. Then, handing the coal-scuttle to the attendant, he said, "Never ask an old man to do what you are so much better able to do yourself." [1]

Not only was George the Third of a naturally vigorous constitution, but the rigorous system of abstinence and bodily exercise which he had early adopted seemed to promise him a long life of uninterrupted health. The fact, indeed, is rather a remarkable one that from the period of his mysterious malady in 1765, till he was temporarily afflicted by insanity in 1788, there was apparently not a single council, levee, nor drawing-room, at which he had been prevented by indisposition from being present. His powers of enduring fatigue were remarkable. For instance, after breakfasting at Windsor, it was a common prac-

[1] This, and other traits connected with the domestic life of George III., used to be related by an old female attendant who conducted the occasional visitor over the now forsaken palace of Kew. She had not only been an especial favourite with her royal master and mistress, but, to the last, she used to be honoured with visits, and with kind remembrances in the shape of annual Christmas presents, by their surviving children, most of whom had retained an affectionate feeling for her since their infancy.

tice with him to mount his horse, and, however unfavourable might be the state of the weather, to ride the whole way to Buckingham House. From thence he might be seen proceeding in a sedan-chair to St. James's Palace, where he had to undergo the long and tedious ceremony of a levee; his custom being to converse, or, at all events, to exchange words of recognition, with every individual who formed one of the royal circle. After the levee, the king generally attended a meeting of the Privy Council, or gave an audience to his ministers; his only refreshment during the course of the day being usually a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter, which his engagements frequently compelled him to partake of, standing. At five o'clock, or perhaps at a later hour, he entered his coach, and returned to a late meal at Windsor. He was fond of horses; was in the habit of paying an early visit to his stables; was a good rider, and sat a horse admirably. "Do you see my horse?" he once asked of Lord Winchelsea; "I have had him twenty years, and he is good now. Do you know the secret? I'll tell it you. I know his worth, and I treat him accordingly."

The excellent health which the king long enjoyed, as well as his exemption from the obesity which was constitutional in his family, was once, in the course of a conversation with Lord Mansfield, attributed by him to the following circumstance. He happened, he said, to pay a visit to his

uncle, the Duke of Cumberland; not long before the death of that celebrated man, when the conversation turned upon the duke's increased corpulency. It was a constitutional infirmity, remarked his Royal Highness, from which his Majesty, on reaching middle age, could scarcely expect to be absolved. Temperance and abstinence, he said, were the best remedies, and, if neglected, he added, "Depend upon it, Sir, that nothing can prevent your Majesty growing to my size." Such was the effect produced by these words upon the king's mind, that, as he assured Lord Mansfield, from that moment he formed the resolution of checking his tendency to obesity, by inuring himself to habits of the strictest temperance. Many years afterward, in the course of an interesting conversation, at which the authoress of "Evelina" was present, we find the king congratulating himself on the excellent health which he enjoyed, and attributing it to his rigid adherence to the wholesome rules which he had formerly prescribed for himself. "The fault," he said, "of his constitution was a tendency to excessive fat, which, however, he kept in order by the most vigorous exercise, and by the strictest attention to a simple diet." One of the company, Mrs. Delany, commending him for his remarkable forbearance, "No, no;" he said, "it is no virtue; I only prefer eating plain and little, to growing diseased and infirm." No one could be more simple in his tastes as well as

habits; yet, when the time and occasion required it, he ever upheld the kingly dignity with becoming state and magnificence.

The king's personal courage even his bitterest enemies have never called in question. In the hour of peril and of trial it never forsook him. On many memorable occasions — such, for instance, as when, in 1769, the Duke of Grafton stood by his side in the royal closet at St. James's trembling at the yells and menaces of the mob; such as when, in 1786, the blade of Margaret Nicholson's knife bent upon his breast; and lastly, when the bullets from Hadfield's pistol whistled over his head at the theatre, in 1800 — he exhibited a composure, and an apparently utter disregard for danger, which surprised even those who were best acquainted with the constitutional intrepidity of his nature. That, if circumstances had required it, the king would have girded on his sword and fought at the head of his subjects, is a fact sufficiently well established. Both when Great Britain was threatened with invasion by France, in 1779, and again, under similar circumstances, at the commencement of the present century, the king had fully made up his mind to take the command of his troops and to encounter the invading army in person. Well might Lord George Germaine write to Sir Henry Clinton on the occasion of the former alarming crisis: "The king's magnanimity is not to be shaken by the nearness of danger." He was in

the habit, at one period of his reign, of receiving numerous anonymous communications, some of them actually threatening his life, and others warning him of the danger of riding out on particular days and on certain roads. Not only, however, did he treat such warnings with contempt, but he even took a pleasure, it is said, in selecting for his day's ride the very road which he had been especially recommended to avoid. "I am aware," he said, "that, considering the little care I take of my person, whoever chooses to sacrifice his own life may deprive me of mine. I only hope, however, that whoever may attempt it, may not do it in a brutal and barbarous manner."

Neither was the moral and political courage of George the Third less conspicuous than his personal fearlessness. His enemies, indeed, have thought proper to denounce his firmness of character as mere obstinacy; nor can it, perhaps, be denied that he sometimes clung rather too tenaciously to such opinions as he had once deliberately formed. When Nicholls, the author of the "Recollections," once asked Charles Fox whether it was not possible to conciliate his sovereign, "No," was Fox's reply, "it is impossible; no man can gain the king." Nevertheless, his firmness often shone forth to advantage, both to himself and to his subjects. "George the Third," said Lord Eldon, "was a man of firm mind, with whom one had pleasure in acting. He was very slow in forming

his opinion; very diligent in procuring every information on the subject; but, once convinced, he would act with the most unflinching firmness." In awarding this peculiar praise to his royal master, Lord Eldon quoted, in illustration of his remarks, the king's beautiful saying, when pressed to give his consent to Roman Catholic emancipation. "I can give up my crown, and retire from power. I can quit my palace and live in a cottage. I can lay my head on a block and lose my life; but I cannot break my coronation oath." A fear of incurring responsibility, too often a weakness even in the characters of the bravest and the best, was unquestionably not one of the shortcomings of George the Third. The more tempestuous the political horizon, the firmer the high-spirited monarch stood at his post, and the less inclination he showed to shift either danger or odium from his own shoulders to those of others. The steady support which he extended to Lord Bute, when that nobleman was in the height of his unpopularity; his unflinching protection of the Duke of Grafton during the formidable tumults in 1769; and lastly, the great responsibility which he took upon himself when, during the disgraceful "Protestant riots" in 1780, he opposed the military to the mob, afford sufficient evidence of his high moral as well as personal courage. Had he been Charles the First, instead of George the Third, he would never have abandoned the Earl of Strafford to his fate; nor,

had he been in the situation of George the Second, would he ever have forsaken Sir Robert Walpole. To use his own remarkable words, written to Lord North on the 19th of May, 1778, "He [Sir Robert] had firmly, for twenty years, withstood a strong opposition. The Crown deserted him, and his enemies came into office."

Indeed, a more high-spirited man, as well as a more thorough Englishman at heart, than George the Third, existed not throughout his dominions. A speech which he made to Mr. Jackson, when employed as British envoy at Copenhagen in 1807, used to be related by the late Lord Eldon as a pleasing instance of the king's high spirit. Previously to the celebrated bombardment of that city by Admiral Lord Gambier, Jackson had been sent to wait upon the Prince Regent of Denmark, with a proposition that the Danish fleet should be surrendered up for a season to the British admiral, in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the French. Jackson having, on his return to England, been presented to George the Third, and having related to him the result of his mission, the king abruptly inquired of him whether the Danish prince had granted him the audience, up-stairs or down. Jackson replying that it was in an apartment on the ground floor, "I am glad of it," said his Majesty; "I am glad of it, for your own sake; for if the prince had had half the spirit of George the Third, he would have infallibly kicked you down-

stairs." This anecdote was related to Lord Eldon by the king himself.

The political errors of George the Third may have been many; his prejudices may occasionally have been deep-rooted, and the public measures which he approved may at times have been opposed to the interests of his people. These, however, were the faults, not of a corrupt heart, but of a warped judgment and a defective education, and are therefore not incompatible with that inflexible uprightness of character which distinguished him in every relation of public, as well as private life. The great object of his existence was to do what was right. He was in the noblest sense of the word an honest man. His love of his country was equalled only by his firmness and his love of truth. To Lord Chatham we find him writing, in May, 1767, "My spirits, I thank Heaven, want no rousing. My love to my country, as well as what I owe to my own character and to my family, prompt me not to yield to faction. Though none of my ministers stand by me, I cannot truckle." In his strong sense of justice; in the sedulous pains which he took to acquaint himself with the wants and interests of his people, and in the anxiety which he showed to alleviate the one and to advance the other, he certainly exhibited kingly virtues of no mean order. "I can scarcely conceive," writes the republican Franklin, "a king of better dispositions, of more exemplary virtues, or more

truly desirous of promoting the welfare of his subjects."

The king's good faith, his high sense of honour, and his solemn regard for truth, have seldom been called in question. For instance, after his several recoveries from those dreadful aberrations of intellect with which it was the will of the Almighty to afflict him, he ever sedulously endeavoured to recollect any promises he might have made previously to the derangement of his mental faculties, and was always no less punctiliously exact in performing them. He may have conceived too lofty a notion of the royal prerogative; he may have been too eager and zealous in defending what he regarded as his legitimate rights; but, on the other hand, the solemn importance which he attached to his coronation oath would at all times have prevented his making any deliberate encroachments on the rights and liberties of his people. "The king," said Lord North, "would live on bread and water to preserve the Constitution of this country. He would sacrifice his life to maintain it inviolate."

Of the higher branches of political economy, of the statistics of law and commerce, and of the grand principles of colonial and foreign policy, the king appears to have acquired neither a deep knowledge nor very enlightened views. But, on the other hand, by a constant and unwearied attention to public affairs, he had made himself thoroughly conversant with the working of domestic

politics, with the characters and capacity of public men, and with the mode of transacting business in the various offices of the state. "Being far from deficient," writes Lord Brougham, "in natural quickness, and the more regularly industrious because of his habitually temperate life, he made himself thoroughly master of all the ordinary details of business; insomuch, that a high authority[1] has ascribed to him a more thorough knowledge of the duties of each several department of the state than any other man ever possessed." Again, Lord Brougham observes: "The correspondence which he carried on with his confidential servants during the ten most critical years of his life[2] lies before us, and it proves that his attention was ever awake to all the occurrences of the government. Not a step was taken in foreign, colonial, or domestic affairs, that he did not form his opinion upon it, and exercise his influence over it. The instructions to ambassadors, the orders to governors, the movements of forces, down to the marching of a single battalion, in the districts of this country, the appointments to all offices in Church and state; not only the giving away of judgeships, bishoprics, regiments, but the subordinate promotions, lay and clerical; all these form the topics of his letters; on all, his opinion is pronounced decisively; on all, his will is declared peremptorily. In one letter he

[1] The late Sir Herbert Taylor.

[2] Viz., during the administration of Lord North.

decides the appointment of a Scotch puisne judge; in another the march of a troop from Buckinghamshire into Yorkshire; in a third the nomination to the deanery of Worcester; in a fourth he says that if Adam, the architect, succeeds Worsley at the Board of Works, he shall think Chambers ill-used." Yet, notwithstanding the large amount of official business and correspondence which the king thus entailed upon himself, it was transacted by him without any clerical assistance. "It may be remarked," writes Sir Herbert Taylor, "that during many years his Majesty had not any one to assist him in his epistolary communications; nay, not even in what may be called the mechanical parts of it; that, in fact, he had not recourse to the aid of a private secretary until blindness rendered it indispensable." Yet, not only was the king in the habit of taking copies of his own letters whenever they appeared to him to be of importance, but when, during his insanity, in 1788–89, the Prince of Wales took upon himself to open his father's cabinet, his papers, to use the prince's own words, "appeared to be arranged with great regularity and method."

Such of the king's letters as have as yet seen the light, though occasionally wanting in elegance, and sometimes even ungrammatical, are nevertheless written in clear and energetic language, and are always to the point. He wrote and composed with great facility, which may have been in part

the cause of the defects to which we have alluded. "No man," according to his son, the late King of Hanover, "wrote better, or knew how to express his opinions in a conciser way, than George the Third." [1] The king's conversation, like his correspondence, was distinguished by good sense, and, except when he was nervously embarrassed, by singular clearness of expression.

A leading feature in the character of George the Third was the punctuality which he ever practised himself, and which he no less scrupulously exacted from others. A well-known rebuke of Louis the Fourteenth to a dilatory attendant — "Sir, you almost made me wait" — was probably on more than one occasion on the lips of the English monarch. With reference to his habitual punctuality, the following anecdote has been related. The king had ordered a certain scientific instrument of the celebrated mechanist and optician, Jesse Ramsden, whose talents he fully appreciated, and whom he was willing to oblige. Aware that punctuality was not among the virtues of the eccentric genius, the king purposely named a distant day, on which he stipulated that it should be personally delivered to him at Kew. When the appointed day, however, arrived, not only was the instrument still unfinished, but it was not till

[1] It appears by a letter from Charles James Fox to Mr. Thomas Grenville, dated May 21, 1782, that the king fully appreciated a good epistolary style in other persons.

the same day twelve months that the philosopher proceeded with it to Kew, where, to his surprise and disappointment, he was informed that his admission to the royal presence was impossible. "Only tell his Majesty," he said to the servants, "that it is Ramsden, and I am sure that he will admit me." At length the page in waiting, overpowered by his importunities, was induced to announce his arrival to the king, who good-naturedly ordered him to be ushered into his closet. Having, in the first instance, carefully examined the instrument, the king addressed himself to the mechanist. "I am told, Mr. Ramsden," he said, "that you are the least punctual of any man in England, and yet I find that you have kept your appointment to the very day. The only difference is that you have mistaken the year."

When surrounded by his children, or when in the society of persons whom he loved, the manners and conversation of George the Third were distinguished by the greatest simplicity and good humour. "In his intercourse with his daughters," writes Sir Herbert Taylor, "and with the Dukes of York and Cambridge, his two favourite sons, he was most kind and affectionate, and he entered with seeming interest into the subjects and pursuits which engaged their attention. It may, indeed, be said that there was in his Majesty's manner and deportment, when in the circle of his family, and in the manifestation of his affection, a

character of simplicity which would seem to belong to the endearing ways of a child rather than to a man advanced in years, and often oppressed by the weight and anxiety of business. Toward his attendants and servants, his Majesty was indulgent and considerate, and he missed no opportunity of giving credit, where due, for faithful and zealous service. It is almost needless to add that they were warmly attached and devoted to him."

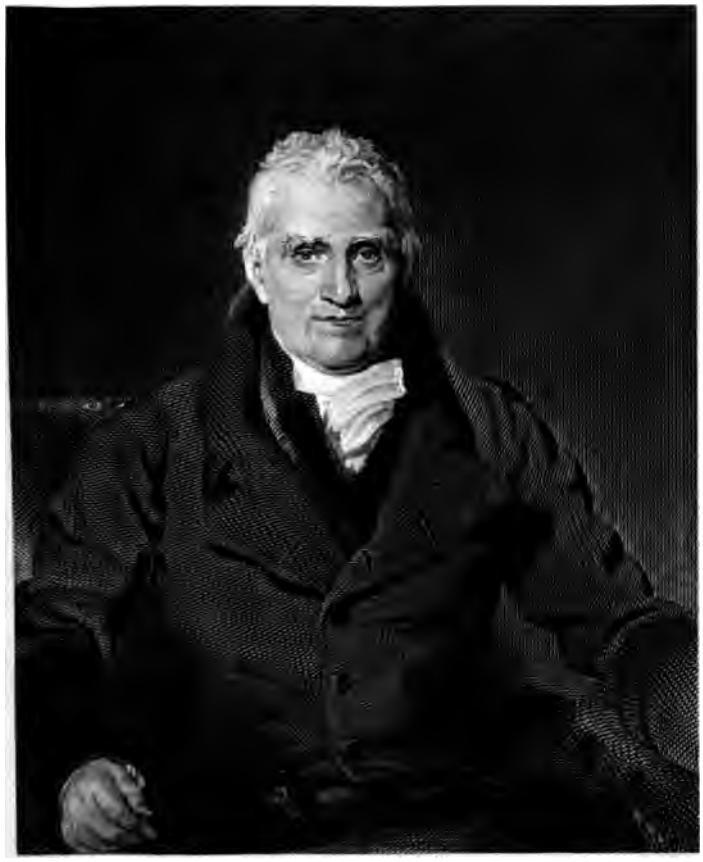
The statesman whom, next to Lord North, the king personally loved the most, and to whom his manner was ever most affectionate, appears to have been Lord Eldon. "I do not know," said the chancellor, "what made George the Third so fond of me, but he was fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him, he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew the seals out from the left side, saying, I give them to you from my heart."

The king's birthday, the 4th of June, happened to be the same as that of Lord Eldon. On one of the anniversaries of the day, the latter had occasion to appear before the king in his full robes as lord chancellor, and was commencing a speech with the usual formality, —"Please your Majesty," etc., — when the king suddenly interrupted him. "Stop, stop!" he said, "I wish you many happy

Notre Seigneur, Dieu et Rédempteur,

John Scott, Earl of Eldon.

Photogravure after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



returns of the day. Now you may go on, but remember I spoke first."

Lord Eldon was on another occasion in the presence of George the Third, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other persons of high rank, formed the circle around the sovereign. "I believe," remarked the king, "that I am the first king whose Archbishop of Canterbury and whose chancellor both ran away with their wives. Was it not so, chancellor?" Lord Eldon was sly enough to turn the laugh from himself to the archbishop. "May it please your Majesty," he said, "to ask the archbishop that question first." "It turned the laugh," said Lord Eldon, "to my side, for the lords were beginning to titter." The king on another occasion observed to Archbishop Sutton, "I believe your Grace has a large family — better than a dozen." "No, Sir," replied the archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," retorted the king, "is not that better than a dozen?"

Nothing the king liked better than to fling a good humoured jest at the lawyers. For instance, at the time when Lord Chief Baron Macdonald and Mr. Baron Graham were severally sitting in the courts of Westminster, it was remarked that the only fault of the one lay in his fingers, which were never out of his snuff-box; and that of the other, that his tongue was seldom silent. "True!" remarked the king, — "the Court of Exchequer

has a snuff-box at one end, and a chatter-box at the other."

Lord Eldon himself, as we have seen, was not exempt from the harmless raillery of his sovereign. At the time when the punishment of death was much more common than at the present day, it happened that a footpad had been condemned to death on account of a street robbery which he had committed close to Lord Eldon's residence in Bedford Square. When the recorder presented his report to the king, all the ministers, with the exception of one, gave it as their opinion that the man should be left for execution. Observing, however, that Lord Eldon had not spoken, the king called upon him for his opinion, which the chancellor gave in favour of mercy. It had been the custom, said his lordship, to hang for street robberies, and no doubt the offence was a very grave one. He considered, however, that a distinction ought to be made between cases in which personal violence had been resorted to, and cases in which there had been none. In the present instance, he added, there had been no violence, and he therefore thought it a case in which his Majesty might fairly exercise his royal clemency. "Very well," said the king, "since his lordship, who lives in Bedford Square, thinks there is no great harm in committing robberies there, the poor fellow shall not be hanged."

One more anecdote may be related, having ref-

erence to another eminent judge, Lord Kenyon. Though in other respects a very worthy man, Lord Kenyon was frequently betrayed into ebullitions of temper, which, in his cooler moments, no one could more deeply regret than himself, and which, in fact, on his becoming chief justice of the King's Bench, he had strength of mind enough to lay under a wholesome control. The king, who had a great personal regard for Lord Kenyon, was very well pleased with his reformation, "My lord," he said to him, with a pleasant play upon the words, "I hear that since you have been in the King's Bench, you have lost your temper. You know my great regard for you, and I may therefore venture to tell you that I was glad to hear it."

With the wit and eccentricities of George Selwyn, not omitting the morbid pleasure he took in witnessing appalling scenes, the king seems to have been perfectly familiar. The following extract of a letter from Storer to Lord Auckland not only exhibits a pleasing instance of the king's humour, but it also introduces us to George Selwyn himself and his protégée, the future Marchioness of Hertford, the mysterious "Mie Mie" of the Selwyn correspondence. "A great event has taken place in Selwyn's family. Mademoiselle Fagniani has been presented at court. Of course, Miss Fagniani, for she was presented as a subject of Great Britain, was very splendid; but George was most magnificent, and new in every article of

dress. Either a few days before this event, or soon afterward, he was at the levee. At the same time, there was a person in the circle who had brought up an address from the country, and who was to be knighted on that occasion. George, as soon as the king had spoken to him, withdrew and went away. The king then knighted the ambitious squire. The king afterward, in the closet, expressed his astonishment to the groom in waiting that Mr. Selwyn should not wish to stay to see the ceremony of his making the new knight, observing that it looked so like an execution that he took it for granted that Mr. Selwyn would have stayed to see it. George heard of this joke, but did not like it. He is on that subject still very sore."

The king's mind had been early, and remained ever, deeply imbued with a sense of his religious obligations. While still a boy, we find him writing to Lord Bute on the occasion of the repulse of General Abercrombie at Ticonderoga: "I fear this check will prevent Abercrombie's pushing to Crown Point; but in this, as in everything else, I rely entirely on Providence, and the gallant spirit of my countrymen. Continuing to trust in that superior help, I make no doubt that if I mount this throne, I shall still, by restoring the love of virtue and religion, make this country great and happy."

To one of his ministers for whom the king ever

entertained the sincerest affection, we find him thus writing, in 1773:

"LORD DARTMOUTH: — I return the letter you communicated some time since to me. It contains many very useful lessons to a young man; but I could have wished that the author had put before his young friend the only true incentive to a rectitude of conduct: I mean the belief in a Supreme Being, and that we are to be rewarded or punished agreeably to the lives we lead. If the first of all duties, that to God, is not known, I fear that no other can be expected; and as to the fashionable word, honour, that never will alone guide a man farther than to pursue appearances. I will not add more, for I know that I am writing to a true believer, one who shows by his actions that he is not governed by the greatest of tyrants, Fashion."

A remarkable evidence of the king's piety — his declining, at his coronation, to receive the holy eucharist wearing his crown on his head — has already been related in these pages. Nearly half a century afterward, we find the king reverting with apparent satisfaction to his conduct on that occasion. In 1805, a short time previously to the installation of the Knights of the Garter, the Earl of Chesterfield [1] inquired of him, somewhat thought-

[1] Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, K. G. He was master of the horse to the king from February, 1798, to July, 1804, and an especial favourite with his royal master. He died 29 August, 1815.

lessly, whether it would be requisite for the newly created knights to receive the sacrament. The king's countenance instantly assumed a serious, if not severe, expression. "No, my lord!" he said, "the holy sacrament is not to be profaned by our Gothic institutions. Even at my coronation I was very unwilling to take it, but they told me it was indispensable. As it was, I took off the bauble from my head before I approached the altar."

From the pen of an eye-witness, we have a very interesting account of the king's demeanour at one of these imposing ceremonies — the installation of the Knights of the Garter, which took place at Windsor in 1787. "The king," writes Madame D'Arblay, "was to make an offering as Sovereign of the Garter. He was seated in the Dean of Windsor's stall, and the queen sat by his side. The princesses were in the opposite seats, and all of them at the end of the church. When the service was over the offering ceremony began. The dean and the senior canon went first to the communion table. The dean then read aloud, 'Let your light so shine before men,' etc. The organ began a slow and solemn movement, and the king came down from his stall, and proceeded, with a grave and majestic walk, toward the communion table. When he had proceeded about a third of the way, he stopped and bowed to the altar. Then he again moved on, and, at an equal distance, stopped for the same formality, which was a third

and last time repeated as he reached the steps of the altar. Then he made his offering, which, according to the order of the original institution, was ten pounds in gold and silver, and delivered it in a purse. He then knelt down, and made a silent prayer, after which, in the same measured steps, he returned to his stall, when the whole ceremony concluded by another slow movement on the organ. The air of piety, and the unaffected grace and dignity with which the king performed this rite, surprised and moved me. Mr. Smelt, the most affectionate of his many loyal subjects, even shed tears from emotion, in looking at him in this serious office. The king, I am told, always acquits himself with true majesty, where he is necessarily to appear in state as a monarch."

Though strongly opposed to Catholic emancipation, the king, as we shall presently have to demonstrate, was, in all other respects, friendly to religious toleration. Many of his servants were Dissenters, and of the Methodists he spoke with kindness. Neither was he bigotedly opposed to reforms in the Church of England. When, in 1790, Doctor Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, proposed to the Duke of Grafton to introduce a bill into the House of Lords for expunging the Athanasian Creed from the Litany, the bishop appears to have founded his hopes of success on the strong presumption that the innovation would not be displeasing to the king. A curious anecdote on this subject was

related to the bishop by Doctor Heberden. On some occasion at Windsor, when the Creed of St. Athanasius formed part of the appointed service of the day, the officiating clergyman no sooner commenced reading the words, "Whosoever will be saved," etc., than the king, whose practice it was to pronounce every response in a clear and audible voice, suddenly became silent. Surprised at the circumstance, the clergyman recommenced, in a marked and louder tone, "Whosoever will be saved," etc. It was, however, to no purpose. The king maintained an imperturbable silence till the minister commenced the Apostles' Creed, when his Majesty delivered the responses with his usual distinct and audible intonation.

Another characteristic anecdote has been related of George the Third, which, if it had been told of any other monarch less eminently pious, might fairly have exposed him to the charge of irreverence. Toward the latter part of his reign, being in attendance at divine service at a time when his mind was much distracted by political events, he continued to repeat the responses with his usual calmness till the congregation came to the tenth verse of the *Venite, exultemus Domino*. Regarding the words as singularly applicable to his own circumstances, he is said to have thrust forward his person from the royal closet, and to have repeated with an unmistakable emphasis, "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and

said: it is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my ways."

As the friend and advocate of religious toleration, whenever he considered it to be consistent with his coronation oath, too much praise cannot be awarded to George the Third. He was on one occasion passing by a place of worship in the neighbourhood of one of his palaces, when, perceiving it to be surrounded by a disorderly crowd of persons, he stopped his carriage and inquired the cause of the disturbance. Having been told that it was only "some affair" between the Methodists and their neighbours, he made no secret of his displeasure. "The Methodists," he said, — loud enough to be heard by many of the bystanders, — "are a quiet, good kind of people, and will disturb nobody. If I can learn that any persons in my employment disturb them, they shall be instantly dismissed." In the month of November, 1770, we find him giving one thousand pounds for the benefit of the Dissenting ministers residing in Nova Scotia, and at the same time subscribing five hundred pounds toward building a church in the Savoy, for the use of the German Protestants in London. On another occasion, when a right reverend prelate complained to him of the Dissenters, and of the "great disturbance" which they made in his diocese, the king at once silenced his murmurs. "Make bishops of them, my lord," he said; "make bishops of them." "But, Sir," was the reply, "we cannot

make a bishop of Lady Huntingdon." "No," said the king, "but see if you cannot imitate the zeal of these people." "I wish," he added, "there was a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in my kingdom." [1]

With Lady Huntingdon herself, when that pious and excellent woman came to be personally known to him, the king seems to have been exceedingly pleased. She appeared, he told Lord Dartmouth, to combine, with the ease and politeness of a woman of rank, talents of a very superior order, and an enthusiasm in the cause of religion which rendered her an honour to her sex. To Lady Huntingdon herself he observed: "I have been told so many odd things of your ladyship, that I am free to confess I felt a great degree of curiosity to see if you were at all like other women." He added, however, "I am happy in having an opportunity of assuring your ladyship how very highly I estimate your character, your zeal, and abilities, which cannot be consecrated to a more noble purpose." If the king was pleased with Lady Huntingdon, she seems to have been no less satisfied with her reception by the head of the Church. "We discussed," she writes, "a great many topics, for the conversation lasted upwards of an hour without inter-

[1] Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of Washington, second Earl Ferrars, married, June 3, 1728, Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. She died at an advanced age, in 1791.

mission. The queen spoke a good deal; asked many questions, and before I retired insisted on my taking some refreshment. On parting I was permitted to kiss their Majesties' hands, and when I returned my humble and most grateful acknowledgments for their very great condescension, their Majesties immediately assured me they felt both gratified and pleased with the interview, which they were so obliging as to wish might be renewed." Some time afterward, when a lady of high rank, adopting the fashionable jargon of the day, sneered at this admirable woman as a mere wild enthusiast, the king at once undertook her defence. "Are you acquainted with Lady Huntingdon?" he good-humouredly asked. "No," was the reply. "Have you ever been in her society?" "Never." "Then," said the king, "never form your opinion of any one from the ill-natured remarks and censures of others. Judge for yourself; and you have my leave to tell anybody how highly I think of Lady Huntingdon."

Lady Huntingdon's object in seeking an interview with the king will be best explained by the following remarkable letter addressed by the king to the primate, Doctor Cornwallis:

The King to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"My good Lord Prelate:—I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected at

receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold those levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence. I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned.

"From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, — not to speak in harsher terms, — and on still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately, so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner.

"May God take your Grace into his Almighty protection.

"I remain, my Lord Primate,

"Your gracious friend,

"G. R."

We have yet to record some further pleasing evidence of the enlightened liberality of a monarch who has been too often denounced as the dullest of the dull and the most bigoted of bigots. At a time when the education of the poorer classes

of society was denounced by prelates and statesmen as a dangerous and levelling innovation, George the Third not only announced his approval of the new system of instruction introduced by Joseph Lancaster, but extended to him his patronage, and subscribed to his schools. "He hoped," was his exalted expression, "to see the day when every poor child in his dominions should be able to read his Bible." "Thousands of ragged children," writes the Edinburgh Reviewer, in 1807, "will pray for him, and remember him, long after his Majesty is forgotten by every lord of the chamber and by every clerk of the closet." Happily, the powerful and narrow-minded prejudice which would willingly have stifled the efforts of the illustrious teacher, and deprived the poor of the benefits of knowledge and the blessing of rational religion, proved of no avail. "This phenomenon," proceeds the Edinburgh Reviewer, "we owe to the honest and intrepid support which the monarch, the head of the Church, gave to the oppressed sectary; and we really in our conscience think it the brightest passage in the history of his long and eventful reign." So delighted was the king with an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, written by the late Rev. Sydney Smith, defending Joseph Lancaster against the hostility of the Church, that he made Sir Herbert Taylor read it to him a second time.

The pursuits and amusements with which

George the Third occupied his leisure hours were such as evinced an intelligent, an accomplished, and an amiable mind. He took a pleasure in painting, architecture, and botany. It was under his patronage that the eminent American botanist, John Bartram — "the greatest natural botanist in the world," as Linnæus styled him — prosecuted his studies and researches from the shore of Lake Ontario to the source of the river St. Juan, thus supplying the gardens and pleasure grounds of the Old World with the trees, the shrubs, and flowers of the New.[1] But the science in which the king especially delighted was music. To George Selwyn, Lord March writes, on the 3d of December, 1776: "The king was at the opera, which he scarce ever misses." He had not only a true ear for music, but also possessed a taste, which enabled him to appreciate and to enjoy compositions of the highest sublimity. "His Majesty's partiality for Handel's music," writes no mean judge of that art, Michael Kelly, "was generally spoken of; but I believe it was not universally known what an excellent and accurate judge he was of its merits." The king's taste for

[1] During the reign of George I. and George II. the number of exotics, hardy as well as tender, imported into England, had been only 1,952; whereas, under the fostering auspices of George III., the number imported during his reign amounted to as many as 6,756; being more than half the whole number of exotics now flourishing in the gardens and parks of the United Kingdom.

the drama kept pace with his love for music. So frequent were his visits to the theatre, that the people of London are said to have been as well acquainted with his features as with those of their next-door neighbour. His glee during the performance of a broad farce, or at a droll hit in the pantomime, may at times have been somewhat too exuberantly manifested, but his subjects did not love him the less that he showed himself completely at home in the midst of them. Neither did his sense of the ridiculous prevent his enjoying the higher beauties of the drama. Frequently Mrs. Siddons, and sometimes Garrick, were sent for to read plays or poetry in the royal circle, either at Buckingham House or Windsor. Garrick told Cradock, the autobiographer, that he had read portions of the "Clandestine Marriage" in a crude state "to the king and queen," and described them as having been "greatly amused."

Another pursuit in which George the Third took a steadfast interest, was agriculture. To the zealous example, indeed, which he set his subjects may be traced the organisation of the present agricultural societies, and the great benefit which they have conferred upon the country. Another favourite pursuit of the king was the study of mechanics. In the construction of optical and other philosophical instruments he took an especial pleasure. The arts and sciences, indeed, lay under a great obligation to him. Before he had completed

his thirty-first year, a noble observatory, completely fitted with every apparatus required for philosophical purposes, had been erected by Sir William Chambers, at the king's expense, in the "Old Park," at Richmond. He had raised the art of painting from its long neglected and degraded state by founding the Royal Academy, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was appointed the first president. He was also honoured with knighthood on the occasion. Lastly, under the king's immediate auspices, Captain Cook, in company with the learned naturalist, Doctor Solander, Mr. Green, Assistant Astronomer Royal, and Sir Joseph Banks, sailed for New Zealand with the double and admirable object of extending maritime discovery, and advancing the interests of astronomy and of other branches of science. During the reign, indeed, of no British monarch, since the days of the enlightened and accomplished Tudors, had the spirit of naval enterprise and distant discovery received a more encouraging impulse than under the long and fostering protection of the most unjustly maligned of the princes of the house of Brunswick. "The reign of George the Third" writes the Quarterly Reviewer, in 1817, "will stand conspicuous and proudly preëminent in future history for the spirit with which discoveries were prosecuted, and the objects of science promoted." Early in his reign, the famous voyages of Byron and Cook enjoyed his immediate encouragement. He not only enter-

tained a deeply patriotic feeling for the navy, but had acquired a partial knowledge of naval architecture, which he preserved by retaining at Buckingham House models of the royal dockyards and ships, which he took a pleasure in consulting. "These modes of exerting a superintendence over the navy," writes the American minister, Rush, "seem better in themselves, and, it must be owned, more befitted a sovereign, than if he had turned ship-carpenter like Peter of Russia."

"The late king," in the words of the Quarterly Reviewer, "appreciated painting and music with a real feeling of what was excellent in both. Handel was his favourite musician, and it will be remembered to his honour that, for thirty years, he employed Mr. West when that admirable artist had no commission from any other person." Sir Joshua Reynolds was personally a favourite with him; for the genius of Barry he entertained a high admiration; under his patronage Jervis made his happy improvements in the beautiful art of staining and colouring glass. Between the years 1780 and 1801 the king paid to West, for pictures and designs, no less a sum than £34,187; and for the sum of £20,000 purchased the fine collection of paintings and gems made by Joseph Smith, Esq., consul at Venice. He not only instituted the Royal Academy, but took a constant interest in its well-being, and was proud of being its founder. He deprecated anything

like dissension among the Academicians; took a pleasure in seeing them established in their new and handsome apartments at Somerset House; and, lastly, he devoted many hours in attending their annual exhibitions, on which occasions, by his audible encomiums on individual merit, he still further encouraged rising native genius. Assuredly then, when Gough — in dedicating to George the Third his laborious and noble edition of Camden's Brittania — invoked him as the "patron of every useful and pleasing art and science," the praise was not undeservedly bestowed.[1]

Although George the Third was not a profound, nor, properly speaking, an accomplished scholar, he had nevertheless stored up in his mind a large amount of miscellaneous knowledge, which enabled him to converse with freedom, and even distinction, not only with the learned and the scientific, but

[1] The dedication, in which the words in the text occurred, was withdrawn by Gough previously to publication, and the following dedication substituted:

To The
Patron of Arts and Sciences,
The Father of his People,
GEORGE 3,
Who has condescended to encourage
Researches into Antiquity,
This Work, the earliest General Account
of his Kingdoms, is humbly dedicated
by his most dutiful Subject,
RICHARD GOUGH.

The work is said to have occupied seven years in translating and nine in printing.

with persons of every class of his subjects, whatever might be their professions or pursuits. "The king," writes Sir Herbert Taylor, "had not enjoyed the advantage of a good education. He himself admitted that it had been much neglected, and he regretted it especially, as his early accession to the throne had rendered very difficult the recovery of the time lost or misapplied in the preceding years. But he did attempt it." Neither, as we have seen, was the attempt a fruitless one. Sir Herbert Taylor informs us that the king had read "much that was useful," and that he had especially devoted himself to studying the laws and Constitution of the great country which he had been appointed to govern. From other sources we learn that he was master of the Latin and Italian languages, and that he conversed fluently in French and German. His education, it is true, had been neglected, but study, assisted by a memory of remarkable retentiveness, had more than repaired the deficiencies of the past.

"George the Third," writes Sir Walter Scott, "might be termed a bibliographer rather than a a student; yet he read a good deal also, and rather for improvement than amusement." From the great novelist we learn that the king was a competitor with his early friend, the Duke of Roxburgh, for the purchase of choice books.[1] In-

[1] "Each," writes Sir Walter, "was the happy possessor of a copy of Caxton's 'Book of Troye'; but the king examined his

terested, however, as he was in the acquisition of literary rarities, no collector could possibly be more fair or more liberal in his dealings. It was a part of his instructions to his librarian never to bid against a scholar, a professor, or a collector of moderate fortune. The magnificent library which he formed at Buckingham House contained sixty-three thousand volumes, and cost, it is said, not less than £130,000. It was "more numerous and curious," said Doctor Johnson, "than he should have supposed any person could have formed in the time employed by the king." It is now the property of the nation; forming what is called the King's Collection, in the British Museum.[1]

own with such accuracy as enabled him to prove to demonstration that, though both copies were of the same edition, that in the Royal Library must have been more early thrown off than the duke's, because a leaf in the former was what is technically called locked, an error which had been discerned and corrected in the duke's copy; so that his Majesty triumphed that his own copy, of the first book (we believe) of the English Press, was also the earliest printed."

[1] "King George III. began to collect a library in the year 1765. He laid the foundation of it by the purchase of a library of a very eminent character at Venice, belonging to Consul Smith. About the year 1767, two years after, the suppression of the Jesuits' houses began. Their libraries were turned out upon the world, and the king bought some of the greatest rarities in literature at the smallest price a collector could expect." "The king" writes the Rev. Charles Godwyn to a friend, Sept. 22, 1762, "has just purchased a library, which contains the most valuable private collection of books to be found in Italy. They belonged to Consul Smith, who resided at Venice. Their value consists chiefly in this, that there is among them a great num-

Lord Chancellor Eldon, when speaking of the literary attainments of George the Third, used to relate the following anecdote. Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, he said, though a great lawyer, was but an indifferent scholar, and consequently his Latin quotations were not unfrequently the jest of the bar. "When I was made chief justice of the Common Pleas," continued Lord Eldon, "George the Third, on my kissing hands, said to me, 'If you talk Latin, when on the bench, let it be more classical than Kenyon's. You had better speak English only, than Kenyon's Latin.' Upon my carrying to his Majesty, upon some judge's appointment, the ring, which, previous to his appointment as a judge, upon being made sergeant, he gives the chancellor to be tendered to his Majesty, the king, upon reading the inscription upon the ring, said, 'This judge may talk Latin. I see he reads Horace.'"

For the English universities, and indeed for all the learned orthodox collegiate societies, the king ever entertained the highest reverence. It was therefore with a natural dissatisfaction that he learned the intention of the first Lord Melville, then Henry Dundas, to apply to him to confer

ber of the scarce, first-printed editions of the Classics. I have seen a catalogue of them which makes a volume in 4to." The king, on another occasion, is mentioned as having offered, 5000*l* for Askew's small but rare collection of books. It is needless, perhaps, to mention that George the Third's library was presented by his son, George the Fourth, to the nation.

upon a Scottish medical practitioner, of whom the king knew little or nothing, the honour of a baronetcy. No one was better aware of the king's prejudices on the subject than Lord Melville himself, and accordingly, when the time came for him to prefer his application formally to the king in his closet, it was not without some difficulty that he could induce himself to stammer out his request. "What!" said the good-humoured monarch, who was aware of the cause of, and enjoyed, his embarrassment, "is that all? I have no objection to make your friend a baronet. What I was afraid of was that you came to ask me to make a Scotch apothecary a physician. That, you know, is more difficult." [1] After the interview, as the king passed from his closet to the levee-chamber, he happened to encounter Lord Eldon and one of the royal physicians, to whom he triumphantly related what had taken place between Lord Melville and himself. "You are both of you," he said, "well-educated, academical men. They may make baronets of as many Scotch apothecaries as they please, but I shall die by the college. I knew what Dundas came to ask, and I thought I would be even with him." It was a remarkable observation made by George the Third, after time and experience had taught

[1] The late Lord Wellesley used to relate that the king made the same reply to him, on his preferring a request for a baronetcy for Sir Walter Farquhar, who was so created in 1796.

him a thorough knowledge of mankind, that he had never known a Scotchman speak ill of another unless he had a motive for it, and that he had never known one Irishman speak well of another, except from a similar selfish inducement.[1] "In his intercourse with men," he told George Rose, "it had been an invariable rule with him not to suppose them bad till he found them so."

Although the king was not a professed scholar himself, he was not only fully capable of appreciating genius, but many instances will be found in these volumes of his conferring favours upon the learned and the scientific. Doctor Johnson, Sheridan, the lexicographer, and Home, the author of "Douglas," with whom in his boyhood he had been associated at the court of his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales, were severally indebted to him for pensions, and the author of "The Bard," and of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," for the chair of professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge. On the 3d of August, 1768, Gray writes to his friend, Mr. Nicholls: "On Wednesday, his Grace the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say that his Majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant professorship. On Thursday, the king signed the warrant, and next day

[1] Lord Stanhope, writing in 1584, mentions that this observation was made by the king to an "eminent statesman," then alive.

at his levee I kissed his hand. He made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because everybody that goes to court does so. Besides, the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said." Again, on the 1st of August, Gray writes to Mason: "On Wednesday, the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very handsome letter to say that the king offered the vacant place to me, with many more speeches too honourable for me to transcribe. On Friday, at the levee, I kissed his Majesty's hand. What he said I will not tell you, because everybody that has been at court tells what the king said to them. It was very gracious, however." [1] Gratified, however, as Gray evidently was at having been distinguished in so flattering a manner by his sovereign, he seems to have been not a little discomforted by having to undergo the ordeal of being squeezed, and stared at, at a levee. "Sir Egerton Brydges informed me," writes Mr. Mitford, "that when Gray went to court to kiss the king's hand for his place, he felt a mixture of shyness and pride which he expressed to some of his intimate friends

[1] It appears to have been the opinion both of Horace Walpole and of Cole, the antiquary, that the person to whose recommendation Gray was really indebted for the professorship of modern history at Cambridge was his friend, Mr. Stonehewer, at this time private secretary to the Duke of Grafton. There seems to be little doubt, however, that this graceful tribute to genius emanated from the king himself.

in terms of strong ill humour." It may be mentioned that when, only three or four weeks afterward, the professorship of modern history at Oxford also became vacant, the king apparently took as much interest in the filling up of the appointment with credit, as he had done in the case of the sister university. "The king," writes the Duke of Grafton to Bishop Warburton, "has signified his intention that this office should never any more be held as a sinecure."

Another literary person, with whom we find the king graciously conversing on one of these court occasions, was the Rev. Thomas Somerville, the historian of the reigns of William the Third and Queen Anne. The levee, being the second one, only, which the king had held since Hadfield's famous attempt on his life in Drury Lane Theatre, was naturally a crowded one, yet his Majesty found time to address a few flattering words to the almost obscure Scottish divine, who was already indebted to him for a pension. The direct questions put to him by the king were, as Doctor Somerville himself informs us in his agreeable autobiography, "When did you come to town? Have you come to publish? What subject are you now upon?" The fact is, that at the king's frequent levees his chief gratification seems to have consisted in affording pleasure to others. "His desire to please and oblige," justly observes Sir Walter Scott, "was seconded by a memory

tenacious, in a most flattering degree, of all the most minute particulars which could interest those who had been once introduced to him."

Especially favourable to George the Third was the contrast between his manners in his levee-chamber and those exhibited by his unfortunate brother-monarch, Louis the Sixteenth, on similar occasions. According to the accomplished Sir Robert Keith Murray, who was presented to Louis at Fontainebleau in November, 1774, "The king receives the presentations with less attention than one would naturally show to a cat or a dog, because he does not even seem to look at you. I doubt if there is a king of Nègres or a Khan of Tartars so ridiculously uncivil. For us, who know the Emperor and King of Prussia, and who know our own king, who would speak civilly to even a French captain, how strange must this appear!"

Another eminent man, who was deeply indebted to George the Third, was the celebrated astronomer, William Herschel. "The king," writes Madame d'Arblay, "has not a happier subject than this man, who owes wholly to his Majesty that he is not wretched; for such is his eagerness to quit all other pursuits to follow astronomy solely, that he was in danger of ruin, when his talents, and great and uncommon genius, attracted the king's patronage." The king, it appears, not only conferred a pension upon Herschel, but rendered him completely happy, by authorising him

to construct a new telescope according to his own principles, and without any limit as to expense, which the king took entirely upon himself. By these means the astronomer was enabled to pursue, under the most favourable circumstances, his sublime and darling study, and to perfect his wonderful researches and discoveries among the heavenly bodies. So all-absorbing to Herschel was his occupation, that, according to Madame d'Arblay, he had no "wish that had its object in the terrestrial globe." Let us not omit to mention, as additional evidence of the interest taken by George the Third in literature and literary men, that it was by his "express desire" that Thomas Warton was appointed poet laureate in 1785, and, further, that so great a favourite with him was the learned Jacob Bryant, that he frequently carried the queen with him to visit the venerable philosopher at his humble retreat at Cypenham. "The king," we are told, "sometimes came alone and stayed hours with him."

There were, in the last century, two eminent literary men, Doctor Johnson and Doctor Beattie, the author of the "Minstrel," each of whom has bequeathed us a very interesting account of private conversations which they severally held with their sovereign. The particulars of the celebrated interview between the king and Doctor Johnson, which took place at Buckingham House in February, 1767, — the king's anxiety to converse in

private with the great philosopher and lexicographer; his admitting himself with that object, by a private door into the royal library and stealing upon Johnson, who was seated in a deep reverie by the fire; their long talk about the rival libraries of Oxford and Cambridge; about the controversy between Warburton and Lowth; about Lord Lyttelton's History of Henry the Second; Sir John Hill; the literary and critical reviews of the day, and the philosophical transactions; and lastly, the complacent and characteristic manner in which Johnson subsequently related the details of the interview to Reynolds, Dr. Joseph Warton, and Goldsmith, — are incidents which are familiar to every lover of the classical literature of his country. The philosopher appears to have been especially fascinated by the winning address and courtly manners of his sovereign. To Mr. Barnard, the royal librarian, we find him exclaiming: "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." To Bennet Langton, also, Johnson subsequently remarked: "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose those of Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second." To the mingled grace and dignity of the king's manners similar tribute appears to have been paid by Lord Chatham. "His Majesty," he said to his friends, "is the greatest courtier in his court."

The king's noble library at Buckingham House

appears to have been open, not exclusively to Doctor Johnson, but to every recognised man of literature of the day. Even the Socinian Priestley was, with singular liberality, not refused admission. "If Doctor Priestley" — writes the king to Lord North, in February, 1779 — "applies to my librarian, he will have permission to see the library, as other men of science have had; but I cannot think his character as a politician or divine deserves my appearing at all in it."

The account which the author of the "Minstrel" has bequeathed to us of his interview and conversation with George the Third, is less generally known, though scarcely less interesting, than that of which Doctor Johnson delighted to detail the particulars to his friends. The following is the account which the poet inserts in his diary:

"*Tuesday, 24th August* [1773]: Set out for Doctor Majendie's[1] at Kew Green. The doctor told me that he had not seen the king yesterday, but had left a note in writing to intimate that I was to be at his house to-day, and that one of the king's pages had come to him this morning to say that his Majesty would see me a little after twelve. At twelve the doctor and I went to the king's house at Kew. We had been only a few min-

[1] The Rev. John James Majendie, Canon of Windsor, father of the Rev. Henry William Majendie, afterward successively Bishop of Chester and Bangor. He died in 1830.

utes in the hall when the king and queen came in from an airing; and, as they passed through the hall, the king called to me by name, and asked how long it was since I came from town. I answered him about an hour. 'I shall see you,' says he, 'in a little while.' The doctor and I waited a considerable time, for the king was busy; and then we were called into a large room, furnished as a library, where the king was walking about, and the queen sitting in a chair.

"We were received in the most gracious manner possible by both their Majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them, nobody else being present but Doctor Majendie, for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics, in which both the king and queen joined with a degree of cheerfulness, affability, and ease that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the beginning of the conference.

"They both complimented me in the highest terms on my 'Essay,' which they said was a book they always kept by them; and the king said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from a shelf. 'I never stole a book but once,' said his Majesty, 'and that was yours' — speaking to me. 'I stole it from the queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read.' He had heard that the sale of Hume's Essays had failed since my book was published, and I told him what Mr. Strahan had

told me in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being at Edinburgh last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book.[1] He asked many questions about the second part of the 'Essay,' and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it, but that, if my health were good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked how long I had been in composing my Essay; praised the caution with which it was written; and said that he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years.

"He asked about my poems. I said there was only one poem of my own on which I set any value, meaning the 'Minstrel,' and that it was first published about the same time with the 'Essay.' My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects, from which both their Majesties let it appear that they were warm friends to Christianity,

[1] The "book" in question was Doctor Beattie's once famous "Essay on Truth," written in opposition to the arguments of Hume and the fashionable scepticism of the day. Though it was the production of neither a profound philosopher nor of a very clever controversialist, such was the fame and success of the "Essay," that five editions of it were disposed of in four years.

and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could really be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he had made himself; a thought which pleased the king exceedingly, and he repeated it several times to the queen. He asked whether anything had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave an account; telling him that I never had met with any man that had read it, except one Quaker. This brought on some discourse about the Quakers, whose moderation and mild behaviour the king and queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities, the revenues of the Scots clergy, their mode of praying and preaching, the medical college of Edinburgh, Doctor Gregory and Doctor Cullen, the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter; the number of students that attend my lectures; my mode of lecturing, whether from notes or completely written lectures; about Mr. Hume and Doctor Robertson, and Lord Kinnoul, and the Archbishop of York. His Majesty asked what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth? I said there was something in his air and manner which I thought not only agreeable but enchanting, and that he seemed to me to be one of the best of men; a sentiment in which both their Majesties heartily joined. 'They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast,' said the

king, 'but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may and ought to say.'

"He asked whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative, and the king agreed, and named the *Spectator* as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour, at a time, he asked whether that did not lead them into repetitions. I said it often did. 'That,' said he, 'I do not like in prayers, and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect.' 'Your Majesty knows,' said I, 'that three services are joined in one, in the ordinary church service, which is one cause of these repetitions.' 'True,' he replied, 'and that circumstance also makes the service too long.' From this he took occasion to speak of the composition of the Church liturgy, on which he very justly bestowed the highest commendation. 'Observe,' his Majesty said, 'how flat those occasional prayers are that are now composed, in comparison with the old ones.'

"When I mentioned the smallness of the church livings in Scotland, he said, 'he wondered how men of liberal education would choose to become clergymen there,' and asked whether, in the remote parts of the country, the clergy in general were not very ignorant. I answered, 'No; for that education was very cheap in Scotland, and that the

clergy in general were men of good sense and competent learning.' He asked whether we had any good preachers at Aberdeen. I said, Yes; and named Campbell and Gerard, with whose names, however, I did not find that he was acquainted. Doctor Majendie mentioned Doctor Oswald's 'Appeal' with commendation. I praised it, too, and the queen took down the name, with a view to send for it. I was asked whether I knew Doctor Oswald. I answered, I did not; and said that my book was published before I read his; that Doctor Oswald was well known to Lord Kinnoul, who had often proposed to make us acquainted.

"We discussed a great many other topics, for the conversation lasted upwards of an hour without any intermission. The queen bore a large share in it. Both the king and her Majesty showed a great deal of good sense, acuteness, and knowledge, as well as of good nature and affability. At last the king took out his watch (for it was now almost three o'clock, his hour of dinner), which Doctor Majendie and I took as a signal to withdraw. We accordingly bowed to their Majesties, and I addressed the king in these words: 'I hope, Sir, your Majesty will pardon me, if I take this opportunity to return you my humble and most grateful acknowledgments for the honour you have been pleased to confer upon me.' He immediately answered, 'I think I could do no less for a man who has done so much service for the good of

Christianity. I shall always be glad of an opportunity to show the good opinion I have of you.'

"The queen," concludes Doctor Beattie, "sat all the while, and the king stood, sometimes walking about a little. Her Majesty speaks the English language with surprising elegance, and little or nothing of a foreign accent, so that, if she were only of the rank of a private gentlewoman, one could not help taking notice of her as one of the most agreeable women in the world. Her face is much more pleasing than any of her pictures, and, in the expression of her eyes, and in her smile, there is something peculiarly engaging."

The king's kindness to the author of the "Minstrel" amounted to more than words; his Majesty having, four days previously to their interview at Kew, conferred upon him a pension of two hundred a year. Another Scottish divine and eminent literary man who, about this period, received substantial favours at the hands of his sovereign, was the celebrated divine, Dr. Hugh Blair. When, on the 7th of April, 1762, the king — "with that wise attention to the interests of religion and literature which distinguishes his reign" — "munificently erected and endowed" a professorship of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, it was Doctor Blair whom he selected to be the regius professor. Moreover, eighteen years afterward, we find the queen, "on account of the pleasure which she had derived from reading his

sermons," obtaining for him a pension of two hundred a year.[1]

Doctor Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, although a disappointed Whig, and for this, and other reasons, not very likely to be prejudiced in the king's favour, has nevertheless done justice to what he styles the "quickness and intelligence" of his royal master. As an instance he relates the following anecdote. The king happened to be one day conversing at the levee with the Duke of Richmond, then master general of the ordnance, when the conversation turning on a new and beneficial process in the manufacture of gunpowder, the duke thought it right to intimate to his Majesty that his right reverend friend, who was standing at the time in the royal circle, was the author of the improvement. The bishop, somewhat abashed, stammered out a few remarks on the scandal which might attach to a Christian bishop for instructing mankind in the art of destroying one another. "Do not let that distress you," said the king, "for the quicker the conflict, the less the slaughter." "I mention this," adds the bishop, "to do justice to the king, whose understanding it was the fashion to decry."

The bishop has recorded another remarkable conversation which he held with his sovereign at the levee in the month of November, 1787. "I

[1] The pension was conferred on Doctor Blair on the 25th of July, 1780.

was standing," he says, "next to a Venetian nobleman. The king was conversing with him about the Republic of Venice, and, hastily turning to me, said, 'There, now; you hear what he says about a republic.' My answer was, 'Sir, I look upon a republic as one of the worst forms of government.' The king gave me, as he thought, another blow about a republic. I answered that I could not live under a republic. His Majesty still pursued the subject. I thought myself insulted, and firmly said, 'Sir, I look upon the tyranny of any one man to be an intolerable evil, and upon the tyranny of a hundred to be a hundred times as bad.' The king went off. His Majesty, I doubt not, had given credit to the calumnies, which the court insects had buzzed into his ears, of my being a favourer of republican principles, because I was known to be a supporter of revolution principles, and had a pleasure in telling me what he thought of me."

The bishop lived to earn the gratitude of his sovereign. Five years afterward, when the doctrines broached by the French revolutionists were not only spreading rapidly over Europe, but when the common people, in every village in England, were talking wildly about liberty and equality, the bishop published a sermon which had a considerable share in allaying the ferment.[1] Highly grati-

[1] "The Wisdom and Goodness of God, in having made both Rich and Poor." The bishop at a later period reiterated his

fied at the conduct of the Whig prelate, the king not only spoke of the sermon to the Archbishop of Canterbury in terms of high praise, but when the bishop next made his appearance at the levee, the king personally expressed to him the strong and grateful sense which he entertained of the service which he had rendered to monarchy, as well as to the community at large. "Sir," said the bishop, "I love to come forward in a moment of danger." "I see you do," replied the king, "and it is a mark of a man of high spirit."[1] It was on the occasion of Bishop Watson publishing his "Apology for Christianity," that George the Third made his well-known remark, that "he never before was aware that Christianity stood in need of any apology."

The following brief account of a levee scene at St. James's, from the pen of another literary prelate, the celebrated Bishop Warburton, although it be of less value as bearing upon the story of George the Third, than as being characteristic of the bishop himself, is nevertheless worthy of notice. "I brought as usual," writes the bishop,

fear and dislike of French republican principles in a publication entitled "The Substance of a Speech intended to have been spoken in the House of Lords, November 22, 1803."

[1] "His Majesty's reception of me at his levee, to which I went once, or at the most twice, a year," writes the Whig prelate, "was always so complimentary that, notwithstanding the pestilent prevalence of court duplicity, I cannot bring myself to believe that he was my enemy."

on the 20th of February, 1767, "a bad cold with me to town, and, this being the first day I ventured out-of-doors, it was employed, as in duty bound, at court, it being a levee day. A buffoon lord in waiting — you may guess whom I mean — was very busy marshaling the circle, and he said to me, without ceremony, 'Move forward! you clog up the doorway.' I replied, with as little, 'Did nobody clog up the king's doorway more than I have, there would be room for all honest men.' This brought the man to himself. When the king came up to me he asked, 'Why I did not come to town before?' I said, 'I understood there was no business going forward in the House in which I could be of service to his Majesty.' He replied, 'He supposed the severe storm of snow would have brought me up.' I replied, 'I was under cover of a very warm house.' You see by all this how unfit I am for courts."

The circumstance is rather a notable one, that, of the persons who had the most reason to dislike or to be disliked by George the Third, two at least should have borne pleasing testimony, the one to his intelligence, and the other to his virtues. "Wilkes," writes Butler the "Reminiscent," "thought highly of the talents and firmness of the late king, and was persuaded that a ministry protected by him could not, without some singular blunder, or some event singularly unlucky, be shaken by any opposition." "I believe," writes

Benjamin Franklin, "that had the king had a bad character, and Wilkes a good one, the latter might have turned the former out of his kingdom." Again Franklin writes, during the London riots in May, 1768: "What the event will be, God only knows. But some punishment seems preparing for a people who are ungratefully abusing the best Constitution and the best king any nation was ever blessed with."

END OF VOLUME II.

APPENDIX.

I.

AD SERENISSIMUM GEORGIUM WALLIÆ PRINCIPEM IN OBITUM FREDERICI WALLIÆ PRINCIPIS.

SPES, nuper altera, prima nunc Britanniæ!
Sic Ille voluit summus omnium Arbiter,
Potens vel ipsis imperare regibus,
Qui, regna justo ponderans examine,
Hîc ponit apices, inde sublatos rapit:
Dature seris jura quondam posteris!
Dum facilis ætas patitur, et animus sequax
Artes in omnes, disce nunc præludere
Sorti futuræ; disce nunc quid debeas
Patriæ, quid illa debitura sit tibi.
En! quanta sese laudis aperit area!
Persona quanta sustinenda te manet!
Desideretur ut minus tandem pater,
Gentis voluptas, heu! brevis, longus dolor:
Hæreditatis jure cum sceptro ut simul
Avita virtus in nepotem transeat.
Tu, destinatus imperare liberis,
Parere priùs assuesce; inoffenso pede
Dum lubricæ per semitam puer'tiæ;
Ducens volentem leniter Mentor tuus,
Primum esse civem, deinde principem docet:

Generosum et indolem, insitamque vim boni
Cultu salubris disciplinæ roborat.
Procul, O! facessat; sed tamen veniet dies,
Acerba, quamvis sera; sed aderit dies,
Quando ille plenus gloriæ, et vitæ satur,
Cælo receptus, grande depositum tibi
Tradet tuendum: in te gemens Britannia
Recumbet inclinata: tu pectus tibi
Casus in omnes et virile, et regium,
Ac par secundis, majus adversis, para;
Utrobique constans, et simile semper sui.
Custosque juris civium, et tui tenax,
Regnare doctus; nec sacri fastigii
Oblitus unquam, nec tamen nimis memor:
Ingredere cælis, auspicantibus, duce
Virtute, famulâ sorte, comite gloriâ.[1]

GULIELMUS GEORGE.

These once famous verses would seem to have been for the first time printed in a scarce volume, of which there is a copy in the King's Library at

[1] The edition of the Musæ Etonenses by Prinsep, Rivington, MDCCLV., contains the following dedication:

Vivo reverendo
Gulielmo George, S. T. P.
Decano Lincolniensi
Nec non Collegii regalis præposito dignissimo
Etonæ atque Cantabrigiæ
per omnes literarum humaniorum gradus
alev ἀριστεύοντι;
hæc Etonensium suorum carmina
Ipsius pleraque auspiciis condita,
dat dicat dedicat
Optimo quondam præceptori.
Discipulus, devinctissimus.

J. PRINSEP.

the British Museum, entitled "Academiæ Cantabrigiensis Luctus in obitum Frederici celsissimi Walliæ Principis, Cantab. Mense Maii MDCCLI." Doctor George's Iambics are also to be found in an edition, by J. Prinsep, of the Musæ Etonenses, "Londini Typis Caroli Rivington MDCCLV." The former collection consists of ninety-four copies of verses, of different metres, in the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages. The same year, Oxford, not to be outdone in loyalty by the sister university, printed a similar volume at the Clarendon Press, entitled "Epicedia Oxoniensia in obitum celsissimi et desideratissimi Frederici Principis Walliæ," also composed in different metres, and written in no fewer than the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Phœnician, Etruscan, Arabic, Syriac, and Welsh languages. Had Prince Frederick, instead of frequenting bull-baits and supping with royal midwives, held out, at the time of his death, the promise of the Black Prince or of Henry, Prince of Wales, — or even of Marcellus himself, — his loss could not have been commemorated by more exaggerated eulogiums. Men of the world celebrated the event in briefer, perhaps in truer elegies, than those of men of the cloister:

> "Here lies Fred,
> Who was alive and is dead.
> Had it been his father,
> I had much rather.

Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

II.

[The "Battle" referred to in the next letter[1] was the Battle of Minden. "Lord George," of course, means Lord George Sackville, who was subsequently cashiered for his conduct during the action. The "duke," who is described as "sinking" under the effect of the news, was Lord George's father, the Duke of Dorset, whom Walpole, in another of his letters at this time, mentions as having been "so unhappy in his sons and loving this so much." Mrs. Leneve, whose death is recorded, was long an honoured inmate of Sir Robert Walpole's, and afterward of his son's, Horace Walpole's, house. "King of Cüstrin" refers to the raising of the siege of the fortress of that name, a few days previously, by Frederick the Great of Prussia; and lastly, the "invasion" spoken of has reference to certain rumours, which caused considerable alarm at the time, that Eng-

[1] This, and the other letters from Walpole which follow, are now for the first time published.

land was about to be invaded by a French army of fifty thousand men.]

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.

"STRAWBERRY HILL, August 29, 1759.

"All I know you shall know, though I dare to say, not a jot more than you know already. Just as the battle turned, Prince Ferdinand sent Mr. Ligonier to order Lord George to bring up all the cavalry. That message was scarce delivered, before Fitzroy came to order only the British cavalry. Lord George said there must be a mistake, and that he would go and ask Prince Ferdinand what he really would have. The horse were not carried up; Lord George was coldly received after the battle, Lord Granby warmly; they all dined together, and next day came out the famous order of thanks. Lord George was enraged, sent over for leave to resign and to return, has leave: has written an explanatory letter to the Duke of Richmond, which I have not seen, and is not come that I know. He is as much abused as ever poor Admiral Byng was, and by nobody so much as by my Lord Tyrawley. The duchess imputes it all to malice, the duke sinks under it. I seriously don't know a word more, nor have been in town, except a very few hours, since Mrs. Leneve's death.

"The great king is reduced to be King of Cüstrin; the King of Spain is dead; regiments of

light horse swarm as the invasion disappears. This is all the *Gazette* knows, till General Yorke mistakes some other defeat for a victory. Adieu!

"Yours ever,

"H. W."

III.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.

"Thursday Night, 10 o'clock, [1759.]

"I wrote Mr. Williams[1] a very ignorant letter this evening; I just hurry a few lines to you, very little more informed, but to prepare you for some very bad Prussian news.[2] The day before yesterday Mr. Yorke[3] had sent a victory over the Russians, the second time such a victory has been a defeat! Yesterday, at past three, Lord Holderness received a mysterious letter; I don't know from whence; not a word of it was told; upon which the Stocks took it into their head that the King of Prussia was killed, and in their panic tumbled down a hundred pair of stairs. Betty[4]

[1] George James Williams, the gay and witty friend both of Selwyn and Walpole, better known as "Gilly Williams."

[2] The defeat of the King of Prussia at Kunersdorf on the 12th of August.

[3] The Hon. Joseph Yorke, K. B., third son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, was employed as Ambassador at The Hague from 1751 to 1780. He died, a field-marshal, in 1792, having been created, in 1788, Baron Dover.

[4] A fruiterer in St. James's Street, whose shop — in consequence of her engaging manners, her knowledge of all that was

says all the Germans are in tears; my Lady Townshend has been with Hawkins[1] to know if it is possible for the King of Prussia to live after his head is shot off. But here is a little comfort. General Ellison tells me that my Lord Anson, half an hour ago, received a letter from a very sensible man — his Lordship says — at Ostend, which says the action was very bloody, but not decisive, except that it appeared by the consequences that the Russians had the advantage, and that this account is rather a French one. Where the goodness or sense of this account lies, General Ellison does not tell me — I suppose my lord did not tell him. Adieu!

"*P. S.* — The D. of D. carried a letter from his son to the king yesterday. Townshend's Advertizer."

passing in the gay world, and the fund of anecdote of which she was the mistress — was long rendered the favourite resort of the witty, the high-born, and the fashionable. Her real names were Mrs. Elizabeth Neale. Mason has perpetuated her fame in the "Heroic Epistle:"

"And patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there."

Her death took place, August 30, 1797, at the age of sixty-seven, "at her house facing St. James's Street at the top of Park Place;" — this being the same street in which she had been born, and which she was accustomed to say that she had never slept out of but twice in her life; once when she went to pay a visit to a friend in the country, and the second time at an installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor.

[1] Cæsar Hawkins, the eminent surgeon of the last century.

IV.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.

"PARIS, Jan. 31, 1766.

"I go step by step with the British ambassador. He has achieved the payment of the Canada bills. I have obtained leave from Madame Geoffrin for you to have a copy of her picture. His excellence has not demolished Dunkirk, but has made great progress toward it. I have not found Mrs. St. John, but have found out that there are two — indeed I believe neither is the right. You must send me ampler instructions. There is an ancient Demoiselle St. Jean who lived with Marivaux, and is above fourscore. They tell me that if she is not the right, I shall frighten her out of her remaining senses, and that she will talk all her acquaintance out of theirs on a subject she will not comprehend. Mr. Foley[1] knows a Mr. and Mrs. St. John, but says it cannot be they. In short, I conclude yours is some old rag of the Court of St. Germain's. Describe exactly where she sits by the waters of Babylon, crying afresh for the Pretender, and I will try to find her. Apropos, do you know that the daughter of Madame de Peyre, who inhabits the Rochers, is banished on the troubles of Bretagne?

"I made your compliments to Madame de Ben-

[1] The English banker at Paris.

theim. I wish you would make mine to Monsieur de Guerchy, and say I hope he received the letter of condolence that I writ to him on the dauphin's death, and that Madame de Guerchy has received the coal-boxes from Lord Barrington.[1] I wrote to the latter, too, and should be sorry he did not receive my letter, but I suspect that letters sent by the post do not always arrive. As I am so punctual about your commissions, I trust you will be a little so about mine.

"The French are full of the Duke of York's duel, which, arriving when they had nothing else to talk of, has gained entire credit. We tell them it is not true, but they think us discreet. If I regretted England ever so much, I could console myself by the exact resemblances that I find here to the most agreeable of my country folks. The Prince of Conti has all the fluent eloquence of the prince I have mentioned. The Duchess of Nivernois makes amends for the instructive prattle of the Duke of Newcastle. The Princess of Ligne is the very image of Mrs. Askew; and Monsieur de Maurepas makes one think poor dear Lord Hardwicke still alive. The Chevalier de Courte came into the room one night, and I took him for my brother Cholmondley. Madame de Coislen, except that her eyebrows are black, is as like an old Miss Bowyer that you remember. Nothing that ever I saw anywhere was like the Duchess

[1] Secretary at War.

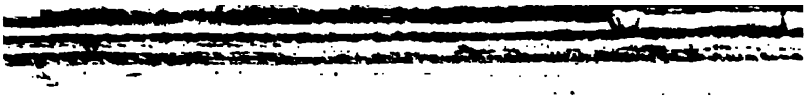
of Choiseul, who has more parts, reason, and agreeableness than I ever met in such a delicate little figure.

"As my curiosity is very active, I have almost seen everybody; but there are still two personages here that I am very impatient to see, Count Gage and Lady Mary Powis, who, after meeting in the Asturian mines, have met again at Paris. The latter is maintained by the Prince of Conti. I shall inquire after her to-night, as I sup at the Temple.

"They are now acting a comic opera, called 'Tom Jones;' I have not seen it, but it is commended. Mr. A. A. is arrived here on his way to the Court of Munich; General Vernon on his way I don't know whither. I hope some of the English, who are here in plenty, will carry you over the new head-dress of the men, which is exactly in a sugar-loaf shape, and very little lower. As the mourning checks their fancy in cloaths, it is broken out on the tops of their heads. Adieu! my dear sir, I can talk to you of nothing English, for I hear nothing but of your politics, about which I do not care a straw.

"Yours ever,

"H. W."



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